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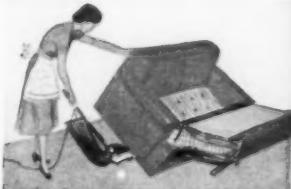
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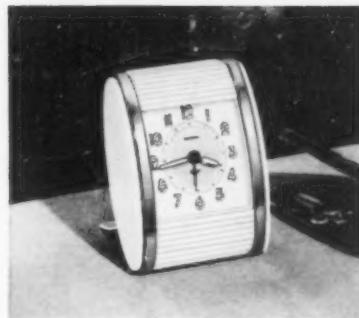


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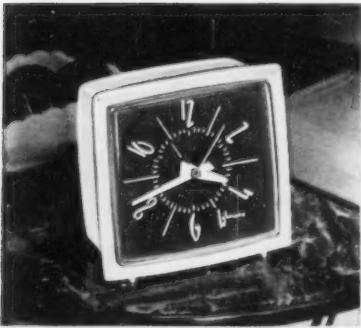
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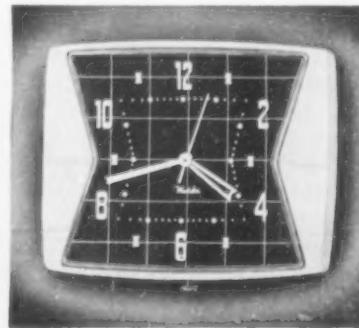
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EDITORIAL

A Cabinet Minister Must Be Above Reproach

IGHT years ago Hugh Dalton, Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Labor Government of Britain, made a facetious remark to a parliamentary reporter as he walked into the House of Commons to make his budget speech. The reporter rightly guessed that the joke had foundation in fact, and thus his newspaper was able to announce a cut in the beer tax some months ahead of competing newspapers.

No one thought this "budget leak" was deliberate, let alone corrupt. No harm was done to the public interest. It's arguable whether or not the news was released prematurely at all, for Dalton had made the announcement officially before the newspaper scoop reached the street.

Nevertheless Hugh Dalton resigned, and his political career was finished. Britain's government, parliament and people all seemed to agree with him that ministers of the Crown must remain above all suspicion of impropriety, however unjust or accidental the suspicion may be. A leakage of budget information, no matter how innocent or innocuous, must unseat the responsible chancellor.

Canada is developing a different tradition. The government can be stern enough when the man involved is suitably obscure—for example Austin Dewar, the Liberal back-bencher who thoughtlessly accepted the aid of a government contractor in "kiting" cheques, was instantly consigned to political oblivion. But if embarrassing questions are asked about the business connections of cabinet ministers, Ottawa tends to think that the minister is ill-used and the questioner ill-bred.

Dr. J. J. McCann had been for ten years both Minister of National Revenue and a director of the Guaranty Trust Company when he finally resigned the latter post last June. Not even

the Opposition had ever had the hardihood to challenge McCann's double service until he became involved in an apparent release of secret information during the Ontario election campaign last spring—an incident which McCann has steadfastly refused to explain. But when McCann finally gave up his directorship, and Prime Minister St. Laurent announced the fact a month later, everyone seemed to agree that the matter was closed.

Hon. Ralph Campney, Minister of National Defense, recently found to his own astonishment that he was still a director of a small company which has had realty dealings with the federal treasury. He had instructed his partners, he said, to let all his directorships expire after he joined the cabinet; he was amazed and distressed that they had overlooked this one.

We do not doubt that Campney, a competent and devoted minister, has given a full and frank explanation of his connection with Como Securities. We don't believe McCann made any corrupt use of his cabinet office for the benefit of Guaranty Trust.

But we do feel that the sharp contrast between these Canadian cases and the case of Hugh Dalton in Britain is not to Canada's advantage. Today's circumstances have conspired to place enormous and almost arbitrary power in the hands of the government in even the most democratic countries; never has it been so true that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. And if that vigilance is to be made effective, then even the appearance of wrongdoing cannot be tolerated among the men to whom such power is entrusted. In particular cases the penalty may seem harsh, but the ruthless tradition is the healthy one: A minister whose motives are in any doubt should do as Dalton did, and resign.

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Sickness at your house?

TODAY, medical and nursing authorities are recommending home care for more and more patients... especially if someone in the family is skilled in home nursing.

There are several reasons why home nursing is of such great importance now. Nearly all of our country's hospitals are crowded. In fact, they care for more than two million patients a year. Naturally, doctors, nurses and their assistants are busier than ever before. So, whenever a patient can be adequately cared for at home, hospital beds and personnel are freed for more serious cases.

Moreover, the cost of a long hospital stay is a heavy financial burden to the average family... as well as a source of worry to the ill person. Lengthy hospitalization may also make the sick person depressed and even doubtful of his recovery. These attitudes can often be offset when the patient can safely and conveniently be cared for within the family circle. In fact, familiar home surroundings and family companionship can often help to hasten recovery.

Fortunately, in such circumstances, home nursing can usually be performed adequately by a family member under the direction of the doctor. To give the best possible help to an ill person, however, the home nurse must know how to follow the doctor's specific instructions, and be able to care for both the physical and emotional needs of the patient. In

addition, the home nurse should be prepared to make some simple but essential observations which help the doctor determine the patient's progress.

Suppose you had to give home nursing care to someone in your family. Would you know how to do any of the following:

1. Could you carry out a doctor's orders to observe and record a patient's breathing, or to take his pulse?
2. Help a sick person overcome fears and anxieties?
3. Persuade a child to take medicine?
4. Help a bed patient maintain comfortable posture?

Since illness may occur unexpectedly at any time in any family, someone in every household should be a qualified home nurse.

You can learn more about home nursing skills in free courses given in most communities by the Canadian Red Cross and St. John Ambulance Association. If you cannot enroll in one of these courses, you can learn many essentials of home nursing with the help of Metropolitan's 32-page, illustrated booklet called *Sickness At Your House?* Just fill out the coupon below to receive a free copy. It explains how you can do many things — expertly and gently — that are conducive to a sick person's comfort, contentment and recovery.



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LONDON LETTER

BY *Beverley Baxter*



Will the Amery dream come true?

ONCE A YEAR the Chamberlain Club dines in London. Usually the event takes place in the dining room of the House of Lords because their lordships seldom sit at night.

Just as Mr. Pickwick was the perpetual chairman of the Pickwick Club, so that brave octogenarian, Leo Amery, is the perpetual chairman of the Chamberlain Club. We are a dwindling membership because the name "Chamberlain" has little appeal to the new generation.

Yet this grand little bantam, Leo Amery, persists in fighting on for the Empire dream because he has been a fighter all his life. When parliament met on the fateful Saturday night before the declaration of war against Hitler's Germany, it was he who shouted to Arthur Greenwood, the acting socialist leader, "Speak for England!"

Poor Neville Chamberlain—Amery's cry was like the cut of a whip across the face. Poland was already fighting and we had pledged ourselves to come to her assistance. The Conservatives were out of hand, furious with the Prime Minister for hanging back. Unhappy Chamberlain! He could not tell the House that France was urging delay.

Amery's dramatic appeal to Greenwood to speak the words that Chamberlain would not utter, ended a lifelong friendship. I doubt if he and Neville Chamberlain ever spoke to each other again.

But none of us could foresee that the declaration of war that Amery was demanding would bring to Amery himself a tragedy so poignant and so cruel that it might have been conceived by Euripides.

Amery had two sons. Julian was everything that a father would wish—gifted, brave and marked for a brilliant political future. But the second son, John, was a strange, complex figure. Heredity plays queer pranks. Leo Amery's wife was the sister of Canadian-born Hamar Greenwood. With such a background, one would not expect a bemused poseur of a son.

Before the war John was living in Italy, and he remained there even after Italy had come in to get her share of the spoils. Perhaps he had some distemper of the mind or unsatisfied vanity that made him feel that he was not to be judged as other men.

After the fall of France he went to Berlin. He had seen the light, or so he thought. Russia was the enemy. Russia was the menace to civilization. The Germans and the British should be friends. This was the message he poured out over the German radio day after day, night after night. The realist or the cynic—often the same person—might say that John Amery was merely *Continued on page 94*

War split the Amerys and a son died for treason



RT. HON. L. S. AMERY

Veteran Empire crusader Leo Amery had high hopes for his sons. Julian became an MP but John was hanged for wartime broadcasts he made for the Nazis.

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, OCTOBER 1, 1955



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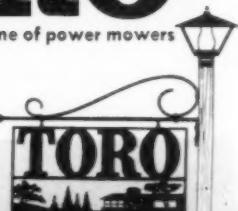


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BLAIR FRASER BACKSTAGE At Ottawa

WELL, IF SHE WON'T DANCE
WHY DON'T YOU SIT THIS
ONE OUT WITH HER?



St. Laurent doesn't want Quebec to be the only tax plan holdout.

Will Ottawa Open The Cashbox?

IF PREMIERS from the "have-not" provinces hope to get more money out of Ottawa as a result of the conference in October, they are likely to be disappointed. Ottawa's objective has changed diametrically since the conferences of 1945 and 1950, but for that very reason, Ottawa's offer of "tax rentals" to provinces will remain about the same as before.

At the previous conferences Ottawa's goal was to bring all ten provinces into a tax agreement. This gave the have-nots a great advantage. In order to win over reluctant British Columbia, big, rich Ontario and silent, suspicious Quebec, Ottawa kept raising the bid. The original 1945 guarantee of twelve dollars per capita grew into actual tax rental payments as high as forty dollars in the special case of Prince Edward Island, and over thirty-five in some other provinces.

But though B. C. came into the first set of rental agreements and Ontario came into the second set, Quebec has never come in at all. Premier Duplessis saw a threat to the cherished autonomy of French Canada in this scheme for "renting" exclusive use of the personal and corporation income-tax fields. Staying out cost Quebec a lot of money, a net loss that finally ran up to about forty million dollars a year, but he was willing to pay that price and two provincial elections indicated that a majority of Quebec voters agreed with him.

Ottawa is now at last convinced that Quebec—or at least Premier Duplessis—will never sign a tax agreement which will inhibit Quebec's right to levy her own direct taxes—not at any price. The hope

that lay behind the bidding of 1945-52 has been abandoned.

This time, instead of hoping to get all provinces in, Ottawa is actually hoping to get some of them out. Prime Minister St. Laurent wants to end the isolation of Quebec. It would be best, of course, if Quebec could be brought into a general agreement. But if that is impossible, and Ottawa is now persuaded that it is, then at least Quebec should not be the only province staying out.

Already the way has been opened for other provinces—certainly Ontario, perhaps B. C. as well—to join Quebec without financial loss. When Quebec imposed her own income tax last year, Ottawa allowed Quebec taxpayers to deduct ten percent from their federal income tax. The same offer is open, of course, to any other province which may decide to levy an income tax of its own.

ALL SUMMER federal tax experts have been at work on alternative schemes for dividing income and corporation tax revenue among the provinces. They have provided the federal cabinet with the fullest detail on such plans as these:

A straight distribution by Ottawa of a certain percentage of these taxes, sent to all provinces without any agreement having been signed, but subject to the deduction of any income or corporation tax a province might levy.

Allocation of federal funds to have-not provinces on a basis of need, the need to be determined by an appointed board. (This is the practice in Australia.)

Continuation of the tax rental agreements with various changes suggested *Continued on page 95*

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What Virtue has done to Montreal

By HERBERT MANNING

PHOTOS BY BASIL ZAROV

The "Paris of North America" has decided to obey its own laws. Some think it's now a better place but the reformers are still chasing "the girls" out of town and forcing the bars to close on time. For better or worse, it's a different Montreal

A FEW months ago, at the opening of Montreal's much-advertised tourist season, a motorist from New York City stopped at Plattsburg, N.Y., about twenty miles below the Canadian border, registered in one of the town's hotels, and stopped to talk with the manager. He had intended to drive straight through to Montreal, the motorist said, but he had changed his mind.

"There's nothing to hurry for this year," he explained. "Not with Prohibition back in Canada."

At just about the same time in Montreal, the manager of the Sheraton-Mount Royal Hotel, Thomas C.

Bar lights, once blazing till dawn, are off at 2 a.m. when liquor sales stop. Patrolman sees law is obeyed.

CONTINUED OVER PAGE ➤

What Virtue has done to Montreal

CONTINUED

Deveau, was listening to an air traveler from France tell how his friends had been shocked when they heard that Montreal—long celebrated as the Paris of America—had gone dry; the New York Herald Tribune was reporting the closing of the Bellevue Casino, Montreal's loudest, best known and most popular night club, because of new tough liquor laws; and Walter Winchell was talking cryptically in eight hundred American newspapers about a "furious mob war in Montreal, with the victims of Mafia murderers blocking traffic."

The motorist, the air traveler, the Herald Tribune and Winchell were all far from the facts. There is no liquor prohibition in Montreal; you can drink in public eighteen hours a day every day except Sunday and the law won't bat an eye at you. The Bellevue Casino is still alive and loud and popular. There are no Mafia murderers lurking in the streets.

But there was nevertheless a startling element of truth behind all four of these stories. Montreal has changed. "The old lady has lost her girlish laughter," Al Palmer, a columnist for the Montreal Herald, wrote not long ago. "Now it's Montreal the Good." Raffish, colorful, picturesque, slightly sinful Montreal, where vice and corruption provoked two historic public investigations in thirty years—the Coderre probe which in 1925 found the city in the grip of vice and the Caron probe of 1954—is undergoing the biggest and most ruthless house cleaning any Canadian city ever saw. It has been accompanied by bitter conflict and occasional violence.

The cleanup is the result of a report just about a year ago by Mr. Justice François Caron of Montreal's Superior Court on police tolerance of crime, gambling and prostitution in the city. The judge recommended that Police Chief Albert Langlois and twenty of his men be fired. Montreal's voters did better than that. They turned out long-popular Camillien Houde's regime (Houde himself did not run) and put the Civic Action League, a reform movement, in power. Jean Drapeau, one of the prosecutors who helped reveal the extent of the city's sins, was elected mayor. Pierre DesMarais, a wealthy businessman and city councilor who had helped organize the Civic Action League, became chairman of the city's powerful



PROSTITUTES who skipped bail in cleanup are on "wanted" list of Morality Squad chief Armand Courval.

executive committee. Pacifique Plante, Drapeau's fellow solicitor who had once been fired by Chief Langlois for "insubordination" and whose newspaper reports launched the Caron probe, was brought back as assistant director of police, the position he had held before.

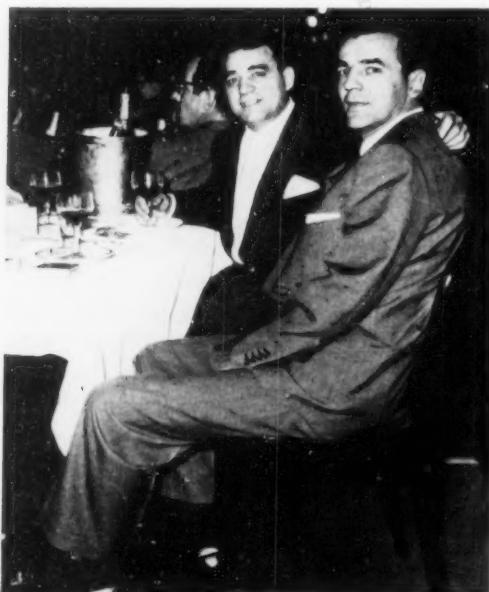
In the cleanup these three men—Drapeau, DesMarais and Plante—are doing most of the sweeping.

Racketeers, gamblers, prostitutes and hoodlums,

who have often been suspected of influencing the city's destinies, are now being chased out, or at least hindered in the pursuit of their trades. The provincial liquor laws, sometimes winked at by the provincial police and frankly soft pedaled by Premier Maurice Duplessis, are being enforced to the letter by the city's new reform administration.

To do this both Plante and Drapeau have had to exercise all of their legal talents. Enforcing the province's liquor laws is actually not the business

"This is a fight to the finish," said reformer Pax Plante and the most ruthless house cleaning any



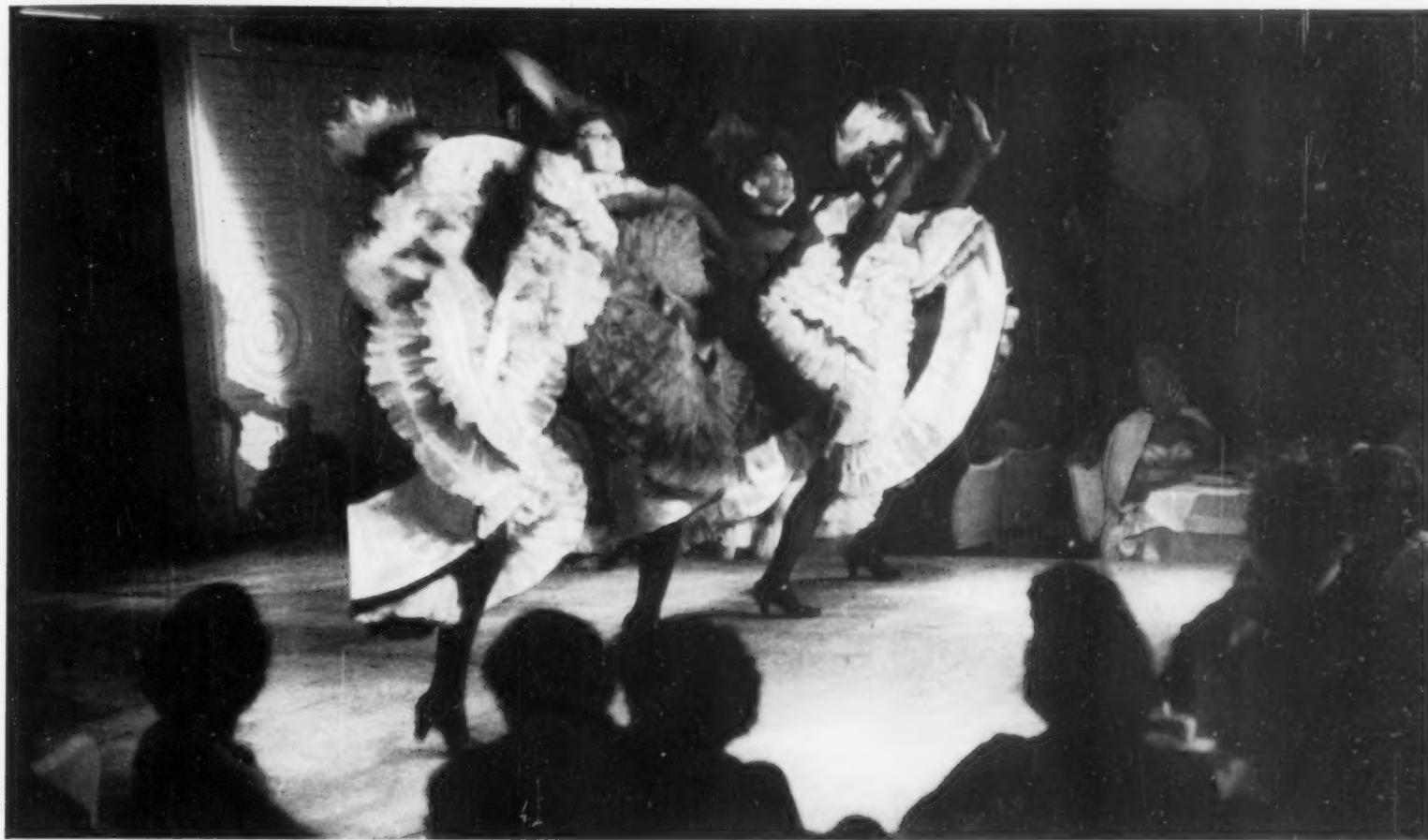
UNDERWORLD figures Frank Pretula (right) and Louis Greco. Both were charged after café battles.



THE REFORMERS—Pierre DesMarais, Mayor Jean Drapeau and Pax Plante—map their next move.



SLOT MACHINES, confiscated by police, are later smashed with sledge hammers at headquarters.



CAN CAN GIRLS at Chez Paree are still part of the Montreal that visitors remember. But at midnight Saturday the bar shuts and everybody goes home.

of city police. Normally it is done by provincial police, who have twenty-five men at work in Montreal and vicinity to see that all provincial laws are observed. But when Plante and Drapeau saw the law being flouted—many night clubs were running wide open all night although they are supposed to stop selling liquor at 2 a.m. weekdays and midnight Saturday—they invoked an old city bylaw to regulate liquor sales.

This is bylaw 926, which provides for the

licensing of restaurants. Any place where food or beverages are kept, manufactured, prepared, bottled, stored or offered for sale has to have a city license which costs \$10.80. Plante and Drapeau told the night clubs that if they didn't observe the provincial liquor laws they wouldn't get a city license. In addition to locking up the liquor at the right time, this meant getting rid of the prostitutes and other undesirables hanging around the bars. If they tried to operate without a city

license they could be prosecuted and padlocked.

The bylaw also gave the city power to act against blind pigs, or bootlegging joints, since they also keep and sell "beverages." Rooming houses also have to have a city license; if they are found to be harboring prostitutes or gamblers they can be put out of business too.

Scores of prosecutions have been started under the city bylaws. As a result the municipal courts are so crowded that *Continued on page 82*

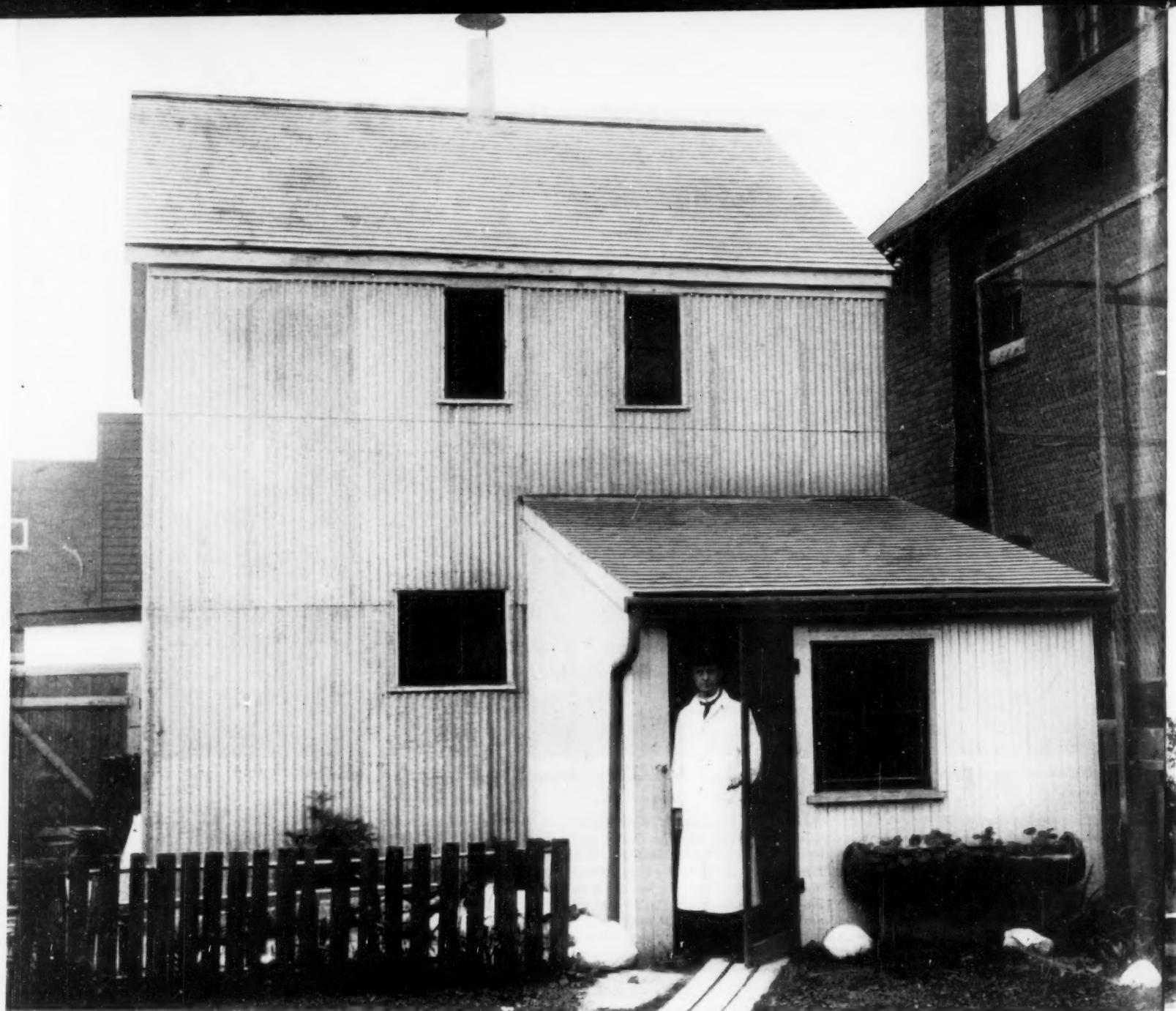
Canadian city ever saw began as police cracked down with a zeal that impressed some, shocked others



MORALITY SQUAD raid instructions are handed out to detectives by Lieut. Courval. Small centres in Quebec complain that they are being invaded by riffraff driven out of Montreal by the police campaign.



NIGHT WATCH on city is maintained by morality officers. Team above reports from a street call box.



Humble stable, built in 1914, was the birthplace of today's five-million-dollar Connaught Laboratories. Man in doorway is William Fenton, first employee.

The Miracle Factory that began in a Stable



J. G. FITZGERALD

Young Dr. Fitzgerald was driven by his dream of making vaccines that would rid the world of terrible ills. Today his monument is the world-renowned Connaught Laboratories which pioneered in insulin, penicillin and heparin and has won new fame in the fight against polio

BY JUNE CALLWOOD

DURING the height of the Salk polio vaccine panic in the United States last spring, when the vaccination of school children was halted because insufficiently tested vaccine had infected dozens of children with paralytic polio, Oregon's Senator Richard Neuberger snapped: "The Eisenhower administration could learn a lot from our neighbors in Canada."

Because their vaccination program had not founders like the Americans', Canadians were taking a personal pride in the quality of Canadian-made vaccine. "All ten provinces," federal Minister of Health Paul Martin notified newspapers, "agree to go on with the program as if nothing had happened." A few weeks later, eight hundred and eighty thousand children of six, seven and eight years of age had been vaccinated; none were infected by the vaccine.

This risk-free vaccine, as most Canadians came to know, was another product of the University of Toronto's Connaught Medical Research Laboratories, a hybrid that is part factory, part research laboratory and part school for public-health administrators. The labs are housed in thirty-two buildings in Toronto, ranging from soot-blackened Victorian to pink-bricked modern, and at the University of British Columbia in Vancouver.

Connaught Labs not only produced all the Salk vaccine distributed in Canadian schools this year but also prepared all the polio virus used in 1954 in Dr. Jonas Salk's massive field trial of half a

million children in the United States, Canada and Finland. During the trial, unlike the subsequent vaccination program, no children were infected by the vaccine.

Connaught also manufactures eighty-three other products, including all of Canada's insulin, at the lowest price on this continent; almost all of the country's veterinarian products; a large part of the medications that protect against whooping cough, smallpox, diphtheria, tetanus, rabies, typhoid and measles; almost all of the country's glandular products used in the treatment of pernicious anemia, Addison's disease and arthritis; a large part of the estimated six tons of penicillin used every year in Canada. In addition, all the processed human blood in Canada is broken into its components by Connaught and shipped, free, to hospitals to be used for the treatment of shock, hemorrhage and some diseases. During World War II and the war in Korea, Connaught turned out dried blood serum for the treatment of shock, and the labs have a better product ready should there be another war.

Connaught has scored some distinguished firsts: first in the world to make insulin, discovered at the University of Toronto by Banting and Best to grant life to diabetics; first in the world with a commercial heparin, the anti-clotting agent that

made possible modern surgery's "miracle" heart operations; first in the world to conduct a documented field trial of a new immunity preparation (diphtheria toxoid on Toronto school children from 1927 to 1932); first in North America to make diphtheria toxoid, penicillin and combined antigens. The last is a single solution that provides immunity to two or more diseases.

The labs were founded forty-one years ago by a visionary named J. G. FitzGerald, a dynamic professor at the University of Toronto Medical School, who lived to see his vision become a reality. Dr. FitzGerald wanted Canadians to have doctors trained in preventive medicine, he wanted vaccines and toxoids to be made cheaply and distributed free by governments, and he wanted intense research on more and better preventive medicine. Before he died fifteen years ago, his Connaught Labs had achieved all three goals.

In addition to its medical factory, Connaught combines the functions of teaching and research. The labs are part of the University of Toronto, ruled by a committee of the Board of Governors and supported by manufacturing profits and by grants and bequests. The labs are so intertwined with the University's School of Hygiene, where about six hundred doctors have received post-graduate training in public health, that its scientists double as professors and classrooms are next door to incubator rooms where cancer cells multiply endlessly in flasks.

Last year Connaught had sixty-six research projects in progress at a cost of five hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, more than half of which was obtained from the sale of products. The rest of the necessary funds are obtained from grants from such groups as the National Research Council, health departments, the J. P. Bickell Foundation and the National Cancer Institute of Canada.

Much of Connaught's research is continuous on all its preparations in order to improve the methods of manufacture and the effectiveness of the product. Most projects commit the researchers, of whom Connaught has more than seventy, to months and years of patiently adding and changing ingredients. Most advances are but small fringe skirmishes but Connaught has won some major battles. Its contribution to polio vaccine is of such magnitude.

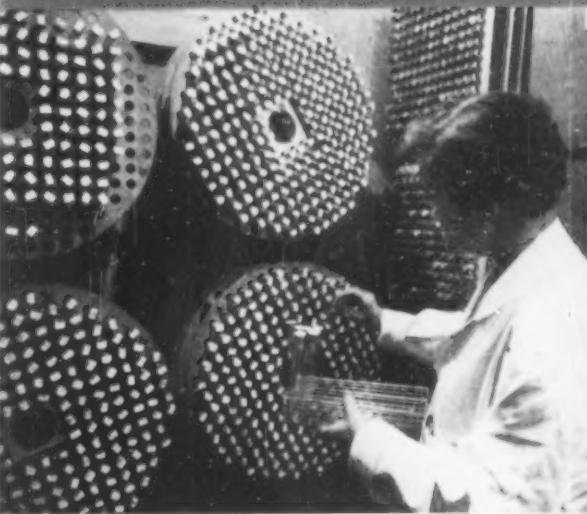
The story of medicine's triumph over polio begins in 1789 when a British doctor first described the disease. A century and a half later the problem had been narrowed down to a method of arming a human's bloodstream against the attack of the polio virus. Some scientists showed the value of gamma globulin, a component of blood that protects against infection, and massive amounts of this were prepared by Connaught, but the immunity thus provided was found to be only temporary. Other scientists were on a hotter trail: polio vaccine, similar in principle to diphtheria toxoid. The first step was to grow the virus outside a living body. Dr. John Enders, of Harvard, in 1949 succeeded in growing polio in a test tube by planting the virus on human embryonic tissue in a nourishing fluid of serum from horse blood.

The next significant experiment in the chain occurred in 1951 in Toronto. Dr. Andrew J. Rhodes, head of Connaught's polio research team for seven years before he left to become research director at the Hospital for Sick Children, borrowed a fluid intended for cancer research—synthetic Medium 199, a discovery of a research team headed by Dr. Raymond Parker and under the sponsorship of the National Cancer Institute of Canada. Medium 199 is a composition of sixty chemicals that partially duplicate the life-supporting qualities of blood. Rhodes used this composition in place of the horse serum and grew polio virus on monkey kidney tissue. This is how polio virus is still grown in the preparation of vaccine.

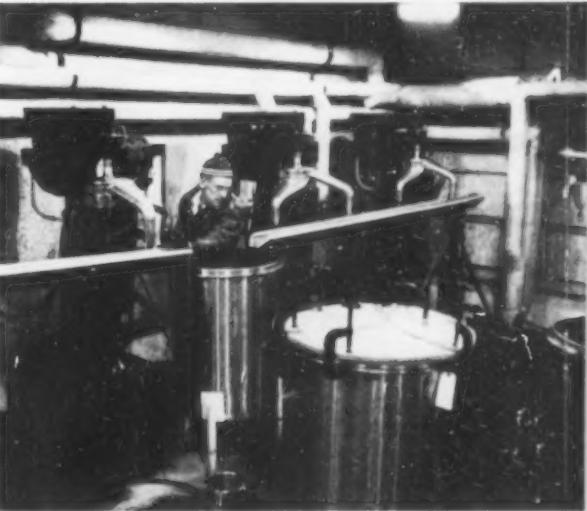
Parker began receiving requests for his discovery from all over the world and Connaught sent it out free of charge for several years until it became, as Parker says, "too expensive a philanthropy." Among the avalanche of requests was one from Dr. Jonas E. Salk who was working on polio research at the University of Pittsburgh. Like Rhodes—but unaware

Continued on page 88

WHILE WORKING FOR DISEASE PREVENTION NOW, CONNAUGHT STOCKPILES AGAINST A CRISIS



IS IT SAFE? Irene Stanulyte checks test tubes of polio virus soon to be made into Salk vaccine.



IS IT READY? Watchful technician in a below-freezing lab controls making of blood products.

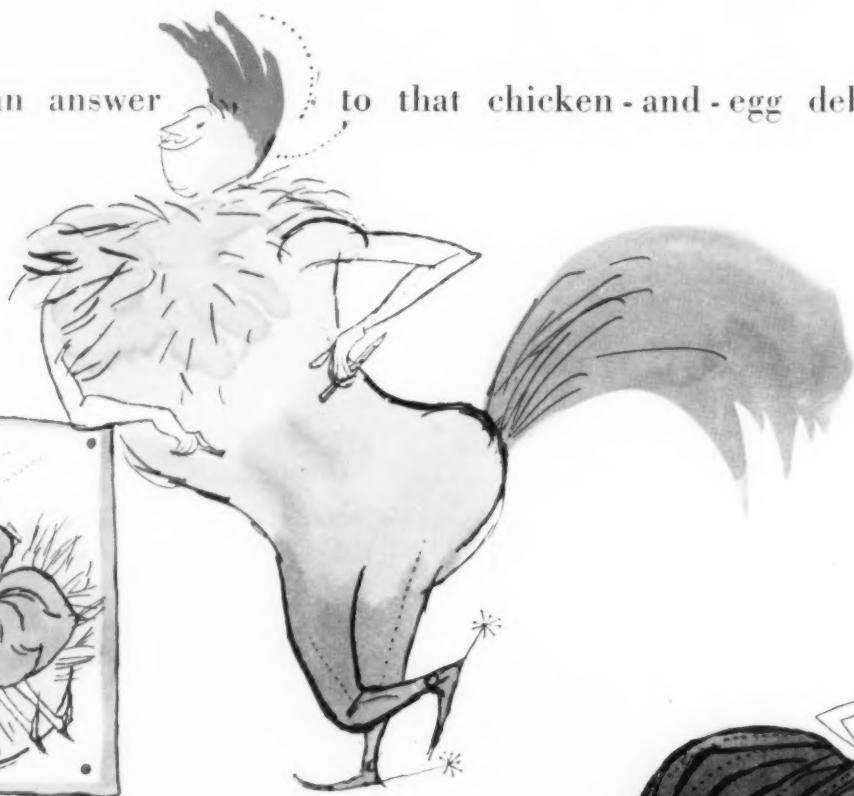


IS THERE ENOUGH? Prepared for emergency, labs store a two years' supply of insulin and large quantities of smallpox, rabies and typhoid vaccines.

At last

there's an answer to that chicken-and-egg debate. And in solving the riddle a fat

how t



She had been created on the Seventh Day
when the novelty of creation
had perhaps become a little thin,
and had been turned out,
and Mr. Shoultz was certain it had
never shown on the drawing board,
with a sort of organ
that to some extent functioned like a brain

Brown, white or speckled,
the egg, his father said,
was the symbol of fertility.
And man, the positive sex,
brown, white, red, black or speckled,
was the custodian
and transmitter of life





e a father teaches his son

v to handle women

THERE IS an eighty-acre farm on the north ridge of the valley, and of these eighty acres sixty have been left to birch and alder, ten are rock, and ten old orchard and old grass. It has an implement shed and a cobarn, both empty, and two houses, one of eight rooms and one of three.

The three-room house has light but no water laid on, and is heated by a wood-burning stove in the kitchen. The young woman who lived there was not happy. She fought with her husband, calling him names. She remembered the apartment they had had in the city, with tub and shower, television, radio, wall-to-wall carpet and twin beds.

The husband, Bernard Shoultz, aged twenty-eight, often sat on a stump out of view of the three-room house and wondered if any other man had had his marriage change so completely from a sweet fruit to a sour pickle. When the stump was wet, he would go to the eight-room house and sit with his mother.

Bernard Shoultz had sold shoes in a department store until he married Mae. It had been Mae's idea that he quit the job and become a life insurance salesman. She said, "It doesn't matter if you don't make much at first. As long as I'm the office quiz kid and the president's darling of the Crown and Anchor Sash and Door Corporation we'll have three hundred and twenty-five dollars a month."

They were married on the third of June. Mae paid her first visit to the baby doctor at the end of July. In October she taught another girl the business and resigned. Bernard's January commissions amounted to sixty-seven dollars. The rent was seventy-five. Bernard wrote a letter to his father.

Bernard's father gave them a cord of birch to burn in the stove of the three-room house and bought the groceries. Mae's walnut furniture was stored in the basement of the eight-room house and so was the television set since they did not have the money to buy an antenna.

"I'm a nerve case," Bernard told his father. "No confidence. I got undermined. To pay for the baby I'll have to sell Mae's television set."

"She won't like it."

"Then lend me a tenspot. I'll go to town again and try to get a job."

"They're walking the street."

Continued on page 48

BY JAMES McNAMEE

ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR



Now then,
a woman opens the back door and sees a man
holding an egg. Life and Fertility.
She's magnetized. She buys a dozen.
She's caught in a tornado. You could sell her more
than that. You could sell her the Canadian Pacific.



She could sense the mystery of life
and was fascinated by its circumstances and by the sex that had it.



The unlikeliest couple in show business

GEORGE MURRAY
was a Scot from Winnipeg imitating an Irish tenor.

SHIRLEY HARMER
was a saddle-shoed girl from Thornton's Corners
imitating a TV queen.

The romantic and rollicking story of how they
joined forces reads
like the plot of a Broadway musical

BY TRENT FRAYNE
PHOTOS BY PETER CROYDON



He likes seven-pound roasts: she doesn't care for meat. He'll spend up to \$50 a week in supermarkets, do most of the cooking, and even wash up afterwards.



SOMETIMES it's hard for George Murray, a rough-hewn hulk of an Irish tenor, to realize that the pretty little girl sitting across the room from him is his wife. He'll be slouched in a big chair, reading the front page of a newspaper and sipping a drink, and suddenly he'll be roused by a tinkling laugh. He'll look over the top of his paper and he'll see his wife curled in a corner of the chesterfield. She'll be wearing a shirt and a pair of blue jeans, no make-up on her face, and she'll be munching a chocolate bar, taking quick gulps from a bottle of pop, and giggling over the funnies. Occasionally she will squeal with delight.

"It can't be my wife," says Murray, shaking his head as he reconstructs the scene, "it's somebody's little girl who just dropped in—maybe it's my daughter."

Murray, by his own phrasing, is "thirty-six going on forty-three," and this in part may explain his dismay, since Shirley Harmer, his wife of one year, is twenty-three going on twenty-four. But his puzzlement is further understandable in light of the fact that his wife is the hottest item in Canadian television and one of the very warmest in American. When the venerable Paul Whiteman was recently asked to name the two best vocalists who'd ever

sung under his baton he unhesitatingly replied, "The best male was Bing Crosby; the best girl, Shirley Harmer."

Within the last two years this childlike chanteuse from Thornton's Corners, Ont., has sung Gershwin concerts in the Hollywood Bowl and Carnegie Hall, lilted into several million living rooms from the Dave Garroway television show, and emerged with the vocals from millions of radios on Paul Whiteman's two weekly ABC network programs. Last month she made a screen test for Universal International studios in Hollywood. In this country Shirley Harmer earns five hundred dollars a week as the star of General Electric's lavish program, Showtime. A girl like this has no business going around in jeans and giggling at the funnies, and Murray can be forgiven for shaking his head.

For that matter, Murray might be mildly surprised if he took a look at himself. Until recently, when he put out \$5,300 to buy a cream convertible with a black top and red leather upholstery, he too had behaved singularly unlike a success in show business. He's been one, nevertheless, for fifteen years in radio, and when television came to Canada in 1952 he became one of the medium's full-blown stars. He estimates that he and Shirley made thirty-five thousand last year—"picked up just about equally"—when he was master of ceremonies and featured singer on Lever Brothers' variety television show, *On Stage*; played a leading role as he has for sixteen years on an interminable radio serial called *The Craigs*, and sang and emceed on the George Murray Show which has been running on Toronto radio station CFRB for twelve seasons.

Most of the time Murray looks like a bag of washing. His thick black curly hair is usually rumpled; his pants are baggy and he likes cotton sports shirts, unbuttoned at the neck. He has a round pleasant muffin face, merry blue eyes and an easy, almost indolent, manner. He eats just this side of constantly and, just this side of constantly, he diets with spectacular, if temporary, success. His weight roams somewhere between 190 and 221, depending upon whether he's on a diet or just talking about a diet. When he's dieting he eats nothing except rare roast beef, lean steaks and boiled eggs.

Shirley sprawls in jeans to read the funnies in their suburban Toronto apartment. George has to keep reminding himself that she's a grown-up singing star, and that she's married to him.



He does almost all the shopping and most of the cooking for himself and Shirley. They live in the Toronto suburb of Leaside, in a modest three-room apartment a couple of blocks from a supermarket, but Murray shops as though they lived in a wilderness and expected to be snowbound for the winter. Anything his eye falls on that appeals to him finds its way into his shopping cart and it's not unusual for him to spend

forty or fifty dollars a week in three or four trips to the supermarket. One time he brought home ten *filets mignon*, stored the excess in the freezer and two months later Shirley, who doesn't like meat, finally threw them out. He buys jars of caviar, tins of smoked oysters and jars of shrimp. His purchases generally remain piled high on the kitchen shelves for weeks. Shirley calls him "the garbage collector," and has given up trying to curb his wild shopping.

"He just loves food," she explains. "Some people take dope."

George also loves fishing. He married Shirley on a Friday and on Saturday he went fishing with two advertising executive friends, Bill Byles and Ward Byron. Shirley would have gone, he explains, but she had to stay in town to rehearse for her Sunday night show, *Showtime*.

"Murray has a hundred-and-fifty-dollar picnic hamper that's as big as a safe," Byles relates. "It's got eight thermos bottles. He opens it when we're fishing and you think you're at the Royal York. There's a big ham, a chicken and about fifteen sandwiches, and Murray eats constantly. He spends more time getting ready to go fishing than fishing."

Shirley never was much for fishing but at Temagami in August when they were casting for trout Shirley kept on fouling the line and George kept on trying to show her the trick of flicking the rod. Suddenly her tangled line grew taut. George began shouting instructions but the line had no more play. Desperately, he grabbed the rod and ran off into the bush with it, hauling the fish to shore.

"But it's my fish, isn't it, George, isn't it?" she cried. "I caught it!"

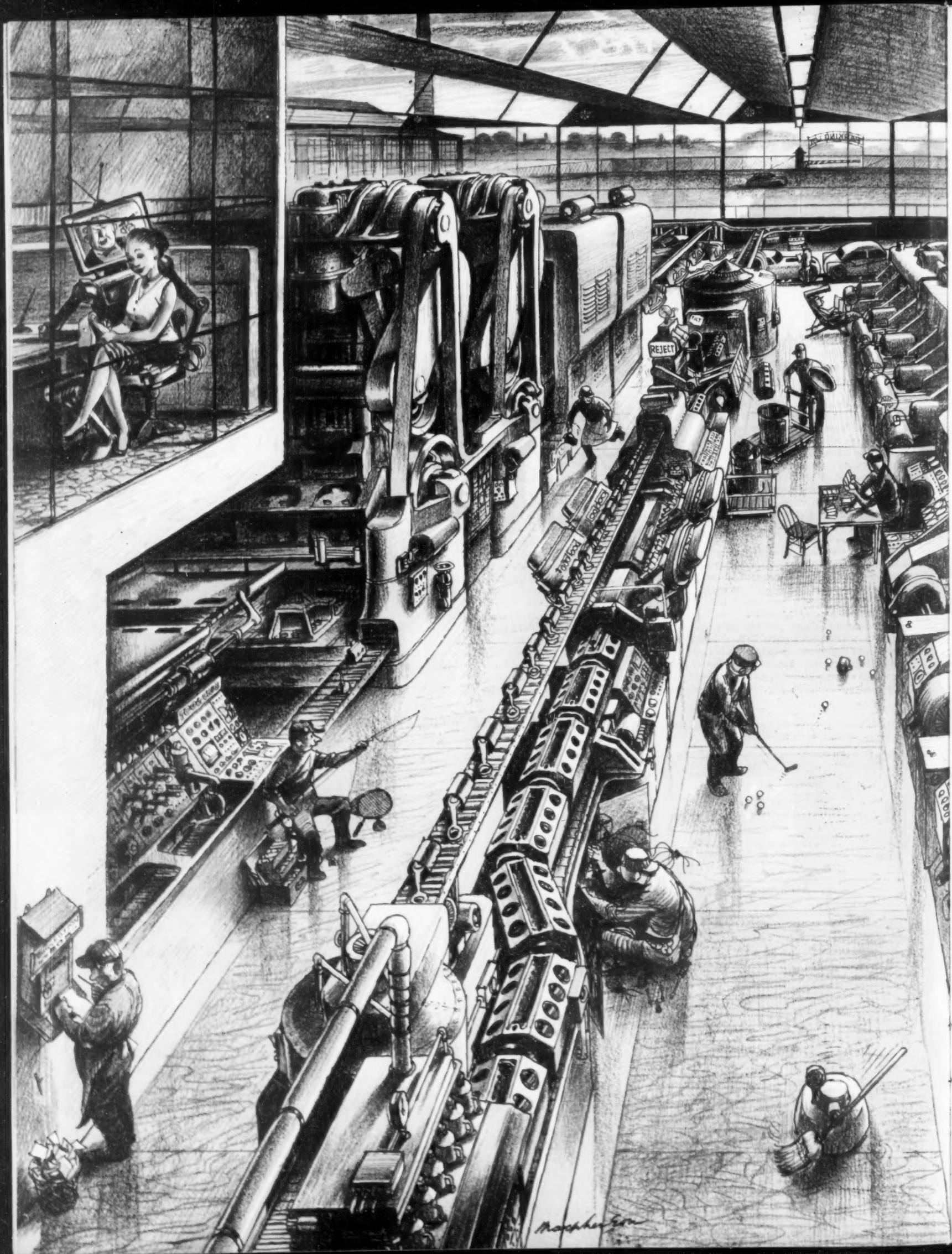
"She'll be all right from now on," says Murray paternally. "All you have to do to get interested in fishing is catch your first one."

Murray administers the *Continued on page 96*



George zips up Shirley's nylon-and-lace creation that cost \$900. It scares Toronto dry cleaners.





Will a machine ever take your job?

When push-button machines learn to push their own buttons, that's called automation.

"Thinking" machines are already running some factories and they're not going to stop there. What's it going to mean to Canada—new leisure or unemployment?

BY NORMAN DEPOE

EVEN THE most casual of newspaper readers has recently become aware that something new—and big—is going on in North American industry. It's already being described as the Second Industrial Revolution. The difference is that the first one used machines to *do* things—to cut, to spin, to weave, to shape, to lift—but always for a human operator. Now the engineers have taught machines to think for themselves, and eliminated the human hand on the levers.

These self-operating self-regulating machines, which can pour out goods better, faster and cheaper than ever before, are the tools of a new industrial way of life called automation, whose implications are frightening or roseate, depending which way you see it. This new technology, hailed as the gimmick that will liberate man at last from labor, and denounced as the final triumph of the soulless machine over human endeavor, will make radical changes in nearly every basic condition of our daily lives. The question is, what will those changes be? Will they spell paradise or chaos—unlimited leisure or nation-wide unemployment?

The process behind this suddenly fashionable catchword—automation—is already making dramatic and sweeping changes in factory production. It has invaded scores of "non-mechanical" white-collar jobs. It has a hand in mailing out the Family Allowance cheques received by hundreds of thousands of Canadians every month. Thousands more of us, though we may not call it by name, already use automation to heat our homes or dry Monday's wash. Automatic oven controls cook dinners for thousands of Canadian housewives. Many of the meal's ingredients may be ready-to-use products prepared in the first place by other automatic machines.

To Norbert Wiener, the American mathematical wizard whose book *Cybernetics and Society* is the most popular text on automation, this continuing drive to perfect almost self-sufficient machines and invent new ones is an open invitation to an "abrupt and final cessation of the demand for the type of factory labor performing purely repetitive tasks." And eventually, he predicts, we'll be deep in unem-

ployment on a scale that will make the Depression of the 1930s seem like a pleasant joke.

This apocalyptic view is emphatically not shared by people like Benjamin Fairless, former chairman of the board of United States Steel. This giant company has moved into automation as fast as developments warranted it, sees the changeover as a kind of revolution, admittedly. But, Fairless told a business audience in Johnstown, Pa., recently that fears of mass unemployment were "just plain silly."

What is the process that can produce such flat contradictions? How does it work? Most of all, what is it going to do to us—and how soon?

The first thing that experts in the field point out is that automation is not new. And it is certainly not, as some people seem to think, "just a word coined recently for mechanization." While it does include mechanization, and a lot of it, automation is a great deal more than merely using machines. And while it may not be new, it has recently picked up enough speed to qualify as a revolution both in appearance and effect.

Perhaps the simplest way of explaining the difference is to say that mechanization is a way of replacing muscle power while automation replaces not only muscle power but also (and the qualification is important) *routine* brain power. Mechanization can give you a factory where men only have to push buttons; with automation, most of the buttons push themselves.

The ideal automated factory of the future—still a long way off for most industries—would be a place where raw materials (ordered by machines as needed) were delivered at one end, passed rapidly through a series of operations (all carried out by automatic self-regulating machines), and emerged at the other end as neatly packaged finished products. Inside the plant, there might be a dozen or so engineers, doing little but studying control panels and servicing machines which, by flashing a light or buzzing a buzzer, indicated they had broken down.

Science fiction? A pipe dream? More than ten years ago, during World War II, American scientists ran the giant Oak Ridge

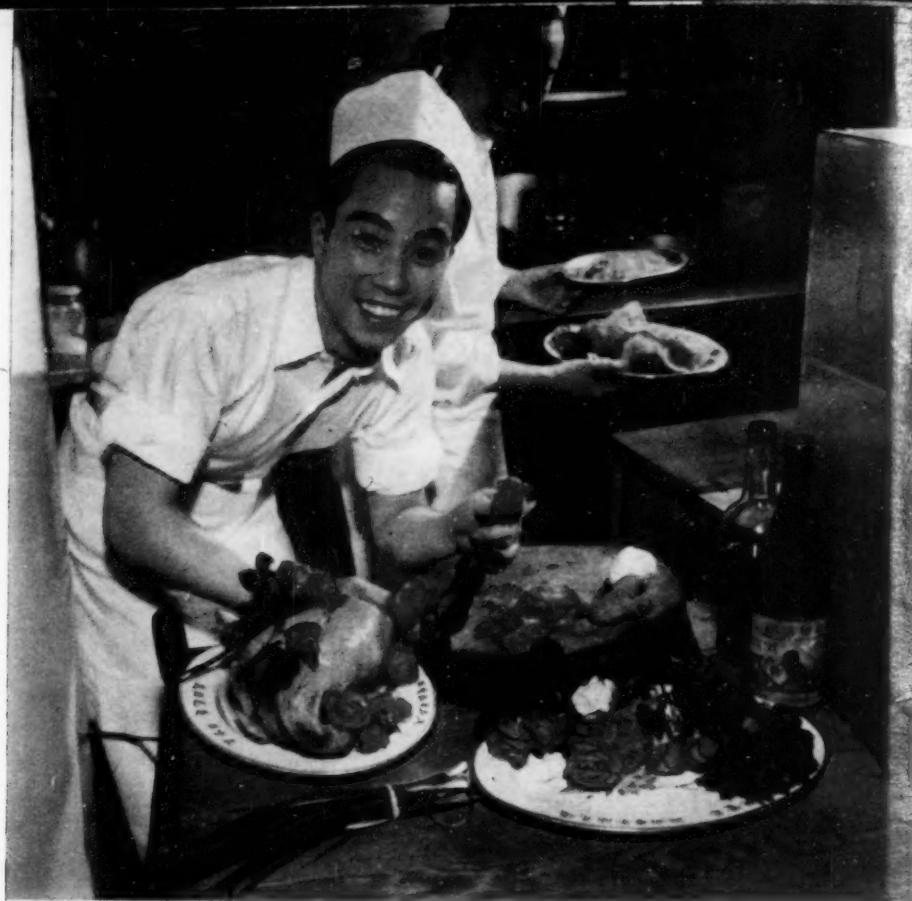
Continued on page 62

ARTIST DUNCAN MACPHERSON GIVES HIS BLITHE IDEAS OF THE PUSH-BUTTON FACTORY OF TOMORROW





BEAUTY of a dish is important to all Chinese cooks. Jessie Lam (left) admires a platter of Lichee Soo Gai—fried chicken and lichee fruit.



WONDER BOY of Vancouver's Chinese chefs is Mah Ho Kang. Above he prepares rose-petal chicken—fried chicken decorated with roses, lettuce and green onions.

BY DOUGLAS DACRE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL ROCKETT

The Great Chinese Food Hoax

WHO GOT FOOLED? WE DID. For years we insisted that our Chinese cooks serve us rubber sandwiches

and cardboard pies when all the time they could cook as well as

Escoffier. Except that Escoffier never heard of such delights as

lotus roots and Wandering Dragon



WANDERING DRAGON, a mixture of fried shrimp and green peppers, is served to Susan Woo. She's drinking Nu Gar Pa, a herb-bark wine.

LATE LAST century some thousands of Chinese from Canton, having completed the epic labor for which they had been lured to Canada—helping pick-and-shovel the transcontinental rail beds to the Pacific—tried to earn a living with their only really valuable asset: a knowledge of Cantonese cookery. (Their knowing countrymen had a saying, "The happy man is he who chooses his wife from Peking, his concubine from Nanking—and his cook from Canton.")

But when the new Canadian institution, the Chinese café, first opened hole-in-the-wall doors on the main streets of many a small town, the first sceptical customers scanned the scrawled menus and made one thing clear: "None of this Chinee chow, Charlie; you've got to serve real Canadian food if you expect to stay in business."

The collective Chinese café keepers of Canada

nodded. Sure, they knew Canadian food. Many of them had worked in the cook shacks of the railroad gangs and had learned what the white man's appetite demanded: greasy soup, fried meat, home-fried potatoes, boiled cabbage, stacks of white bread, apple pie and coffee. If that was what the customers wanted...

The result was one of the most durable and ironic jokes ever played on the Canadian public. For the next sixty years a sizable portion of the single or traveling male population of this country was to have inflicted on it some of the worst food in all history. To satisfy the curiosity of those who have never eaten in a standard "Western style" Chinese restaurant—and the nostalgia of those who have—some of the *spécialités* should be recalled: At breakfast, the glazed and impermeable toast, the rigor-mortis eggs, the hot black tasteless liquid labeled

coffee. Lunch and dinner menus were the same, and even the smallest remote cafés offered a surprising variety of dishes. Once two couples walked into a Chinese café in a sleepy little town north of Toronto. When they saw on the menu that roast beef, roast pork, roast veal and roast lamb were all available, they decided to order a serving of each.

The Chinese waiter accepted the order so impassively that one of the men decided to spy on the kitchen. A few minutes later, bemused, he reported his findings: The chef (who had been the waiter a moment previously) had removed from the refrigerator four lumps of cooked meat, had cut generous slices from each, then swished the slices in turn in a basin of hot water, then had shaken the surplus water off, laid the slices on plates, and covered each with hot gravy.

But it was at the late-night snack that Canadian-Chinese cuisine achieved its nightmarish worst, in the shape of the Denver sandwich. This was a blend of tired onions and eggs not quite old enough to be distinguished in the true Chinese fashion, the mixture fried enclosed in cold soggy toast. The typical Chinese café pie came in the guise of apple, raisin, mince or coconut cream, sharing in common a casing that looked like glazed cardboard but was somewhat less tasty.

The real irony of it all was, of course, that in the privacy of the same kitchens that produced this imitation food the proprietor and his helpers were concocting delectable gourmet dishes for themselves from the same raw materials as went into the



HOUSE PARTY given by Mrs. Mary Mah (left), owner of a Vancouver gown shop, is enjoyed by Robert Leong and Miss Jessie Lam.

ulcerous fare they served out front. Today the building of chromium-and-crystal Chinese restaurants and the preparation and serving of the appetizing dishes which Canadians first rejected two generations ago has become one of the nation's

fastest-growing minor industries. In Vancouver an estimated five thousand men, women and children invade Canada's biggest Chinatown to dine on Saturday and Sunday nights. In Toronto the burgeoning Chinese cuisine has received virtually official endorsement. The late Robert Saunders, chairman of the Ontario Hydro Commission, did much of his informal and official entertaining in Toronto's top Chinese restaurants.

Vancouver's gourmet restaurants are legion, and will be discussed at greater length, but most cities in Canada have at least one Chinese restaurant which compares favorably with any of these. A Vancouver Chinese epicure who crosses the country on business from time to time dines at the Purple Dragon or the Seven Seas in Edmonton, the Golden Dragon in Calgary, the Nanking in Winnipeg, the Lichee Garden in Toronto, the Canton Inn in Ottawa, the Nanking, the Jasmin and Ruby Foo's in Montreal, and The Club in Halifax.

But before they came into their own, it would seem that in all justice the Chinese restaurateurs undoubtedly deserved both the comfort of their own delicious food, cooked and eaten in lonely privacy, and the vengeance they wreaked on their everyday customers, the lineal descendants of those early customers who spurned "Chinee chow." For through those years the Chinese population of Canada were by all odds the most lonely, neglected and unappreciated people in the country—literally second-class citizens.

In the first quarter of

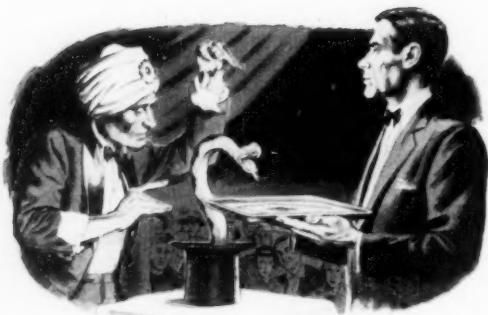
Continued on page 34



A FEAST FIT FOR A MANDARIN, served at Sammy Kee's Lotus Garden Café, includes shark-fin soup, Wandering Dragon and rose-petal chicken.

The Great Carlak's

The wonderful magic secrets lay in Graydawn's



As Graydawn performed, Carlak watched and learned.

Carlak yearned and schemed for those

BY JOHN I. KEASLER

ILLUSTRATED BY LAZARE

CARLAK SAT cold on the curbstone at dusk in this city only thirty miles from his goal. He was ragged now, and mumbling, a thin man whose black eyes glittered with the obsession to reach his goal. After all this distance and time he was but thirty miles from John Paulo, his goal. He knew John Paulo would believe him. He fought to keep from losing control again, for that would only mean further delay, but he felt his control going.

He had bought wine with money stolen from a news vendor's box, even knowing the wine would shatter his control. He drained the bottle, felt the hot wine drown his will, and the bottle fell from his hands—the strange hands, the cursed hands of Carlak.

He leaped to his feet, lost now, and shouted, "Ho! Behold! Witness the Great Carlak, marvel of the ages!"

Passers-by stared at the apparition, the ragged man standing on the sidewalk, his expression one of kingly aloofness. "Observe!" he shouted reaching out with a flourish and removing a coin from the ear of a startled pedestrian. "Watch closely!"

He pulled a coin from the ear of a dowager waddling by. She screamed in fear. The watchers were alarmed now. Carlak took three coins from the ear of a blind beggar in a doorway. Then he moved toward the gathering crowd—it moved back, afraid.

A policeman strode up to check on the disturbance, but could not subdue Carlak alone, for Carlak was frenzied now—he kept shouting that it was all real, all real, no trickery. When the other policemen arrived he fought frantically. They quieted him the same old way.

He awoke the next morning in the cell and the lump on his head from the billy throbbed painfully. Tears coursed down his thin cheeks and fell on the front of his ripped and dirty shirt where they mingled with the dried blood. As always, Carlak felt hopelessly in his pocket to see if by some chance some of the coins had remained in existence. But none of them had, of course. They never did.

Carlak cursed. Then he prayed for a short sentence.

In the past he had prayed he would be let off entirely by the judge, let off with only a warning, but experience had shown him this hope was unrealistic. Now he merely asked for only ten *Continued on page 43*

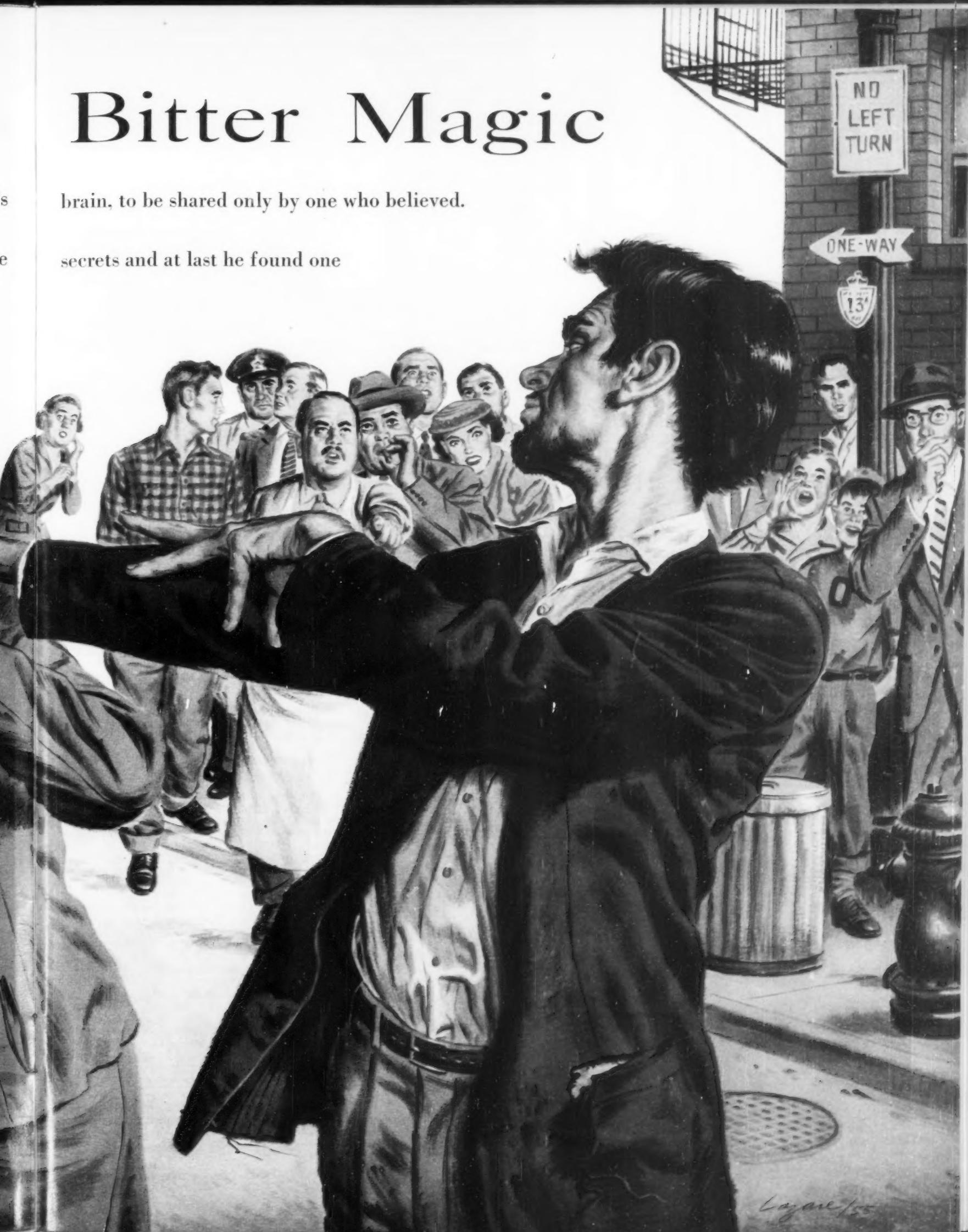
Haunted by the mystery, Carlak made the coin appear—but where did it go?



Bitter Magic

brain, to be shared only by one who believed.

secrets and at last he found one



To live on an island in the Pacific is among the classic dreams of all men.

Not many Canadians realize
that four thousand of their number who have dreamed the dream have

also actually attained it.

Although they're a long way from Tahiti and have never seen a single sarong they're content with their serene untropical habitat, the archipelago known as the Gulf Islands.

The rocky, grassy, arboreal hummocks which support their homes are described in most travel folders as "a string of jewels" and, more accurately, on the charts used by the daily CPR steamers between Vancouver and Victoria as the Gulf Islands. They lie off the southeast coast of Vancouver Island like embroidery on the hem of a woman's skirt. The inhabitants never tire of saying, "I live on an island in the Pacific." By this they mean that they are under the spell that is implicit in the phrase. Though the Gulf Islands are only ten minutes by air or two hours by ferry from either Vancouver or Victoria they are in many ways similar to those South Pacific atolls so hauntingly eulogized by Rodgers and Hammerstein.

There are more than a hundred Gulf Islands, ranging in size from seventy square miles to less than an acre, and in height from two thousand feet to a few yards above sea level. Saltspring, the biggest, has about three thousand residents. Galiano, the next in importance, has fewer than five hundred. North and South Pender share about four hundred. Saturna has around eighty. A dozen of the smaller islands have twenty or thirty. A score of tiny ones are the exclusive preserve of a



Regatta scene is created at Saturno Island as boats arrive for annual barbecue gala.



Whole lambs barbecued in Argentine fashion provide a succulent meal at one dollar a plate.

BY MCKENZIE PORTER

single family. The majority are uninhabited and may still be bought from the Crown for around ten dollars an acre and occupied by anybody who cares to spend several thousand dollars boring for fresh water.

Generations of both Canadian and American tourists are familiar with their enticing outlines. Bluffs of bluish granite rear vertically for five hundred feet out of the sea to feathered scalps of conifers, among which the arbutus is all the more beautiful in its coppery nakedness. Promontories flank the entrance to scalloped lagoons where driftwood lies like abstract sculpture on pearly beaches of powdered seashell. Inland there are shady valleys deep in ferns, honeysuckle drenching the air with candy scents, rose campions whose crimson blooms and woolly white foliage suggest splashes of blood on an ermine cape, and great sweeps of rampant broom.

The homes of the Gulf Islanders generally hug the shore. They have in common flagpoles, motor-boats, Cape Cod chairs and hammocks; otherwise they represent every kind of architectural expression from grotesque castles and Victorian piles to bungalows and log shacks. Their windows overlook waters that are flecked with logs lost from Davis Rafts; stippled with pneumatic balls like green oranges which support huge amber fronds of seaweed; broken by the joyous leap of porpoises and the bobbing "Old Bill" faces of seals; knifed by the six-foot dorsal fins of killer whales, ten tons in weight and thirty feet long; and riddled with opalescent jellyfish and octopuses.

Cleaving through these waters are Canadian and American warships, freighters from all over the world, tugs, barges and fishing boats, and big white yachts from the clubs in Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle and Portland.

Nearly all the Gulf Islands save Gabriola, Valdes and the tiny De Courcy group lie below the 49th parallel. In the south they tangle with an American cluster known as the San Juan Islands. There is hardly any communication between the two collections since informal landings by the citizens of one country on the terrain of the other are forbidden. During the last century the United Kingdom and the United States almost went to war for possession of both Gulf and San Juan Islands but in 1846 the Treaty of Oregon divided them with an imaginary zigzag border which runs through the sea. The only blood ever shed in frontier incidents belonged to rumrunners, hijackers and U. S. coast guards during Prohibition.

Six of the Gulf Islands differ in character from the rest. Canadian Industries Ltd. use James Island for a high-explosives plant which employs two hundred men in the risky task of making dynamite. Bentinck Island has for years been one of the refuges of unfortunates who return to Canada from tropical climes afflicted with leprosy. Currently, only two lepers are in the institution there. Piers Island was notorious in the early Thirties as a penal settlement for Doukhobors convicted of nude parades, and is today deserted. Kuper Island is an Indian reserve which boasts an excellent high school. Gabriola, the most northerly, is so much a part of Nanaimo's urban scene that it doesn't rate as a true Gulf Island. Valdes is strictly for loggers.

All the rest have been spared the blemish of industry, misfortune and tourist honky-tonks. Here and there a logger's axe has bitten timber but it has pruned rather than deflowered the scenery. Each year some vacationers visit one or other of the islands but a shortage of accommodation and the absence of mechanical amusements have kept them down to a handful.

So the real Gulf Islanders are rarely disturbed at their lotus eating. They bask in a climate that is never too hot or too cold; never too wet or dry. Temperatures rarely rise above seventy or drop below forty-five. Cool breezes caress them on hot summer days yet in the winter the mountains on Vancouver Island and the mainland protect them from westerly gales and bitter east winds.

Many of the residents on the smaller islands go for weeks without hearing a car, touching an electric switch, seeing a neighbor. *Continued on page 72*



SHORTBREAD from Margaret Robinson's kitchen is exported as far as Australia.



PIONEERS on Saltspring were family of Mrs. Bob Holloman. He's a retired executive.



WINTER WOOD is split by George Copeland. At ninety-two, he rides horseback.



GARDEN FETE of Anglican women is held at luxurious Harbor House, Saltspring.

Rich or poor, the lotus eaters of the Gulf never fret



DOG DECK'LAND helps Derril Georgeson moor his boat. Dog fetches his own food from store.

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK

Who was the Mad Trapper of Rat River?

VICTIM No. 1

Constable Bunce King slammed his shoulder against the cabin door. Johnson's bullet smashed into his chest.



VICTIM No. 2

Constable Newt Millen tried to shoot it out with the cornered trapper. Johnson dropped him with one shot.



VICTIM No. 3

Army Sergeant Heps Hersey toppled as Johnson's shot ripped into him. But the posse's bullets found the mark.

BY ALAN PHILLIPS

ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE JOHNSON

No one knew who he was or where he came from.

But for six months Albert Johnson fought
a deadly gun battle with the RCMP.

He killed one man and wounded two others before the
secret of his black hatred
died under a posse's hail of bullets

IT WAS a hot July day in 1931 when the man called Albert Johnson came floating down Peel River to begin his infamous odyssey.

He beached his raft above Fort McPherson and strode back to the settlement, a cluster of white-washed cabins and a log trading post. To the northeast stretched the flat green delta of the Mackenzie, obscenely lush, a malevolent marsh that passed imperceptibly into the Arctic sea. Westward rose the foothills of the continent's northernmost mountains and beyond them the ice-crowned peaks veined red with iron through which he was soon to lead the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in Canada's most sensational manhunt.

On three continents newspaper readers would marvel day by day at the exploits of this ruthless adventurer. No one will ever know his real name but he will live in memory by the name the papers gave him, the Mad Trapper of Rat River—though trapping was only an incidental skill and he wasn't mad, except in the sense of harboring hatred. On the contrary, he was as shrewd, resourceful and resolute a killer as the north has ever known.

He came into the trading post at Fort McPherson, brusquely shouldering past lounging Indians, a medium-sized man, thirty-five to forty, slightly stoop-shouldered, sun-reddened, fly-bitten—most unlikely material for romance. Bill Douglas, the factor, sized him up as a loner. He had obviously lived alone in the wilderness for months, yet he curtly parried questions, keeping his tension bottled inside him. He spoke only to order supplies.

In the next ten days he spent fourteen hundred dollars with Douglas. He said he was getting an outfit together to trap in Rat River country. He was carrying several thousand dollars—very strange, since a trapper usually sends his money outside. And his outfit wasn't that of a man who intends to winter in one place.

He had nearly completed his outfitting when a very tall lean man in a khaki shirt and stiff-brimmed Stetson came paddling into the post.

Constable Edgar Millen, widely known as Newt, was on a routine patrol from Arctic Red River, an RCMP detachment thirty miles southeast. Douglas was glad to see him; the thirty-year-old Mountie was highly regarded on the delta for his good humor, common sense and bushcraft.

Millen had heard of the stranger from wandering Loucheux Indians. He wanted Douglas to tell him more. In the Arctic, as Douglas knew, a man's life often depends on the knowledge the Mounties have of his habits and movements.

"He's bought a nine-foot canoe from an Indian," Douglas said. "The questions he asked me, I figure he's going up Rat River, over the mountains at White Pass, down the Bell, down the Eagle and onto the Porcupine. Another reason I figure it that way, Newt—some Loucheux passed him upriver. He asked them where he was. When they said he was on the Peel he was pretty annoyed."

Millen digested this information. The headwaters of the Peel and the Porcupine are in the Yukon only a few miles apart. A man could easily mistake one for the other. But the Peel flows into the Territories, the Porcupine into Alaska.

"I better talk to him," Millen said. "He doesn't know the Rat."

Millen found Johnson down on the steamboat landing, assembling his gear. The Mountie introduced himself. Johnson shook hands reluctantly.

"Anything I can do for you?" Millen asked.

"No, no," Johnson said *Continued on page 54*

For the first time in history, an airplane tracked a killer. World War I ace Wop May was at the controls.





\$2.75 How I made my killing in the market

You don't need \$25,000. All you need is a few bucks, some "inside dope" and you're in on the ground floor. Of course, you may end up in the basement

HE TWITCH has pretty well disappeared from my telephone hand and the tic in my left eye improves every day. I realize, of course, that I haven't been cured; my case has merely been arrested. When the conversation turns to the stock market, I smile bleakly and turn away, aware that I will never be able to buy just one stock and let it go at that but must go on and on, buying and selling, selling, buying, trading, plunging...

It happened a few weeks back when the financial pages were full of reports of how the Little Man—as they describe anyone with less than \$25,000—was turning the Toronto Stock Exchange upside down with his weird and sometimes wonderful speculations. I can say now that not all those Little Men retired to live for the rest of their lives off their uranium shares. I can further offer the opinion that some Little Men ought to be content to just stay Little Men—this Little Man in particular.

It was all an accident anyway. A friend owed me a hundred dollars, and owed it to me for so long that I had abandoned all hope of ever collecting. One day he astonished me.

"I haven't got your money," he said, as he always began his conversations. "But I do have some

stock, a good uranium stock. I'll put some of it in your name. If it goes up, then you'll have a lot more than a measly hundred bucks."

"And if it goes down?"

"Well," he said lightly, "it was only a measly hundred."

Two weeks later he phoned. "Guess what?" he asked.

"Give up," I said.

"I've got two hundred and twenty-five dollars here for you."

"You sure you have the right party?" I asked.

"The stock," he burbled. "Your stock went up. I sold it for two twenty-five. I'm sending the money up to you."

I was on my way to joining the Little Men. That same night at a cocktail party the conversation somehow got around to stocks. I admitted I liked to take the occasional flyer—I don't know where

I picked up the term—and, in fact, had just made something of a killing on a uranium.

"What uranium?" someone asked.

"Well—" I began, suddenly realizing I didn't know what uranium. "Uh—it's not doing very well now. The mine went dry. They thought it was uranium at first, then it turned out to be raffenspan, just plain old raffenspan."

"Raffenswhat?"

"Yes, raffenswot. Looks like uranium, you know—until you get down close enough for a good look, then it turns out to be plain old raffensong."

"What are you in now?" asked a young man.

"Now?" I paused uncomfortably. "Oh, you mean now. Well, there's that new mine up north. What is that name?"

"Consolidated Amalgam?"

"Consolidated Amalgam—yes, of course."

"But it's been going down."

"Haw," I said with a knowing smile that as much as admitted that I personally had arranged for it to go down.

"What if it turns out to be raffenswong?"

"Can't be. They took some tests. The raffensfin isotope tests. No reaction at all."

A few moments later I

Continued on page 70

BY DERM DUNWOODY

CARTOON BY PETER WHALLEY



Here's the 3-way magic of color-slide photography

Some wonderful day you'll load a **miniature camera** with **Kodak color film** and shoot.

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Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



Honest lawyer Glenn Ford (centre) discovers that he's a Red dupe at a party rally.

BEST BET

TRIAL: A hard-hitting realistic drama which shows with disturbing clarity how political racketeers skilled in the black arts of showmanship can flourish under the protection of the very laws they despise. Don M. Mankiewicz adapted his own novel for the screen. The expert cast includes Glenn Ford, Arthur Kennedy, Dorothy McGuire, John Hodiak, and an actor named Juan Hernandez whose portrayal of a Negro judge presiding in a hate-filled court is something to haunt the memory.

PETE KELLY'S BLUES: Jack Webb's first movie since *Dragnet* offers the tight-lipped actor-director as a Prohibition-era jazz bandleader whose personal devil is a gangster (Edmond O'Brien). Jazz fans, except the ultra-cool school, will enjoy the music, and the film is well worth seeing as well as hearing in spite of several contrived and incoherent touches. With Ella Fitzgerald, Peggy Lee.

THE PRIVATE WAR OF MAJOR BENSON: A coy, moderately amusing comedy about a tough soldier (Charlton Heston) in a school for boys. Tim Hovey, as a six-year-old private, is prominent among the cadets.

TARZAN'S HIDDEN JUNGLE: A beaming ex-lifeguard named Gordon Scott makes a likeable but implausible debut as apeman No. 11 in a series that has prospered without interruption since 1918.

TO CATCH A THIEF: Boudoir shenanigans and rooftop skulduggery are the main ingredients in moviemaker Alfred Hitchcock's latest. It's hardly one of his best, but it's not half-bad — and the French Riviera, in VistaVision, is a sight to behold. With Grace Kelly, Cary Grant.

Gilmour's Guide to the Current Crop

Above Us the Waves: Submarine war drama. Good.
Ain't Misbehavin': Musical. Fair.
Blackboard Jungle: Drama. Good.
Cell 2455, Death Row: Crime. Poor.
The Cobweb: Hospital drama. Fair.
The Colditz Story: Prison-camp drama. Good.
The Constant Husband: Comedy. Good.
Court Martial: Drama. Excellent.
The Dam Busters: Air war. Excellent.
Davy Crockett: Western. Good.
For Better, For Worse: Comedy. Good.
The Girl Rush: Comic musical. Good.
House of Bamboo: Suspense. Good.
How to Be Very, Very Popular: Campus comedy. Good.
Interrupted Melody: Operatic soprano's biographical drama. Good.
The King's Thief: Sword opera. Fair.
Lady and the Tramp: Cartoon. Good.
Land of the Pharaohs: Spectacle and drama. Excellent.
Love Me or Leave Me: Biographical and musical drama. Good.
Mambo: Italian drama. Poor.
A Man Called Peter: Drama. Excellent.
Marty: Comedy-drama. Excellent.
Mister Roberts: Comedy. Excellent.
The Night Holds Terror: Crime and suspense. Good.
The Night My Number Came Up: British suspense drama. Good.
Not as a Stranger: Drama. Fair.
Out of the Clouds: Drama. Fair.
The Phenix City Story: Crime drama. Good.
The Purple Mask: Sword opera. Poor.
Rage at Dawn: Western. Fair.
The Scarlet Coat: 1780 drama. Good.
The Sea Chase: Suspense. Poor.
The Seven Little Foys: Biog-comedy of show business. Fair.
The Seven Year Itch: Comedy. Good.
The Shrike: Psychiatric drama. Fair.
Soldier of Fortune: Adventure. Good.
Strange Lady in Town: Western. Fair.
Swengali: Melodrama. Fair.
That Lady: Costume drama. Fair.
Tight Spot: Suspense. Good.
Ulysses: Adventure drama. Fair.
Unchained: Drama. Excellent.
Violent Saturday: Suspense. Good.
We're No Angels: Comedy. Fair.
Wichita: Western. Good.
You're Never Too Young: Martin-and-Lewis comedy. Good.

new!



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Live keyboard* with keytouch adjustable to each operator!

Saves up to 50% hand motion—and effort!

Every key operates the motor—so you can now forget the motor bar. No more back-and-forth hand motion from keys to motor bar.

And keys are instantly adjustable to each operator's touch! No wonder operators are so enthusiastic about it. They do their work faster, with up to 50% less effort. New operating advantages, quietness, beauty!

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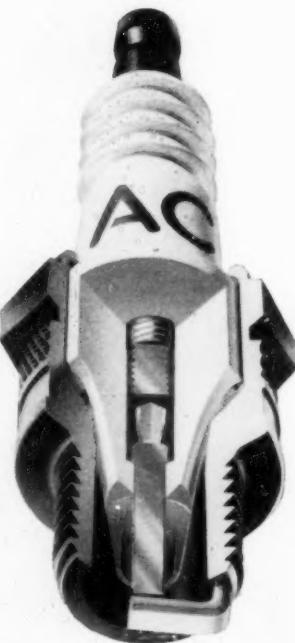
Provides a longer path of resistance to electrical leakage than any other make of spark plug. Under unusual dirt or moisture conditions, this buttress-top design greatly reduces "shorting" or "flashover".

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The Great Chinese Food Hoax

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

a century after the Chinese were on their own in Canada, all a Chinese resident of Canada required to be allowed to bring in a wife was five hundred dollars to cover the head tax—a sum far beyond the reach of most railway laborers, of course. In British Columbia where the majority of disbanded railway workers settled, hurriedly passed provincial laws limited the occupations Chinese could engage in—they included mining and pharmacy, for some reason.

Then, after Mackenzie King came to power, a gentle, ruthless death sentence was pronounced on the Chinese of Canada in 1923. An immigration act simply provided that no Orientals could be admitted to Canada. Until repealed in 1946, this act effectively reduced Canada's Chinese population by half—from sixty thousand before the exclusion act to thirty thousand by the time of repeal.

Apart from political troubles (which really had little to do with the acceptance or non-acceptance of Chinese food), why was the acceptance of this delectable cuisine so long delayed—and what were the factors that brought about the present boom?

In Toronto, the boom started in a modest way some twenty-five years ago, for a strange reason. Between the turn of this century and World War I, a large number of Canadian missionaries had gone to China. By the Twenties their children were being sent back home for university or nursing courses. These China-born Canadians wanted Chinese food and invaded Toronto's small Chinatown restaurants in search of it. From walk-up restaurant to walk-up restaurant they went, testing the sweet-and-sour spare ribs, the chicken livers with green peppers, the beef with broccoli, the chicken chow mein, the bean curd soup, the shrimp with water chestnuts.

Where their China-trained taste told them the food was good, there they patronized. The China-born Canadians took their friends, who in turn took their friends; by the mid-Thirties a cult was born and has been growing ever since. In Toronto, this word-of-mouth method of selection brought wide fame to a small nameless second-floor restaurant designated simply as "22A" for its number on Elizabeth Street. Recently this restaurant, along with the greater part of Toronto's older Chinatown, has been demolished to make room for Civic Square.

As devotees of Chinese food increased in number, many an adventurous housewife decided to try her own hand at the delectable dishes; others wanted the genuine article—but at home. In some cities, particularly Vancouver, drive-in, take-out and home-delivery restaurants have sprung up to supplement the sit-down establishments. Because Occidental women are learning to cook Chinese food at home, newspapers and magazines are printing Chinese recipes and publishers are rushing new Chinese cookbooks to press. Abreast of the times are hundreds of supermarkets which now stock their shelves with canned Chinese ingredients and load their freezers with frozen ready-cooked Chinese dishes. During the past seven years the volume of Chinese groceries imported into Canada from Hong Kong has doubled.

Last fall, as part of its program for promoting better racial relations, the Pender Street (Chinatown) branch of

the Vancouver YWCA sponsored group dinners at a dollar seventy-five a head in reputable Chinese restaurants. The day after the press announcement one thousand Occidentals applied for tickets. During the next two weeks nearly two thousand Westerners, most of whom admitted they'd been too shy to visit Chinatown unescorted, sat down to typical Cantonese meals. The visits were so effective that restaurateurs since have noticed many of the participants dining in Chinatown regularly.

Chinese caterers are also profiting from the current boom in cooked food that is eaten off the premises. At Vancouver's Ding Ho, which is nothing but a well-appointed kitchen in the middle of a huge, brightly lit parking lot, waiters in traditional skull caps and frogged tunics will clip a tray across the front windows of your car and serve you with deep fried shrimps in polished rice, duck stewed in tangerine skins, or diced pork smothered with bean sprouts. If you prefer, they'll bring you a carton full of chicken strips in oyster sauce, or any other dish from an extensive menu, which you can then eat at home, at the ball game, or, if you feel so inclined, on top of Mount Seymour.

Four years ago Henry Wong, owner of Vancouver's Horseshoe Restaurant, began sending out by taxi hot Chinese food to a few Occidental homes. Today he runs three big trucks, equipped with warming ovens, all over the city and its environs. Wong now sells sixty thousand dollars' worth of food a year in this way and believes, in spite of the fact that five competitors have entered the field against him, that the business will eventually double itself.

Supermarkets for the Timid

The rising appetite for Chinese food cannot be satisfied by professional chefs. Winnie McLear, the food editor of the Vancouver Province, has had to learn Chinese cooking in response to her readers' demands for recipes. Her readers have become so discriminating that she admits, "Sometimes I prepare a Chinese dish about six times before I'm confident enough to print the recipe."

No matter how keen Occidental women become on Chinese cooking most are still too timid to go shopping in the quaint little stores of the local Chinatown. So the supermarkets are catering to their needs. Packaged Chinese staples like bamboo shoots, water chestnuts, bean sprouts, mushrooms, ginger, lotus roots and noodles are as familiar a sight on the shelves as frozen prepared dishes like chow mein, chop suey and egg rolls are in the freezers. Many Vancouver supermarkets give away a pair of chopsticks with every can of Chinese food.

Statistics available at the National Harbors Board offices in Vancouver provide the most concrete evidence of the increasing popularity of Chinese fare. In 1948, when postwar trading relations had returned to normal, ships from Hong Kong unloaded nineteen hundred tons of almonds, birds' nests, shellfish, orange peel, garlic, lilies, mushrooms, nuts, sharks' fins and other dried groceries which add smatch to Chinese dishes. Last year imports in this category amounted to thirty-eight hundred tons.

Esther Fong-Dickman, a Vancouver schoolteacher and social worker, first noticed Occidental interest in Chinese food three years ago when, at the Pender Street YWCA, she offered to teach Western housewives how to cook it.

She expected a limited response. To her astonishment more than three hundred women, mostly from the well-

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Only barbarians use knives, said the king, so everyone ate with chopsticks

heeled Vancouver suburbs of Point Grey, Kerrisdale and Shaughnessy, tried to enroll. The trend has continued. A few months ago a small hall at the University of British Columbia was packed by watery-mouthed Occidentals who watched Professor Leslie Wong step aside from his customary lectures in the Faculty of Commerce and demonstrate with a cleaver, a mixing bowl, a skillet, a pair of chopsticks, a stove and some meat and vegetables, just why the Chinese identify cooking with the worship of God.

Western interest in Eastern edibles seems to stem from several causes. Pretty Susan Woo, a nurse at the Vancouver General Hospital, who house-keeps at home for four bachelor brothers, says she finds it cheaper to cook Chinese dishes than Western dishes because the Chinese require less meat. Although medical men will not state flatly that Chinese food is less fattening than Western food, Vancouver's Dr. Guy H. Chan says, "There is no doubt that the absence of potatoes, butter, cream and rich desserts from the Chinese diet, is conducive to slimness." A couple of years ago Rosamond Ross, a dietitian on the staff of the Vancouver Board of Health, conducted a survey at Lord Strathcona School where New Canadians of nearly forty nationalities receive tuition. She found that those with the most balanced diet were the Chinese.

However, the primary reason for the growing enthusiasm for Chinese cooking, in the opinion of Quon Wong, a well-traveled Vancouver tourist agent, is the monotony of menus in Canada's Western restaurants. Quon Wong believes Quebec has missed a glorious opportunity to promote the tasty French cuisine in Canada. "And so," he says, "people are turning to the only other race with a comparable reverence for food."

Probably the best—and certainly the most—Chinese cooking is to be found in Vancouver where ten thousand of this country's forty thousand Chinese inhabit an exotic square mile on the fringe of the city's business district. After seven at night it is difficult to find parking space in this biggest of all Canadian Chinatowns because a dozen restaurants, ranging from the small and intimate to the big and jazzy, are flourishing by providing good food at a reasonable price. One restaurateur, Sammie Kee, reckons that about four thousand Occidentals eat in Vancouver's Chinatown every Friday and Saturday night.

Chinese cuisine is based on a long tradition. When the skin-girt ancestors of the great European chefs were gnawing on raw bones in a cave, silken-clad Chinese were arguing about the relative merits of spices and vintage wines. Chinese etiquette was formalized at least two thousand years before the Christian era. Chopsticks were then in use because an ancient king had decided it was impolite to ask his guests to cut their own meat.

A primitive agriculture and overpopulation have long threatened China with famine but it was the very shortage of food that inspired its culinary arts. Hunger has frequently driven the Chinese to eating anything they could lay their hands on, from seeds to bark and from snails to sparrows. During these exhaustive experiments on edibles important discoveries were inevitable.

In a whimsical passage of his book, *The Importance of Living*, Lin Yutang,

great contemporary Chinese philosopher, says his kinsmen are backward in the sciences of zoology and botany because they cannot look unemotionally at an animal or a plant without wondering how it would taste. A Chinese, he says, cannot even look at a camel's hump without longing to cook it.

Chinese philosophers nearly all agree with the theory that heaven is here on earth and that human happiness, which is the end of all knowledge, is to be achieved through an educated use of the senses. And taste, they say, is not the least important of these. Unable to comprehend how Westerners can separate the soulful from the sensual, the average Chinese regards bad cooking as heresy since this constitutes a repudiation of the Deity's benevolence. All the great Chinese bards have made cooking a theme for verse.

"Friends who meet at meals meet in peace," says Lin Yutang. "How a Chinese glows over a good feast! How apt he is to cry out that life is beautiful when his intestines are well filled. From his well-filled stomach suffuses and radiates a happiness that is spiritual."

It's Got to Have Crunch

So subtle is Chinese cooking that flavor is only one of the properties required. The two most expensive ingredients used—the bird's nest and the shark's fin—are flavorless. They are employed because when dissolved they impart to soups a glutinous texture that caresses the palate. The soup derives its flavor from the meat stock and vegetables. The importance of texture is revealed in the Chinese love of bamboo shoots, noodles and peapods. None are remarkable for taste but all have a crunchiness which Chinese relish. Dimension is also appreciated. Food is served in pieces small enough to be picked up with chopsticks and eaten as a single mouthful. Each of the many different dishes served at a Chinese meal contains mixtures of food particles of approximately the same size. Little shrimps go with beans, or button mushrooms with asparagus tips. This classification by size appeals to the Chinese sense of harmony. The same applies to color. Brilliant red and brilliant green clash so red peppers are rarely served on the same dish as young peapods. Gold and cream blend so chicken and bamboo shoots may be mixed.

Staple meats are pork, duck, chicken and fish. Beef is seldom served because cattle in China are raised for hauling loads and killed only when too old to work. For the same reason, milk products are rare in Chinese dishes.

Carving at table is unknown. At formal banquets a duck, chicken, sucking pig or big fish is often served whole. But fowls and pigs are cunningly cut up and reassembled so that pieces may be removed with chopsticks. Big fish are steamed so soft the flesh falls away from the bone at a touch.

More commonly, meat and fish are cut into strips or cubes before they are cooked. Then they are mixed with various combinations of vegetables. The list of Chinese vegetables is almost endless. By Western standards Chinese vegetables are undercooked. This leaves them crisp, nutritious and easily digestible.

As pork fat, a coarse product, is the only animal fat available in quantity to the Chinese, they use vegetable oils

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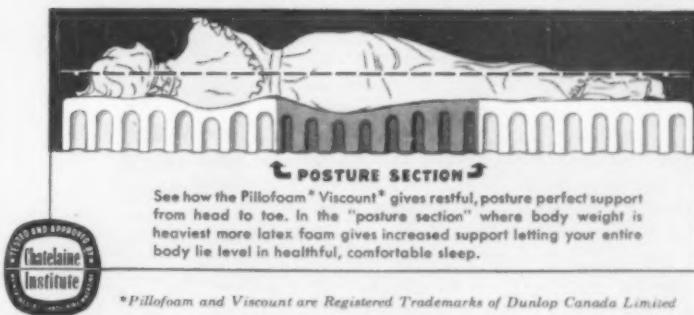


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instead. Peanut, soy and sesame oil, from seeds indigenous to China, are the most common.

Chopped food, fried or steamed for short periods at intense heat, and highly spiced, is the chief characteristic of the Chinese cuisine.

The Chinese have no use for kitchen gadgets. Meat and vegetables are chopped with a cleaver on a stout wooden block. Skilled chefs chop with both hands simultaneously. Chopsticks are used for stirring. The Chinese stove is a hollow brick cube fired with charcoal. In the top are two holes, one for frying and one for steaming. Both steaming and frying pans have rounded bottoms which bulge down into the holes, receive a uniform measure of heat, and avert the problem of particles sticking or burning in corners. Stoves in the best Chinese restaurants are of stainless steel and fired by gas, but they function on the same principle as their ancient charcoal prototypes.

Places at table are laid with a soup bowl, a porcelain soup spoon—which doesn't burn the lips so easily as a metal one—and a tiny cup, without a handle, for green tea. This is always taken without sugar or cream. In restaurants Chinese are given chopsticks but Occidentals, unless they ask for chopsticks, are given a spoon and fork.

It is best to go to a Chinese restaurant in fours, sixes, or eights. Nearly every Chinese dish is meant to be shared by a party and contains too much of the same sort of food for one or two people. Four people usually find three different dishes sufficient and six people generally find four different dishes enough.

Most people visiting a Chinese restaurant for the first time are timid and order chop suey or chow mein because these are the most familiar terms to westerners. They find they cannot get through a half of it. What they are trying to eat is something comparable to a tureen full of potatoes set on a western table for four or six people. Chop suey and chow mein are bulk vegetable dishes intended to be shared by large groups who are eating meat dishes. Another bulk dish, served in a great variety of ways, is rice.

Next time you go to a Chinese restaurant try this meal for six: chicken consommé; deep fried shrimps with pineapples; chop suey; sautéed diced chicken with almonds; pork strips and mushrooms; rice and tea. Or try this for four: green pea soup with a raw egg swirl; broiled big shrimps; sautéed sliced duck; broiled live crab; rice and tea. For these meals the middle-price Bamboo Terrace restaurant in Vancouver charges \$8.75 and \$6.75 respectively. Few western restaurants provide such a varied meal for less than two dollars a head.

Since the western connoisseurs of Chinese food began to grow more discriminating many restaurateurs have brought to Canada chefs trained in the swankier establishments of Hong Kong. Recently, Vancouver's Lotus Gardens engaged a nineteen-year-old doe-eyed boy named Mah Ho Kang. From the age of twelve he had been schooled in the kitchens of the famous Silver Dragon in Hong Kong. Soon after he started work at the Lotus Gardens the other chefs began kowtowing to Mah Ho Kang because they recognized him as a master.

A few weeks ago Mah Ho Kang cooked one of his favorite dishes for six. He cut up the breast of a raw chicken into strips, taking care to leave the skin adhering to each piece. Then he cracked two eggs between his fingers and slurped the whites into a dish. Onto the unbroken whites he tossed a

few spring onions, a little watercress and some green ginger. He added a dash of soya sauce and a dash of Chinese wine and rubbed the pieces of chicken round in the mixture. When they were well coated he plunged them into a deep pan of hot peanut oil. They sizzled tantalizingly until they developed a rich cream color. At this moment Mah Ho Kang put them onto a hot dish to drain.

Quickly he slit the bellies of a couple of dozen big shrimps, rubbed them round in the same eggwhite-and-wine mixture and dropped them into the same peanut oil. Within a few seconds the shrimps puffed up into big pink and white balls. Chicken and shrimps were then served on the same dish. The chicken was smooth, slippery and soft to the palate; the shrimps were crisp and airy. Mah Ho Kang calls the dish Wandering Dragon.

While it was being devoured, Mah Ho Kang prepared some of his Hong Kong delicacies. He made a light pastry, rolled it paper thin and cut it into circles. Onto each circle he dabbed a blob of filling that consisted of little shrimps and chicken livers chopped up very fine with bamboo shoots and shallow fried for a few seconds in a very hot film of aromatic sesame oil. Folding the pastry over the filling, he deftly molded the dumplings into the shape of seashells. Then he gave them ten or fifteen minutes fierce steaming. After sampling one, a guest remarked, "This must be what they eat in Nirvana. Let's all turn Buddhist."

A Duck in the Bag

Ninety-five percent of Canada's Chinese chefs cook Cantonese style. The Chinese community therefore likes to eat for a change of the slightly different north China cuisine. One characteristic of the northern Chinese is a taste for bread. The dough of this bread is very similar to that of Western bread but, instead of being baked, it is steamed. Steamed bread is one of the most important items in a famous northern Chinese dish known as Pekin Duck.

Mrs. Hsueh Chih Wei, the tall, buxom and striking wife of the Chinese Nationalist Consul in Vancouver, is a northern Chinese and on Saturday nights she often serves Pekin Duck to six or eight guests. Preparations begin on Friday morning when she goes to one of the big poulters in Chinatown where hundreds of chicken and ducks, crowing and quacking in crates, wait for customers to pronounce their death sentence in the words: "I'll have that one." The Chinese always buy live fowls because they prefer the flavor of freshly-killed birds. Alive, the birds run about forty cents a pound and the price includes killing and cleaning.

With a big fat duck still warm in her basket, Mrs. Hsueh hurries home, washes the duck and sets several kettles of water to boil. She then scalds the duck until its skin wrinkles, coats it with a thick paste of honey and soya sauce and hangs it overnight in the cooler—a screened cavity in the outside wall which admits air but neither sunshine nor flies.

"A refrigerator is no good," she says. "It kills the flavor."

Mrs. Hsueh spends Saturday morning chopping the vegetables that will be served with the duck. In the evening she takes the duck from the cooler, lines its insides with a seasoning of mixed spices to which three pieces of star aniseed and three teaspoonsfuls of salt have been added. The duck is then tied up in a big brown paper bag. Inside Mrs. Hsueh's conventional stove there is a hook fitted so that she can hang the duck from it. "If you just



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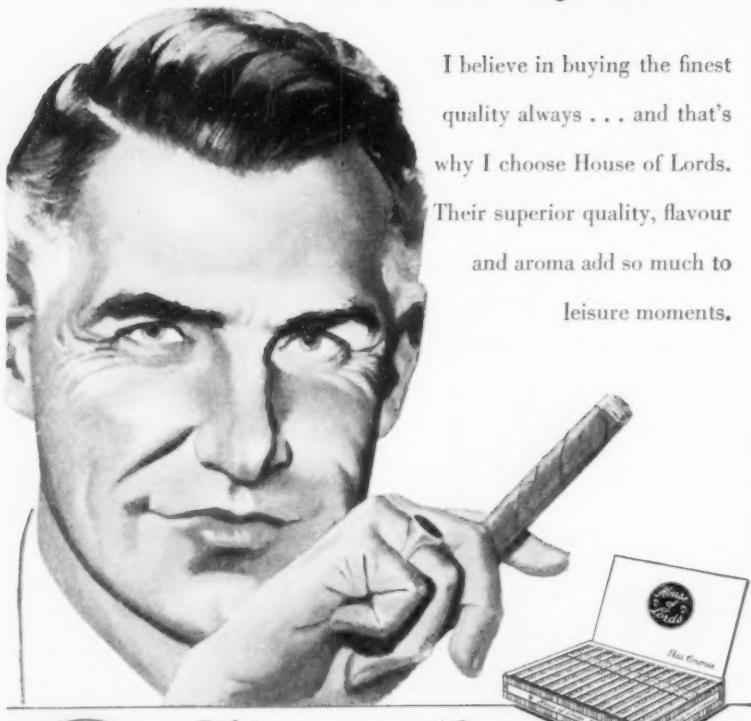
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put it on a rack," she says, "it doesn't cook evenly all over."

The stove is then turned up to full heat. The honey-coated skin roasts into a deep golden brown and heaves away from the flesh. "I cannot tell you how long to keep the duck in the stove," says Mrs. Hsueh, "because every bird seems to vary. I just go by my nose."

When it is cooked, she removes the crisp skin from the carcass and cuts it into strips about half an inch wide and two inches long. They look like pieces of brown shoe leather. At the table guests take a sliver of skin, place it on a piece of steamed bread with a strip of spring onion, fold the bread over into a sandwich and pop it into the mouth. Immediately they understand why the ancient mandarins always ate nothing but duck skin and left the flesh to the servants.

But Mrs. Hsueh is unwilling to be so extravagant. The juicy flesh, sometimes served with big shrimps wrapped in bacon, is the main course. The last course consists of the pieces of bone to which flesh is adhering. These taste faintly of the aniseed and are delectable. Afterwards, Mrs. Hsueh puts the head and feet of the duck into a soup. The beak and the feet give soup a gelatinous consistency that is almost as good as that from bird's nest or shark's fin.

"The preparation of the duck and the chopping of the vegetables takes a lot of time," says Mrs. Hsueh, "but we Chinese women always remember that Confucius ordered his wife out of the house because she was too impatient to cook properly."

Mrs. George Lam of Vancouver, the wife of a wealthy Chinese market gardener, canner and grocer, was born in this country and serves western food for breakfast and lunch to save time. But dinner is always cooked in Chinese style. "Food," she says, "is a tradition that even third and fourth generation Canadian Chinese hang onto."

At home Mrs. Lam is hostess to many Occidental guests. Occasionally, they toy apprehensively with some of the more curious ingredients of her dishes, especially such things as Ears of Wood, a tree fungus, Golden Needles, which are dried lilies, and Maiden's Hair, a seaweed that resembles a ball of steel wool. Most Occidentals also turn pale at the thought of Hundred Year Old eggs. These eggs from China, preserved in a paste of lime and salt, are fairly spectacular when opened. The whites are bright green and the yolks are deep crimson. "Actually," says Mrs. Lam, "they're only about a hundred days old."

Generally speaking, however, Occidental guests relish Mrs. Lam's cooking and many of them try her recipes out in their own homes.

Mrs. Mary Mah, a Canadian Chinese widow who runs a gown shop in Vancouver, also entertains frequently. One of her most popular dishes is liver and shrimps. She shells two pounds of raw big shrimps and cuts them down the centre of the back without splitting the belly and then places them to one side. Then she puts an ounce of dried mushrooms to soak in water. Next she chops up four ounces of chicken livers, two ounces of spring onions and half an ounce of green ginger. Liver, onions and ginger then go into a bowl, not mixed but lightly placed in contact with one another. Over these little heaps Mrs. Mah then pours a glass of wine and leaves them to stand for a while and absorb each other's flavor.

While this is going on, she makes a sauce of four tablespoons of water, two teaspoons of starch, one teaspoon of soya sauce, one teaspoon of glutamate, and half a teaspoon of salt. This also

is left to stand for a while.

Now Mrs. Mah removes the chicken livers from the bowl, rolls them in a little starch and fries them in deep peanut oil. Then she does the same with the shrimps. Both are then left on a warm dish. Next she takes a big skillet, or a deep preserving pan, and shallow fries in sesame oil the ginger, onions and mushrooms. At the last minute she adds the shrimps and liver, the sauce, and finally the wine, mixes the whole lot together, and serves.

Roy Mah, one of her bachelor relatives, who publishes the semi-monthly English - language paper Chinatown News, also cooks for guests on his orthodox apartment house stove. He specializes in Chicken Velvet. He gets half a pound of breast meat from a freshly killed chicken, chops it up fine and adds a teaspoon of water to keep the mince moist. The chicken then goes into a bowl with one teaspoon of dry cornstarch, a little pepper and salt, and an unbeaten egg white. He stirs up the mixture, slowly adding a quarter cup of water until it is smooth. Then he breaks in four more eggs, beats the whites stiff, and adds them lightly to the chicken mixture until it becomes a fluffy paste. He heats half a cup of peanut oil in a big skillet and drops balls of the chicken mixture into it. They congeal and turn a light brown. Then Roy drains them. In a saucenep, he heats one tablespoon of sesame oil and pours into it half a cup of rich chicken broth, half a tablespoon of wine and a pinch of salt. When this is boiling Roy thickens it with a paste of half a teaspoon of cornstarch dissolved in a little water. He then adds the fried chicken balls for just long enough to re-heat them through. The whole mixture is then poured into a dish and served with a little minced ham sprinkled on the top.

Secret of a Longer Life

A few Chinese dishes can be cooked in a matter of minutes. When Susan Woo is called upon by her four brothers to make them a quick snack, she often decides on Meat Fu Yung. She cuts some thin strips from one of those lumps of barbecued pork, which are obtainable at Chinese delicatessens, and fast fries these for about half a minute in very hot peanut oil, adding a few spring onions and stirring constantly to keep from burning. Then she puts the pork to one side on a warm plate. Now she takes eight eggs, beats them in half a cup of water, one teaspoon of salt, and one tablespoon of soya sauce. Into this mixture she then stirs the pork, onions and one cup of bean sprouts. Susan then pours the mixture into a big skillet and fries it, turning it over in the usual way for omelettes. There is a critical moment when the mixture is fully congealed, a light yellow in color and still moist. That's when Susan folds the omelette over, cuts it into four pieces and rushes it to the table.

After a day's nursing at the General Hospital, Susan sometimes finds Chinese cooking a long and exacting task. But she says she always gathers strength from this translation from the Chinese philosopher Mencius:

"Those who make a hobby of their cooking live ten years longer than those who look upon it as a tiresome duty . . . A varied and succulent diet lends lustre to the skin, sparkle to the eyes, vigor to the muscles and serenity to the mind." *

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CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

The Great Carlak's Bitter Magic

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

days instead of thirty or more. He was not sure if he could withstand even an additional wait of ten days before finding John Paulo, who would believe him. And he had to be believed, very soon.

A compromise was struck. Carlak got fifteen days on the work gang. Released, and frantic now, because his fellow prisoners had not believed him either, he took up his journey to find the one man in the world who would understand him—John Paulo.

THE events leading up to Carlak's desperate journey had begun some three years previously, at least directly—indirectly the events started the day he was born, with those particular hands, and perhaps the events began ages before that.

On that night three years previously Carlak, like a thin coyote, turning his head scavengingly from side to side, scuffed along through the dirty sawdust of the carnival midway. He sought opportunity. He had not eaten that day. Now it was near midnight and he sought something to steal.

The carnival lights had attracted him because the possibilities for theft ordinarily increase in direct proportion to the amount of garish neon. Carlak had worked this law out himself.

He was a lean man with a long narrow face, ageless, and his clothing appeared on him like mangy fur rubbed thin in spots. He would rather beg than steal but his appearance was against him and he was not a success as a beggar. At infrequent intervals he had done well as a pickpocket, for the hands had natural skill. The hands were unlike the rest of him. They were capable, well-structured and aristocratic; hands that seemed to be attached to Carlak only through some error in distribution.

He could not make a living as a pickpocket, however, for he had fear thickly in his soul and a successful pickpocket must have courage of a rather specialized sort, plus the dedication of the professional man.

As a thief, Carlak was a poor huck. He slipped between two tents and walked into the darkness behind them, his small eyes darting from side to side. It was a damp night and the smell of trampled, wet dirt was cheerless. The garbled, insistent sounds of the midway filled the air and up in the black rolling clouds a sliver of pale moon gleamed weakly. Carlak had no precise plans, only some vague idea of finding something of value in the dark, where the outline of the carnival vans loomed.

Standing there in the gloom, he felt somebody watching him. He turned quickly. He saw a form seated on the steps of a van. Why do I feel this chill on my back? Carlak wondered. I am guilty of nothing tonight, yet.

"May I help you?" the form asked. The voice was pleasant, therefore a prospect for imposition.

Carlak said, "Sir, I am alone in this strange city and I have not eaten for two days and work is impossible to find. I wonder if—"

"Certainly," the man said. "Come into my home."

Carlak followed the man into the van. A lantern flared. The man was small, old. He wore a turban of rich crimson and he wore a long black coat. His hands were stark white and incongruously large. On one finger was an emerald. Carlak eyed it. The old man was staring intently at Carlak's hands. Then he said quietly, "I have not seen

hands like those for twenty years."

Carlak had never paid any attention to his hands and did not now. The old man looked at him, with unsaying eyes like deep black water in a lonely lake at night.

"I am Graydawn the magician," he said.

"My name is Carlak," Carlak said. "I am trying to get back to my home. I left with great ambitions but I know nothing and have no trade."

Carlak was being frank and open-faced. Actually, he had not been home for thirteen years, having left with a week's wages from the pocket of the coat of his drunken father. He also took the coat.

"You are hungry," Graydawn said, and gave him bread and ham and cheese and wine and said nothing until Carlak had eaten and was phrasing in his mind a request for money.

"You wish to learn a trade?" the old man asked.

"I do," Carlak said, lying.

"Are you honest? With yourself, at least?"

"Yes." Perhaps, Carlak thought, I can sleep here for the night also if I humor this old man. He looked Graydawn straight in the eye, honestly.

Graydawn put his hand to his turban, thinking. He said. "You have the hands I have looked for so long. I sense that you have the brain. I cannot tell if you have the heart and I will have to chance that. Do you wish to be a magician?"

"A magician?" Inside himself, Carlak asked.

"Think on it," Graydawn said. "You may sleep on the cot. I will not urge you, even seeing those hands. I am an old man and I must pass along my knowledge soon now, but I will not urge you."

Carlak slept. When the carnival moved out the next morning Carlak went along because he had nothing better to do. Because the duties outlined by the old man were light, he remained. He hoped eventually to steal the emerald.

"You will receive your meals and a small pay," Graydawn said. "I can teach you many things if you can learn. I desire to do this, for I have little time left. Before I have found hands, some almost as wonderful as yours, but each time something else was lacking. This has saddened me more than you can understand at present but you will learn, if you care to."

WITHIN a month Carlak had learned to do simple sleight-of-hand tricks and the result pleased him inordinately for the skill gave him an identity for the first time in his life. In the taverns he found he could amuse the barmaids with his tricks.

His transformation had begun, for he had learned the delights of applause—experienced the first heady thrills. His shriveled, dead ego ballooned and grew fat on the applause and he became an addict to applause, an addiction few ever break. With winnings from a dice game with the roustabouts he bought clothing to fit his garish taste.

With his clothing and his tricks he found that the women in the dingy cabarets he automatically went to flock around him instead of drawing away at his approach. As he learned more from Graydawn he came to know the pleasure of snobbery and ceased to speak to the carnival people who were not an act with bigger billing than his. Ambition was born the day he suddenly resented being the magician's helper and wanted to be the magician.

Despite his new façade, police officers still looked at him with instinctive suspicion but their instincts had nothing tangible to nourish on. They

When the fire reeks left



"Just can't figure it out," said Neighbour Jim staring at the charred remains of his bedroom wall. "Just can't."

"Humph! There's nothing to figure," Pop wagged a finger. "The firemen told you—it was inadequate wiring."

"That's what I can't figure. Think I should sue someone?"

"Sue yourself!" Mom retorted. "It's your fault."

"Mine! I didn't do anything!"

"Just a minute," Pop said. "How many fuses you got in your fuse box?"

"Four, I think."

"Any of them keep blowing?"

"Well a lot of them did—until I changed them from fifteen to twenty-fives."

"Aha!" cried Mom. "No wonder you had a fire!"

Pop slowly shook his head. "Not good Jim. The electrician knew what he was doing when he put in fifteen amp fuses. He knew that was all the current the wires could safely handle. Changing them to twenty-fives is just a waste of power—overloads the wires and heats them something fierce."

"Just figure it out," Pop went on, "You've bought more and more electrical appliances every year. But you haven't put any more wires in your house to carry all the extra current you need to run them. These poor little wires were so overloaded they started a fire."

"You need Adequate Wiring," Mom said. "Get an electrical contractor up here. Have him put in a bigger fuse box—more outlets—more wiring circuits. That's the ticket."

"But I can't afford all that," Neighbour Jim mourned.

"Sure you can," said Pop. "It only takes a few bucks a month. You can buy your whole Adequate Wiring job on time payments—THROUGH ANY ELECTRICAL CONTRACTOR!"

"Besides," said Mom, "think of the repair bill you've got right now for that wall—Neighbour Jim was half-way downstairs to the phone."



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could only watch and wonder.

Graydawn, Carlak saw, was highly pleased with this transformation. Carlak came to understand, to a certain degree, the hope Graydawn placed in him and capitalized on it in any and all ways he could in matters of privilege and salary increase.

"Ah, young Carlak," Graydawn sighed happily one day, "do not worry about the money—it is not important and, furthermore, I have little. But you are learning! Learning, and one day perhaps I can begin to teach you the real magic."

Magic, Carlak thought, and sneered inwardly. When he had learned the old man believed in "magic" Carlak had immediately classified him as senile. But he always listened with apparent interest to what he considered Graydawn's ramblings, for he knew he must learn *everything* the old man knew. He must know *all* the illusions. He must wring everything from the old man for only then would he be able to be the best possible magician.

But he could not rush Graydawn and this made him furious although he concealed it. Carlak merely asked occasionally, offhandedly, if he could not learn the more startling illusions—how to grow flowers on the little wooden stage, perhaps, or how to put his arm through apparently solid objects. He felt the old man was stupid to waste such skill, and such well-hidden secrets on a second-rate carnival audience.

When I know the secrets I will take them to luxurious night clubs, where silken women watch, he would think; to huge halls where applause shakes the very rafters and the lights will spell:

T-H-E G-R-E-A-T C-A-R-L-A-K

How long, how long before this can be? His impatience grew as the carnival moved along its never-ending route.

"There is time," Graydawn would say. "You are not yet ready."

"Teach me just the flower trick now."

"That is not one of the tricks—that is one of the real ones," Graydawn said. "You must have the belief before you can learn such things. The belief will come, if you try. You must not try to explain things for which you as yet have no way to find explanation. You must not look for deceit where there is none, and you must not consider the magic as a means toward an end."

Graydawn smiled understandingly. "Ambition in a young man is unavoidable, unfortunately, at first. But you will learn. The belief is the first requirement."

CARLAK, being a realist, set out to give the appearance, then, of belief. He knew he could fool the old man. Graydawn, so frighteningly perceptive in so many ways, had a blind spot about his protégé and Carlak was quick to realize that.

Graydawn wanted to believe he had found honesty. He wanted to believe it so much that he believed it.

"Only once before have my hopes been so high," Graydawn said, after a year had passed. "Only once before has a man come so close, only once since I started seeking my apprentice so many years ago."

Carlak bowed his head modestly. In his soul he lusts for the secret of the new trick he had seen that very night, the causing of roses to appear in the hair of giggling, red-faced, rural housewives among the spectators.

"Who was this man?" Carlak asked, as he sat in the van with Graydawn, drinking Graydawn's wine, attempting, as always now, to convey the impression of his sincerity by every word and gesture—yet without hurrying.

"His name was John Paulo," Graydawn said, and the black old eyes were

"Hear me," the old magician hissed. "A man who steals the magic is accursed!"

bleak and lonely. "He had the hands. But he had no soul. And he is accursed."

"He learned the magic?" Carlak asked carefully.

"He stole from the magic," Graydawn said, very quietly. "One thing he stole, because I was blind and foolish."

"How so?" Carefully.

"He deceived me," the old man said, sadly, wearily. Carlak refilled Graydawn's glass, with a casual movement. "He made me believe he—believed. I gave him, finally, a single thing, one bit, and knew instantaneously it was terribly wrong. Ah, but his hands!"

"What one thing?"

The old man did not hear. His right hand caressed his crimson turban as it did, by itself, when he was thinking deeply. His face was drawn and set.

Suddenly, his old face was full of stony rage and his voice was a hiss as the words fell singly like metal pellets onto glass: "Listen!" the words said. "Hear me. A man who steals from the magic is accursed for all his time! Remember this for the truth it is!"

And the chill was back on Carlak, for the first time in many months. But the old man was not speaking to Carlak. The terrible rage slowly left Graydawn's face.

"John Paulo," the old man said. "I should not hate him so because, all these years, each day, ever day, he has been cursed and the punishment is his. I should not hate him so—but my hopes for him were so very high and the hate is in my heart."

"He—what happened to him?" Carlak asked.

"He is a rich man," Graydawn said. "Rich as the term is used to mean money. A cursed and lonely rich man and a thief. He inherited much money, years after that night when I would have killed him had he not fled."

This old man's fixation could be a dangerous thing, Carlak thought with some shock; he was pleased with all his cunning in humoring Graydawn so skilfully.

"I should forget John Paulo," Graydawn said, the black eyes empty of rage now, only sad in the remembering.

"You should," said Carlak. Gently. "I should forget John Paulo," Graydawn repeated. He looked at his protégé. He said, "I have my apprentice now...."

"You do," said Carlak, sincerely. "You have your apprentice now. Sometimes it seems I am very close to the belief."

Graydawn smiled.

SIX months later Graydawn was convinced. "The time has come, young Carlak," he said one night, and the thrill played on Carlak's back like tingling shock.

"I know it has," he said, skilfully. "I have been waiting, however, for you to know."

"You were right," said Graydawn. "You knew tonight I would sense it?"

"I did," lied Carlak. "Tonight I knew."

"All these many months—years now, two or more," Graydawn said, smiling a little. "How long it seemed to you, young Carlak, to wait. It has been difficult!"

"At first," said Carlak. "Until I knew the waiting was part of it."

All his replies were right.

"Two years—a finger-snap," said

Graydawn. "You will learn that, too. You will learn the reality of the simple but effective magic you refer to as time. All these things you will learn, for now you have the belief. Sit down."

Graydawn made the bottle of wine appear and opened it to pour in the glasses he materialized before them on the table.

How maddening that one thing has been, Carlak thought, to sit here all these nights and see that wine bottle trick and not even be allowed to ask about it! But now, he thought, and gloating was in him like strong whisky, now I will know that and the rest. If I am careful and do it so very slowly—each little secret will be mine and all I must do is agree in the statements where the delusions of magic possess this old fool. This thought, ice-cold and lucid, guided Carlak.

"I know how difficult it was for you," said Graydawn.

"I know you know," said Carlak. "I felt you watch each phase—my doubting, my scoffing, even the pitiful attempt to feel I had the belief, and make you believe that, when my heart knew it was lying."

"The difficulty, the waiting, the control in waiting, this is all part," said Graydawn. "But now you know this, fundamentally, and I must give you something to sustain your belief. A faith, any faith, is dependent first on the belief without sustenance or any tangible sign; the wanting to believe is the seed that grows, that produces the faith which is then self-sufficient and boundless for it is its own cause and feeds on its own effects."

"I know that I know nothing," said Carlak and his performance, he knew, was far better than he had dreamed of in any of the countless rehearsals. "You are fortunate," said Graydawn. "What would you know first, the one first thing?"

Carlak, knowing he should begin small, said humbly, "Producing the coins?"

"Thusly," said Graydawn, removing a coin from Carlak's ear. He sipped his wine, then said, "Do this with your left hand at the first, so. Do thus and so. Take the coin."

Scalding disappointment welled unbearably in Carlak's breast. He had assumed that surely the old man would retain lucidity enough to actually do the trick; attribute it to "magic" perhaps, but actually do it and simply ignore the mundane aids, the hiding places, the props and all-important distractions of the observer's attention.

"Do it," said Graydawn, and obviously was going to reveal nothing of how to do it. "Go ahead, my son."

Numbly, Carlak made the foolish gestures and removed a coin from the old man's ear. Then, Carlak's face broke Graydawn's heart.

"It's real . . ." Carlak choked, pale and trembling.

The old man's face was crumpled now and lost.

"It really happened!" Carlak screamed, and he threw the coin from him in terror, hard. There was no noise of a coin striking a wall or floor. "Impossible, impossible!"

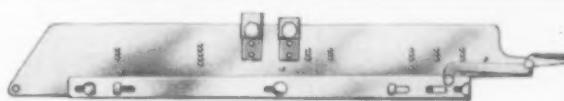
"You didn't believe," The old man's words were hollow and had no life. "All lies."

"No, no," said Carlak, still trembling but aware now and gripped with the awful knowledge that his chance for more was gone. "No, no."

"Yes," said the old man, and the

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deep black eyes were old, old—futile. And stunned.

"Show me more," said Carlak, whiningly.

"Get out."

"More, more!"

"Get out."

The old black eyes were blank, unsaying, as Carlak shook Graydawn furiously, a big and terribly strong hand gripping each old shoulder. Then Carlak was shaking a corpse. The old man's heart had also stopped living and all the secrets were gone.

Carlak wept, for all the lost secrets. He let the old man go and cursed him for dying. He left him slumped across the table, with his still and broken silent heart, and his hands hanging limply—dead hands. Carlak took the emerald and staggered out into the night.

WHEN he could think again, Carlak thought: The one thing I have, the pure magic, will make me the greatest magician in the world.

Attempting to give outlet to a real or fancied talent or genius has driven many individuals to the brink of madness, or over, and in the case of the Great Carlak the process required some six months in all, which by comparison is relatively brief.

With proceeds from the sale of the emerald, which brought a very large price even in the criminal market, he outfitted himself with the trappings he always envisioned—the top hat, sweeping cape lined with red silk, and all the rest.

He obtained expensively engraved cards which announced T-H-E G-R-E-A-T C-A-R-L-A-K. They were of purple on crimson.

Then he went forth to give his genius to the world, or, rather, to sell it for whatever the traffic would prove to bear. He announced himself in the offices of various booking agents and, within a surprisingly short time, had a surprisingly widespread reputation as a more than usually annoying lunatic.

For, of course, nobody would believe him.

Oddly enough, it had never occurred to him that nobody would believe him—a note doubly ironic because he himself had never believed anybody.

Had he gone about his business of being a magician in a more realistic way he could have made a living, for the tricks he had learned from Graydawn were better than most on the competitive market—even those tricks he had learned with his hands.

However, he had to express his genius—the producing of coins from ears—but any parlor magician can produce coins from ears and this produced no stir whatsoever.

"So what?" asked the booking agents, busy men and unable to understand.

stand why this journeyman magician was so preoccupied with an elementary trick.

"But this is real!" Carlak would shout. "Watch! This actually happens! Can't you tell the difference, you fool? Watch!"

There are few things that irritate a booking agent more than an at-liberty, unknown magician plucking coins from the agent's ear on a day heavy with appointments plus the normal allotment of private worries which booking agents and others have. Soon he was barred from all the offices on sight.

From being surprised that nobody would believe he possessed magic Carlak became, progressively, enraged, then utterly frustrated, then obviously dangerous in his rage and frustration. The arrests began, and at times he wore strait jackets in various institutions until he regained control and was sane again in the opinion of those who hold the keys.

The emerald proceeded diminished and vanished. Carlak took on his old appearance and now, instead of being a hack thief, he was a drunken and incoherent gutter bum. The coins he produced had no staying quality; they returned to whence they came no matter how he clutched them and tried to make them real. The big and marvelous hands could not hold them no matter how the hands tried.

Carlak became one of those ragged men on the sidewalk who, with their glittering eyes, attempt to press truths on the hurrying persons who pass and forget the ragged truth-sayers as soon as they possibly can, for they are disturbing, all of them.

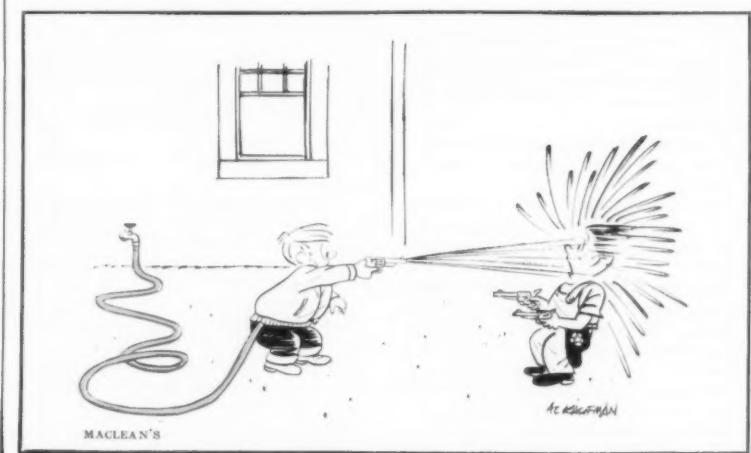
Sometimes Carlak thought maybe the coins weren't there at all...

Carlak's life became a constant search for belief and, shortly before the burning need destroyed him utterly, he thought of John Paulo. This gave him a reason for life, else hope and reason would have died. *Paulo!* he thought—*Paulo will believe me, for he knows.* About the magic.

HIS obsession to find John Paulo lent a certain control to his movements, except when the need to convince people overpowered him, and miraculously, after months of seeking and questioning, he found where his goal was.

An old carnie, adjacent to Carlak in an alley one morning when they awoke, knew the city where Paulo lived; knew nothing else, only that Paulo had once been with the carnival and now was a very rich man, having much money. Carlak's journey to the city, a thousand miles away, began. He was in and out of jail; sane or not entirely sane as he went, and the trip took a long and tearing time.

Carlak was a shambling wreck as he





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stumbled up the long gravel pathway to Paulo's home, a large residence, obviously the property of a very rich man. It lay far out in the country, on land rolling and unpopulated. Carlak was exhausted when he got there and the fear no butler would let him in—he knew how he looked—was a killing thing. He let the heavy knocker fall.

But it was no butler who answered the door. It was a portly man, a dignified man in a silken dressing robe. He held a drink in one white hand. Carlak looked at the hand—saw the hand.

"Look, Paulo," Carlak said, in a cracked voice, and he took a coin from Paulo's ear. "It's real. I learned it from Graydawn."

The portly man raised a controlled eyebrow. But the hand holding the glass moved slightly, once, emotionally. The other hand of John Paulo touched his smooth-shaven jowl, thinking.

"I believe you," John Paulo said to the Great Carlak.

The force that had held Carlak erect so long gave way then, and he collapsed across the threshold. Paulo looked down at him, and sipped his drink. The house was silent.

Carlak's eyelids flickered.

"You slept a very long time," said the voice of John Paulo. "I gave you a sedative. Later, I will feed you."

Carlak's eyes half-opened, groping for reality. He mumbled, "You believed me?"

"Yes," said the voice of John Paulo. "Certainly. Now please don't shout for there is nobody to hear you."

Carlak, trying to sit up, screamed when he found he was strapped to the cot. His eyes widened in fear.

"Shhhh," said John Paulo. His eyes were placid as he looked down at Carlak. Carlak's gaze jerked around the room. He was in a basement. "Shhh, do not make such noise—I merely strapped you down so you couldn't leave. You can't leave, you know."

"Let me loose!" screamed Carlak.

"Relax," said John Paulo. "You will understand I cannot let you leave—not after I've waited all these years. You will understand that, won't you? Please don't struggle—you wouldn't be at all uncomfortable if you wouldn't struggle so."

Carlak looked at John Paulo in terror.

"Watch now," said Paulo, sweeping back his opera cape, lined with red silk. He removed his top hat. "I thought you never would awaken—shhhh, be quiet, and watch. Ho! See?"

Paulo pulled a large white wriggling rabbit from the hat. He held it aloft and bowed.

"Watch closely now," Paulo said, and his eyes were ecstatic after all the pent-up years. "See? Later on I'll build you a comfortable cage. Then you can applaud. Watch, now!"

Outside the lonely house the night was damp and silent and the restless wind moved ceaselessly in the trees, like the rustle of many rabbits. ★

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How to Handle Women

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

"Well, I can't sit on the stump all day. I have to do something."

"You come with me," said his father, "and help string chicken wire across the front of the implement shed. Your mother's bought a dozen hens."

It still surprised Bernard to see his father dressed in overalls. He had owned a stationery store in the city, and if he had retired to eighty acres of questionable land it had been to please Bernard's mother who, having been raised in a sod hut in Saskatchewan, cried every spring for space to grow vegetables.

While his father sawed the butt of a two-by-four, Bernard scattered wheat for the twelve Leghorns and found an egg. He said, "I'd better take it to Ma." The egg was as white as snow on the top of a mountain and lay warm in his hand. "Too bad it's not gold," he said. "That would sure sweeten Mae."

His father knew of the bad time Mae was giving Bernard in the three-room house, and would offer comfort in the form of generalities, saying Bernard should not forget that only the positive sex, the male, was susceptible to evolution, and that the female was static and had always been of secondary importance, and knowing this made them crazy, and if man had the patience to live with such people his very tolerance proved he was superior. As horses could be taught to count to ten, so could women be taught to teach school, to dig potatoes, to sell sashes and doors, and all these activities were a form of flattery, subordinates aping their betters. Bernard, he said, should not forget that.

Mr. Shoultz looked at the egg in Bernard's hand. "You take it to Mae." "We're not talking, Dad."

"Never mind. I've had a thought. You take that egg to Mae."

"She'll throw it at me. She'll flap her mouth and tell me of the time she was making three hundred and twenty-five dollars."

"That's a pretty egg. You take it to Mae."

Since his father was buying the groceries, Bernard did as he was told. He opened the door to the three-room house. Mae sat before the kitchen fire in the rocking chair, hair still tangled, face unmade, and in a kimono too tight around the middle.

"See this," he said. "It's an egg," she said.

"A fresh egg. Ma bought a dozen hens."

"Did she send you over with it?"

"My father told me to give it to you."

"He's nice." "I take after him."

"You're a liar. He's nice."

"You can poach it."

"All right."

"Will there be anything for me to eat, Mae?"

"You eat with your mother. All little mama-boys should eat with their mothers. When are you getting an antenna for the television set? And who's driving me to town? I want to see the doctor."

"Maybe we'll go next week, Mae. I have no money."

"What a fine kettle of fish! Married to a no-good bum! Life in a shack! And to think—"

"—that every month you brought into the house three hundred and twenty-five dollars!" He slammed the door and went back to the implement

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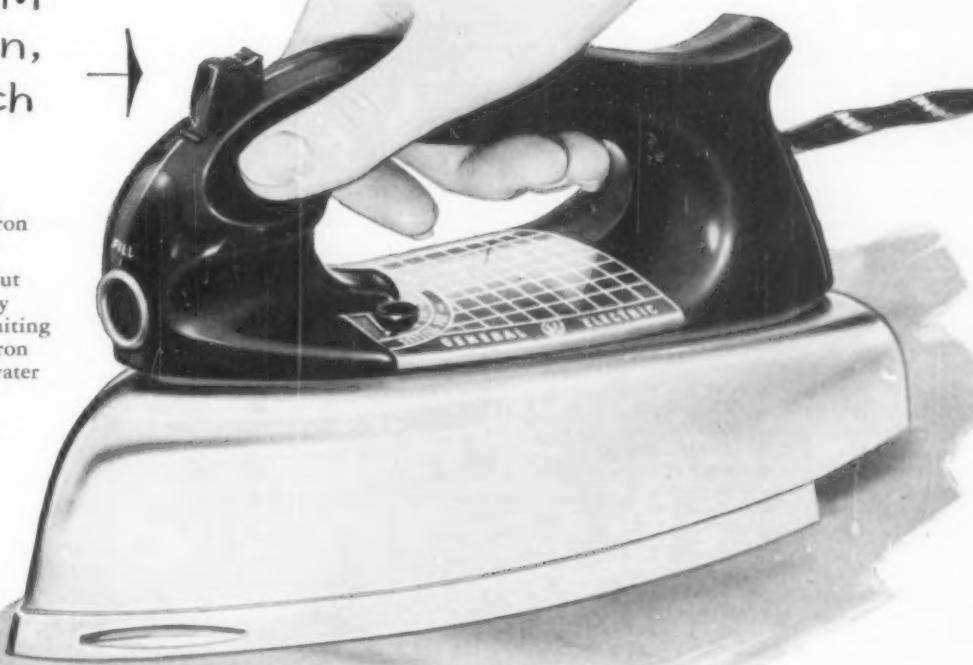
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shed. He said, "We're not talking, Dad."

His father sawed the butt of another two-by-four. Bernard held the end steady for him. "Are you going to tell Ma about the egg, Dad?"

"No. Neither are you. I have a theory about the egg. Are you sure Mae didn't thaw?"

"She called me a no-good bum and a mama's boy."

Mr. Shoultz laid another two-by-four on the sawing horse. "Maybe," he said, "the theory doesn't hold for an expectant mother."

"She said you were nice."

"Then that's something. At least she did associate one of us with the egg."

"The only thing she associates me with," Bernard said, "is her not making three hundred and twenty-five dollars."

Mr. Shoultz changed the two-by-four to its four-inch side and sat on it. Bernard respected the concentration in his father's eye. He knew his father was thinking. Bernard tiptoed to the nests and started filling them with straw. Three were already occupied by impatient hens. In the fourth he found an egg. "Here's one for Ma, Dad."

His father sighed. "Tell me, what is an egg?"

Bernard looked at his father. "What's an egg?"

"Go on, boy, pick up that egg and tell me what it is."

Bernard felt that time had skidded backward and he was in grade six and had ink on his finger. "This egg?" he asked.

"Never mind, boy. Just answer this. Has that egg life?"

"It must. If it didn't have life it wouldn't break out into a chicken."

"Boy, that egg will never be a chicken."

"How come?"

"Because there's no rooster. It's sterile, a dead end. Even a shoe salesman should know that much about farming. How can it be alive? No father. You see, boy, life is in the father. Life's just in us roosters, boy."

"What's in Ma?"

"Looks like your mother is just another dead end, boy."

"She gave birth to me, didn't she?"

"No, boy. Life is in the father. Fundamentally, I gave birth to you. As I see it, all your mother did was play the part of an incubator. And not as efficiently as a kangaroo would either."

Bernard thought that living on eighty acres and seeing only birch and alder trees had not been good for his father. He said, "Instead of reasoning Ma into an incubator, how about reasoning me into a job. Things would be a lot brighter if I could buy an antenna for the television set."

"I have."

"You have what?"

"Reasoned you into a job. We'll simply put into practice my theory of Man and the Egg. It's twelve o'clock. You go and eat with Mae. Take that egg you have there, place it between your thumb and finger, open the door and stand like this. See? Hand out. Profile. Stand there. I want to know how Mae reacts."

"Why?"

Mr. Shoultz said, "You do as I tell you, boy."

Bernard patted his father's shoulder. "Dad, for a change you should go to town and see some people."

"I'm going this afternoon, and so are you. Now get your lunch and do as you're told."

BERNARD had a mind not to open the door and pose with the egg but he knew his father would have questions and that they would be easier to answer from actuality than from

imagination. He took the egg, held it at arm's length, and opened the door.

Mae looked, he waited; she said, "Are you nuts?"

Considering the ideas he had heard in the implement shed, Bernard decided that if he did have eccentricities he had inherited them from his father.

Mae said, "Beat it! You're not eating here."

"Dad says you're to have this egg, Mae."

"He's nice. But you! Go on, beat it!"

"It doesn't look good for me to be eating all the time with my folks, Mae. Let me have a can of beans from the cupboard. I'll eat outside."

"So you should, you tramp. Some salesman! You can't even make enough money to pay for your own baby. Mama-boy! Scared of life!"

"I am life, Mae." He never thought he would fall so low as to borrow metaphysics from his father. As fast as he could he opened the beans.

"You're what?" Mae asked.

"I'm life, Mae. You're only an incubator." He grabbed a slice of bread and a spoon. As he went out, he said, "I'm sorry, Mae. You're only an incubator." He realized he had had the last word.

He sat on the stump out of view of the three-room house and ate cold beans and unbuttered bread. He saw pictures in his mind of a mangled body between railway tracks, and Mae knowing, and no one else, that it was suicide and done for the baby, since Bernard dead was worth five thousand dollars and Bernard alive was worth nothing. He had been his own first customer when he sold insurance. He busied himself dividing five thousand by three hundred and twenty-five.

His father found him, and, seeing the empty can, said, "So that's how it is."

"That's how it is. We're not talking, Dad."

"Not good, boy. But I still have confidence. Let's go to town."

With eight cents in his pocket, Bernard had no confidence. He would have preferred to pass the afternoon sitting on the stump. He said, "I don't know. I need a shave. I hate going back to the house again. Maybe we could go tomorrow."

"You don't need a shave. Those black jaws give you the right touch of masculinity for the business. Get in the car."

The highway passed the village and his father told him to stop at the hardware store. His father bought a wire basket. Then at the District Co-op, his father bought a crate of eggs. "Grade A, large," he said.

Bernard wondered if his mother had noticed anything lately. "I don't get it," he said.

"But I told you, boy!"

"You never did."

"I did. Remember the talk we had?"

"About life? Life's in me. Life's in you. We're roosters. Ma's a dead end. She looks human but she's an incubator and not as smart as a kangaroo. Is that the theory of the egg?"

"No, there's more."

"Then you'd better tell me. All I've heard so far is a hunk of nothing. Ma being an incubator isn't going to buy an antenna for the television set."

His words dimmed the flame that had been in his father's eyes, and they came to the city limits and his father never said a word. Bernard was uncomfortable when he remembered who was buying the groceries and that he had seen it laid down that ingratitude stung a parent more sharply than did a serpent's tooth. "Look, Dad, I know you'll lend me money to take Mae to see the doctor, and I know we're going



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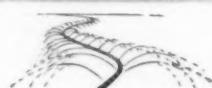
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to town because you think it's for the best, but why didn't you just give me five bucks so I could come in myself and look for a job? I'm still a pretty good shoe salesman."

"As you say, boy, my coming to town with you is for the best."

"I know. You go ahead and tell me more about the egg, but break it down into easy pieces."

BROWN, white or speckled, the Begg, his father said, was the symbol of fertility. And man, the positive sex, brown, white, red, black or speckled, was the custodian and the transmitter of life.

Woman was restricted to the second order, although in structure she somewhat approached the male, and stood upright.

She had been created on the Seventh Day when the novelty of creation had perhaps become a little thin, and had been turned out, and Mr. Shoultz was certain it had never shown on the drawing board, with a sort of organ that to some extent functioned like a brain. She could sense the mystery of life and was fascinated by its circumstances and by the sex that had it. Now then, a woman opens the back door and sees a man holding an egg. Life and Fertility. She's magnetized. She buys a dozen. She's caught in a tornado. You could sell her more than that, you could sell her the Canadian Pacific.

Bernard delayed crossing on a green light until horns started to blare behind him. He was jolted by the course of his father's thoughts. He wondered again if his mother had noticed anything.

"Turn here," Mr. Shoultz said, "and stop when you come to the first street that has a boulevard. Look for baby buggies on the porches."

"I drive, and you peddle, is that it, Dad?"

"No. You peddle. Park the car in the middle of the block. Don't be timid about it, boy. Be stern. You're life holding the badge of fertility. Just stand there. If you have to push them, use the arm that hasn't the basket."

Bernard was not happy. He filled the basket full of eggs.

"Maybe we should have paper bags," his father said, "as it is you'll have to put them on the kitchen table. They were laid yesterday, remember that, and don't let them close the door behind you, boy."

Bernard knocked on a back door. A woman said, "We don't want any." He took the stance his father recommended, holding out the egg between his fingers. "Fresh?" she said.

"This morning, ma'am."

"All that size?"

"Big chickens, ma'am."

"How much?"

"Four bits, ma'am."

"Give me two dozen," she said, and so quickly that Bernard suspected eggs in the neighborhood were selling at sixty cents. Then she opened the side window and said, "Mabel, yoo-hoo! A country boy with eggs for fifty cents." He went back to the car with an empty basket.

His father said, "All you had to do was hold the egg up, eh?"

Bernard thought how hard it was going to be to tell his mother about his father. He said, "That's right."

"I knew it, boy. Put a couple of dozen in my hat. I'll try the opposite side of the street."

Bernard found women waiting for him with money in their hands and he suspected Mabel was phoning her friends. He sold six dozen to a lady who ran a boardinghouse. He became conscious of silver slapping against his



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leg, and of green bills bulging the pocket of his shirt. Before he came to the corner he had emptied the crate of eggs. As he sat in the car counting money, he saw his father come running out a front door and down the street.

"Let's get out of here," his father said.

"Where's your hat, Dad?"

"Back there. It's still got eggs in it. Let's get."

"What happened?"

"None of your business, and you wouldn't believe me. It works, boy."

Bernard did not tell his father that as far as he himself was concerned he had only sold eggs to housewives who had directed their interest toward his basket and not toward him, and that only once had he posed in the sun, his fingers holding the symbol of fertility. Bernard was too kind.

His father looked at his watch. "If I had kept my hat, we'd have made money, boy. In twenty-five minutes you sold twenty-eight dozen. You almost made yourself two dollars and a quarter. If we had bought those eggs from a farmer at this week's prices you'd have made about three-fifty. Suppose you were working eight hours. You start figuring, boy."

Bernard figured. "Yeah!" he said. "Yeah!"

"You can't miss, boy. Nature's on your side and the world's half-full of your customers. Let's get to the bank."

As they started for home, his father said, "Here's two hundred dollars. We'll spend the rest of the week spotting hen houses, boy. And do the honest thing, get a peddler's license. I wouldn't go back to where we were today. I got those eggs cheap. They've been in storage since October."

"If I say fresh eggs," Bernard said, "I sell fresh eggs."

"Good for you. I like honesty, boy. We'll get your mother to candle every one. I'll build a sod hut for her back of the house. She'll think she's in Saskatchewan. She'll be happy, boy. You know the expression, a big pig in clover."

"We'll pay her," Bernard said.

"Of course, boy. We'll do the right thing. Fifteen cents a crate. She should be worth it. And Mae, after she's had the baby, she can do the bookkeeping."

"We'll pay her," Bernard said, "but she won't be getting three hundred and twenty-five dollars."

"Give her forty, boy. No woman ever was worth more than forty."

Bernard said, "I feel good. I never felt so good. I guess I'll order the antenna."

"It was a wonderful thought I had, wasn't it, boy? Too bad it cost me my hat."

"I wouldn't talk about it, Dad. Not even to mother. People wouldn't understand. They'd look at you."

"I'll just think about it, boy. Any further developments, I'll let you

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know. It'll work out all right."

"Thanks, Dad."

Smoke was coming from the chimney of the three-room house. "Tell mother not to set a plate for me," Bernard said. "Things have changed. From now on I'll be eating with Mae."

"Good. I like courage. But try the old technique again, hold up the egg. Use this one. I forgot it in my pocket. This is the one that made me trouble, boy."

BERNARD rapped on the door of the three-room house. He held

the egg. Mae looked at him long enough to say, "You're not eating here." He stood. She said, "Are you crazy?" The door slammed.

He laid the egg on the ground, carefully, since eggs were his business. He knocked. He poised, but between his thumb and forefinger he held two hundred dollars. Mae looked out. "Why, honey!" she said.

He fluttered the bills.

"Come on in, honey," she said.

"Anything to eat?"

"Why, sure. How about beans, honey?"

"I had them for lunch. Remember?"

"Eggs, maybe," she said.

"All right. Fry me a couple of symbols."

"Symbols?"

"Yes. And you're a cute little incubator, Mae, when you're not foaming at the mouth."

"What? Never mind. Don't tell me. Am I?"

"That's what my father says."

"He's nice."

"Yes. I take after him."

She said, "Why of course you do, honey." ★

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Who Was the Mad Trapper of Rat River?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

hurriedly, "I'm just pulling out." From his accent Millen tabbed him as a Swede from the northern States. He had an upturned nose in a broad flat face and his features were curiously stiff, as if he were constantly struggling with the hostility that came seeping to the surface from some inner reservoir.

"How'd you come in?" Millen asked. "Mackenzie River. I been working all last winter on the prairies."

Millen knew it was a lie. Douglas had told him the stranger had come from upriver. He let it pass. "Going to stay around here long?" Millen asked.

"Maybe. I don't know yet."

"If you want to trap, I can give you a license now. That will save you mak-

ing a trip into Arctic Red River."

"I haven't made up my mind," Johnson said evasively. "I may go over Rat River portage."

"Alone?"

Johnson scowled. He made no answer.

"You ought to hire a guide," Millen said evenly.

It was as if the thought had triggered some mental thermostat. Anger flooded into Johnson's voice. "No!" he said violently. "I don't want people bothering me. I like to live alone. You police just cause me trouble. I don't want nothing to do with you." He recovered himself and a hint of shrewdness came into his voice. "You want to know all about me? All right. I'm not staying here. If I'm not staying here you don't have to know all about me, eh?" He met Millen's suddenly sharpened gaze for the first time.

Millen had been trying to tell him that one man alone could not make his way up Rat Rapids. But Johnson's blue eyes, pale as sea ice, were

filled with cold unreasoning hate.

Millen shrugged and walked away.

Just before Christmas the big snows came and the Loucheux, a nomadic tribe, came straggling into Arctic Red River to celebrate Yuletide.

The Indians were frightened and incensed. The strange white man called Albert Johnson had failed to get up Rat Rapids. He was wintering at the mouth of Rat Canyon. He had built his cabin near a trapline used by the Loucheux for centuries and was springing their traps, flinging them into trees, sometimes substituting his own. When they went to his cabin to reason with him, the Indians told Millen, Johnson threatened them with a rifle.

"You'd better go up and see what it's all about, Bunce," said Millen to A. W. King, second constable at the RCMP detachment.

King set out by dog team the day after Christmas. He was in his late twenties, a powerful hearty man with a red round puckish face. With him went Joe Bernard, an Indian employed by

the police. They knew the cabin site. During the Yukon gold rush hundreds of prospectors, shipwrecked on Rat Rapids, had wintered there and died of scurvy. They had named it Destruction City.

On the third afternoon, with eighty miles behind them, and the hills on both sides narrowing to Rat Canyon, they swung round a bend in the frozen river and sighted Johnson's cabin. It stood in a clump of willow and spruce on the snow-covered flats of the left bank, square and squat—only three or four logs showed above the drifted snow. In the grey half-light of the Arctic day it seemed oddly sinister.

The Mountie left Bernard with the dogs in the shelter of the riverbank and walked on his snowshoes through twenty feet of brush to the cabin. Beside the door stood a pair of homemade snowshoes, strips of caribou hide strung on bent willow frames.

King rapped. "Mr. Johnson!" he called.

Smoke plumed up from the stovepipe but there was no reply. He walked around the cabin. About eight by ten, he judged. It seemed to be sunk three or four feet into the gravel bank, a strange thing when ordinarily a man's first concern is warmth. The roof was of poles reinforced with sod frozen nearly as hard as concrete. There was sod between the heavy logs of the walls. Then he noticed the holes. They were at every corner, driven through the frozen sod just above the drifted snow: rifle loopholes, commanding all approaches.

From the Hut Came an Answer

King peered in the tiny half-frosted window. A few inches away a wild-eyed face glared out at him from the gloom.

King knocked again, shouting his name and business. The man inside was silent. The Mountie cursed. He would have to trek to Aklavik and back, one hundred and sixty miles, to pick up a search warrant from A. N. Eames, the inspector in charge of the RCMP sub-district.

It was mid-morning, December 31, when King once more pulled up his dogs on the bare river ice below Johnson's cabin. Inspector Eames had at first been angry at all this needless work. He had sobered as King described the cabin, and he had detailed two trustworthy men to accompany Bernard and King on the trip back: Constable R. G. McDowell, a handsome quiet twenty-two-year-old, and a tall pleasant-faced Loucheux, Lazarus Sittichulis. They'd been driving hard; King was impatient to finish this business in time to get to Bill Douglas' New Year's party being held at Fort McPherson.

"You stay with the dogs, Joe," he told Bernard. "Lazarus, you scout around to the back. Jack, you cover me, will you?" McDowell edged behind a riverbank spruce.

King strode toward the cabin. The wind was rising, whipping away the smoke that still came from the chimney. He hammered hard on the door. "Are you there, Mr. Johnson?"

He thought he heard movement inside. "Mr. Johnson!" he called again, testing the door with his shoulder. "I have a search warrant. Open up or I'll have to break the door down."

There was no answer. Again he bunted the door. It gave a little. Then he felt himself hurled to the snow by a smashing blow in the chest; he heard a shot, it seemed to come from very far away. Bullets came splintering through the door and went whining overhead. He heard McDowell calling, "King! Can you crawl? Crawl away from the

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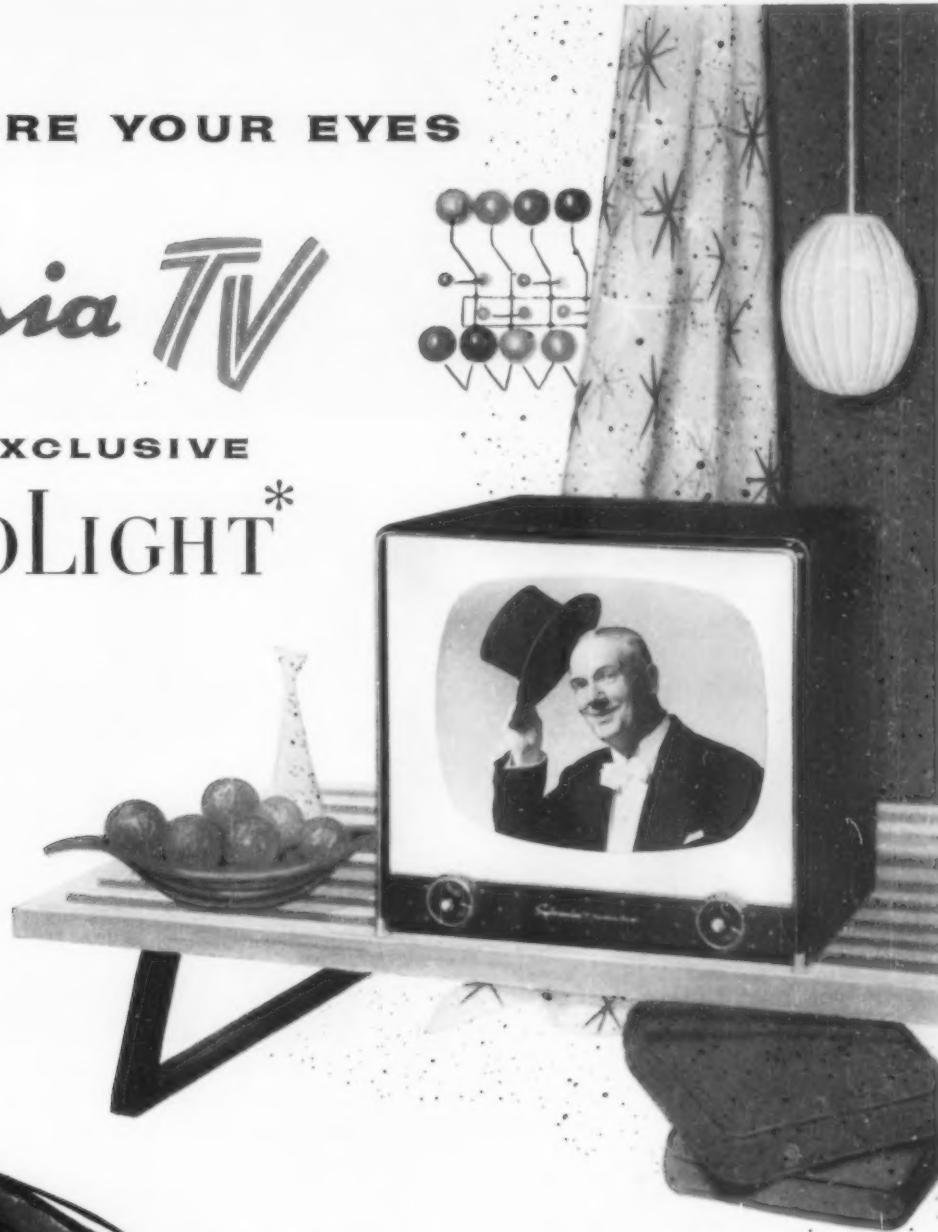
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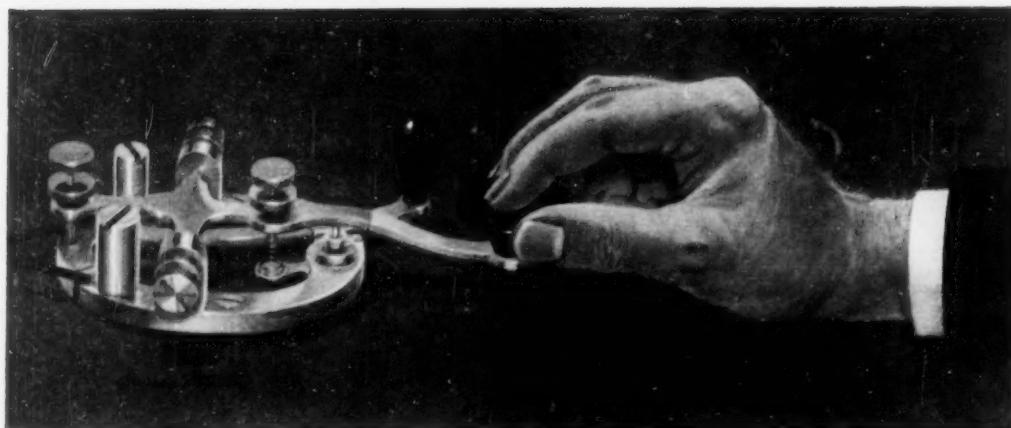
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4. Do you "blindly follow" medical advice from well-meaning friends?

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The most effective medical care depends essentially on a friendly understanding between the doctor and his patient. But situations such as those represented above often keep patients and doctors from enjoying a happy and mutually helpful relationship.

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But he wishes you wouldn't insist on unnecessary night calls, when next morning would do as well. And when you do phone try to give him, calmly and without alarm, the exact information he asks you for.

2. Your doctor does his best *not* to keep you waiting. But remember, many things can unexpectedly upset his busy schedule—an emergency case or the absence of a nurse or assistant—and thus prevent his seeing you as promptly as he had planned.

3. If your doctor's bill seems too high, talk it over directly *with him*. You'll find him more than willing to discuss and explain it.

4. One practice that's really dangerous for you is "prescription swapping"—using this or that medicine recommended by a well-meaning friend. Only a physician can determine what medicine (if any) is right for your particular case. So, when you need medical advice, *see your doctor*—and leave the prescribing of medicines to him.

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cabin. Make for the brush."

Now he heard McDowell's rifle and King got to his feet, staggered into the brush and collapsed. McDowell was still shooting, drawing the fire of the man inside. King began to crawl. Then Lazarus was helping him down the bank.

His head cleared as they bandaged his bleeding side, fumbling, hurried by the 45-below-zero cold. They bundled him in eiderdowns and lashed him to the toboggan.

"You want me to go back and shoot 'em now?" Lazarus asked.

McDowell shook his head. "We'll get Bunce fixed up first." McDowell was trying hard to be reassuring. But the bullet had smashed through King's ribs, a blizzard was coming up, the dogs were already weary from the long trip out and they had eighty miles to travel.

Through swirling ground storms McDowell and the two Indians broke trail most of the day and night, easing King's heavy body down the portages. Their thighs were numb as they carried the wounded Mountie into Aklavik's Anglican Mission hospital.

"The bullet's pierced his stomach," the resident doctor, J. A. Urquhart, said. "It missed his heart by an inch and his lungs by less." Peritonitis, the doctor said, had been staved off by King's fine condition and empty stomach, for in his hurry to get to the New Year's party King had stopped only once the day before for food. Luck, and McDowell's record twenty-hour run, had saved his life.

"You May as Well Give Up"

The news of King's shooting spread quickly through Aklavik, a town of some two hundred natives and thirty whites. Inspector Eames, a forceful official of forty-five, had no trouble picking a posse: himself, McDowell, Sittichulius, Bernard, and three trappers in town for New Year's, Ernest Sutherland, Karl Gardlund and Knud Lang. They figured Johnson was more likely to give himself up to a party that included some of his own kind; they still thought of the man as a bush-crazy trapper.

As soon as the RCMP dogs had recuperated they set out, packing some dynamite to breach the walls of the cabin which King had described—rather imaginatively they thought—as a fortress. Camping at the mouth of the Rat they were joined by Newt Millen; he had picked up a radio message from UZK Aklavik, "Voice of the Northern Lights," an amateur station run by army signalers.

Inspector Eames decided that the winding willow-fringed Rat offered Johnson too many chances for ambush; he hired an Indian guide to take them overland. In darkness and storm the Indian overshot the trail to Rat Rapids. They were eight days out, with only two days' dog food left, when they worked down the rim of Rat Canyon onto the flats below.

It was noon but the light was grey as dawn. The storm raged less furiously here. Eames strung out his men behind the chest-high riverbank that bent around the cabin on two sides. They crouched, listening, the sweat from their morning's march congealing clammy inside their parkas.

A clatter of kitchen utensils came to them clearly on the wind. Eames lifted his voice in a drill-square bellow: "Johnson! This is the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Come out. There's no serious charge against you. The man you shot isn't dead."

There was no sound but the wail of the wind.

"Come out!" Eames shouted again.

"You may as well give up. There's eight of us here—three trappers. Don't make it tough for yourself."

No answer came from the lightless cabin squatting among the trees.

Eames passed the word to the crouching men. They clambered up over the bank. Gunfire streaked from the cabin loopholes. The police party dropped to the snow, inching forward from bush to tree, firing at the loopholes that continued to spit flame. Two men got to the door, half smashing it in with their rifle butts. A fusillade drove them back.

They huddled behind the riverbank. Eames tried persuasion again. Johnson answered with a shot. The inspector knew now, by a fleeting glimpse when his men had broken the door, that Johnson was lying shielded by a double barrier of logs sunk at least three feet in the earth.

The police party were shooting in woolen gloves, their outer mitts dangling by a thong from their necks; some had their hands frostbitten. Leaving two men on watch, Eames withdrew down the river, put up tents and kindled fires. "Let's get the dynamite thawed out," he said. "We'll throw in a few small charges and try and open a hole in the wall. Not too big—we don't want to kill him."

The dynamite, exploding in the open, had no effect. At midnight Knud Lang said, "Maybe if I could get up on the roof I could stun him with a big charge." Eames agreed.

Running a gauntlet of fire, Lang made the roof, scrambled up, lit the fuse, flattened out for the blast—then kneeled and peered down the jagged hole. Through a swirl of acrid smoke he saw Johnson crouching on the floor, a sawed-off shotgun in one hand, a revolver in the other. The two men stared into each other's eyes. Then Johnson snapped a shot. Lang jumped back and dodged to the riverbank. He knew now that Johnson had a shotgun, a revolver and two rifles, probably a .22 and a 30-30 Savage.

They threw flares. In the flickering light they tried to glimpse Johnson behind logs where the chinking had been blasted out by dynamite. Johnson stayed out of sight. Eames had the posse fake a rush while Millen moved stealthily in. The crunch of his snowshoes gave him away and Johnson's guns forced him back.

At 3 a.m. Eames hurled the last of his dynamite against the front of the cabin. In the aftermath of its violence, he ran for the half-shattered door, Gardlund running beside him holding a flashlight to spot the target. A few yards from the door Gardlund switched on the light. It was smashed from his hand by a bullet from Johnson's rifle. Johnson had the advantage of what little light there was. They retired to the riverbank.

The inspector studied the drawn bearded faces of his posse. It was fifty degrees below zero. Dead-white patches of frostbite showed on some. Cold and spasmodic excitement had drained their strength. They needed rest and food and he had only one day's supplies left.

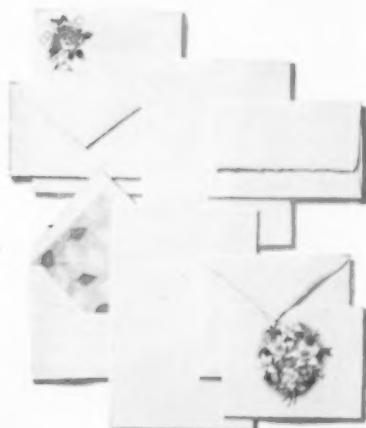
The inspector hurried his posse, angry and frustrated, back to Aklavik where he arranged for more supplies and men. Two ingenious army signalmen, Sergeants Frank Riddell and F. H. "Heps" Hersey, fashioned crude grenades and homemade gas bombs—beer bottles filled with sulphur and gunpowder. Eames still intended to take Johnson alive if possible but he no longer thought him a half-crazed hermit. Either he was a fugitive or some crime lay on his conscience. The amateur radio station alerted all trap-pers. Far to the south, newspapers were

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CITY PROV.

headlining the story of the unknown gunman, the Mad Trapper of Rat River, who from his Arctic fortress had so successfully defied the famous Mounted Police.

Constable Millen and Karl Gardlund returned to the battleground in advance of the main party. Hoarfrost lay unbroken over the trampled snow and upon the half-smashed door. An unmistakable air of desertion clung to the dwelling.

They opened the door and stared down in amazement: the floor was a series of bunkers, exactly body-size,

hacked from the glass-hard gravel in front of each loophole. They were lined with spruce boughs and fires had been built against the wall at the rear to reflect heat into them.

A careful search revealed no furs, no papers. There was only a litter of empty shells, some half-raw caribou scraps. Outside, the waning windstorm had swept the river ice clear of tracks.

Eames and his posse arrived two days later, January 17. They had set up a base camp at the mouth of Rat River. They agreed that Johnson would not go far in such weather. He

had no dogs to pack supplies; he would have to hunt or trap as he traveled. Somewhere in the snow-laden brush of the canyon floor above, half a mile wide with walls rising six hundred feet in places, somewhere along the willow-lined creeks that gullied out from the canyon, he would be hiding.

They combed the canyon for four days. Johnson had vanished. Eames withdrew most of his men so that he could leave nine days' rations with Constable Millen and three of the best shots and bushmen, trappers Karl Gardlund and Noel Verville, and

Army Signals Sergeant Frank Riddell.

In pairs the quartet stalked their quarry through the scrub of the creek beds. Half-circling, working ever deeper into high country, they prowled tensely through thickets that might shelter hare and ptarmigan, the game Johnson needed to stay alive. They found two caches of caribou which Johnson had killed in the fall and watched them for several days through field glasses. Johnson did not return.

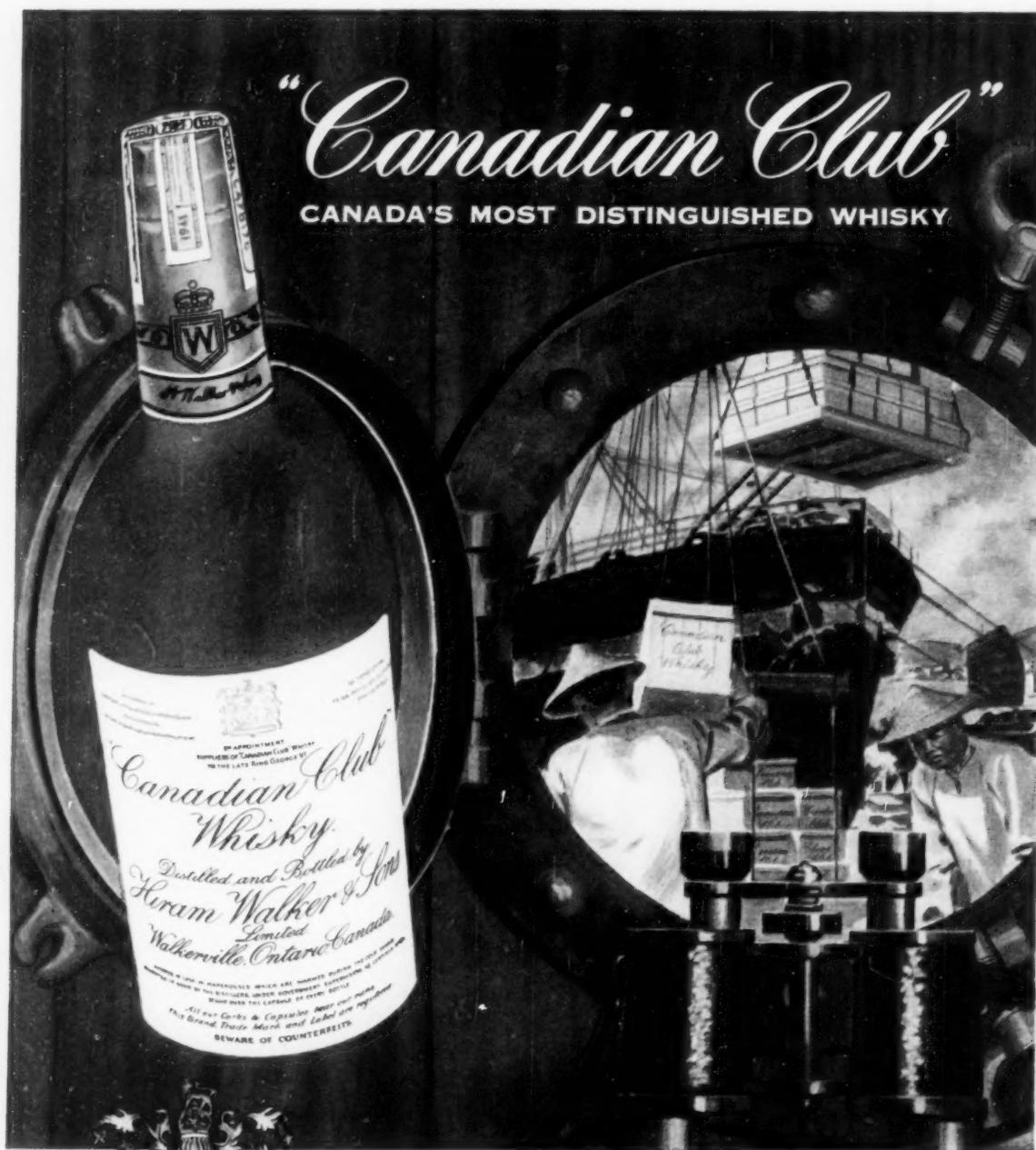
Occasionally, in a creek bottom, they picked up his trail in deep snow, lost it, cut across a ridge and found it again. His technique was clear. He traveled the glare ice along the creeks and along the high hard-packed wind-swept ridges between. At night he would trek up a stream bed, pick a campsite, circle around it, backtrack, and bed down just off his trail where he could ambush his pursuers. Slowly but surely he was heading for the Divide. Beyond the mountains, across the narrow neck of the Yukon little more than a hundred miles, lay Alaska.

The Quarry in Their Sights

January 28 was windless. Riddell picked up the week-old trail, lost it as usual, and was laboring over a ridge when he sighted a faint blue haze rising out of the gorge beyond, the only sign of life in a landscape as cold and dead as the moon. Excitedly he signaled to Verville a couple of ridges away and the two men crawled to the cliff edge and gazed down.

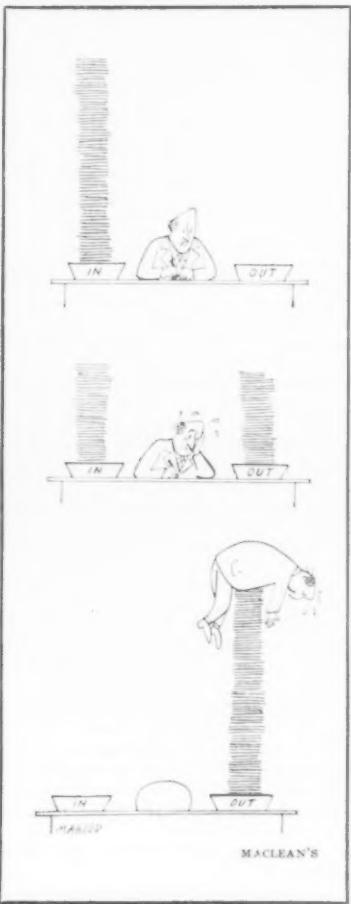
Fifty feet below in a thicket of brush a man sat tending a campfire. Little trails ran out from his fire like spokes in a wheel but no tracks led in or out of the thicket. "He snares what he needs right there," Verville whispered.

Riddell was mystified by one trail; it led behind the gravel-clotted roots of an upturned spruce. He raised his rifle, sighted, then lowered it. "I don't think we could place our shots in this light,"



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he said. "We might kill him if we shoot."

"I don't want to be brought up on a manslaughter charge," Verville said. "We're not policemen. Eames didn't swear us in. We better go back and get Newt."

Next morning the four men peered from the lip of the gorge on a smoldering fire. Johnson was not in sight. "He must be sleeping," Riddell said. "I wonder why the trail behind those roots?"

"I don't like it," Millen muttered, strangely preoccupied. The others glanced at each other; Millen was a man who took risks lightly; his greatest fault was his sense of personal invulnerability.

The mood passed. "Frank," Millen said to Riddell, "you and Karl circle the ridge, get down in those willows — just behind him there on the creek bank. As soon as Noel and I see you're set, we'll slide down in front." To their left the sheer drop eased off into a slope. "If he comes out and starts shooting at us, you guys pick him off. If he doesn't lift his gun he won't get hurt."

From their screen of willows Riddell and Gardlund stared down their gun barrels into the tiny campsite only twenty yards away. They heard the Mountie and Verville come crashing down the slope, breaking bushes, talking loudly. They caught a blurred glimpse of Johnson as he flung himself into the snow trench that led behind the roots of the upturned spruce. Too late to warn Millen, they realized that the gravel-matted roots formed a natural barricade. Johnson had picked his second battleground.

Death in the Snow

In the frosty silence they heard Johnson cough and check his rifle. Then Millen's voice:

"Johnson! Cut out the shooting. You can't get away. Put down that rifle before you kill someone."

Johnson said nothing. They glimpsed Millen and Verville edging forward, then Johnson's gun cracked twice. Gardlund, waiting, fired at the stabs of flame.

The silence settled again. "I think maybe I hit him," Gardlund whispered. Riddell crawled over to join Millen. They listened, then climbed the bank.

Slowly they waded through waist-high snow toward the barricade. Something was wrong, Riddell thought. What looked like a stick protruding through the roots caught the light and gleamed metallically. "Look out!" Riddell yelled and dodged behind a poplar.

A shot ripped bark from the trunk and stung his cheek. He leaped for the bank and slid over in a blinding flurry of snow as Johnson fired twice more and Millen answered.

Riddell looked back up. Millen, kneeling, was coolly aiming toward the blue-black gun barrel that jutted through the barricade. The gun barrel flamed. Slowly, Millen rose, spun and fell face down in the snow.

Riddell fired at the rifle barrel and Johnson jerked it back. "Are you hurt bad, Newt?" called Riddell. Millen lay motionless.

Gardlund and Verville came crawling over. They all climbed the bank. Riddell and Verville opened fire and Gardlund slithered through the snow to where Millen lay. He unfastened Millen's moccasin laces, tied them to make a handle, and dragged Millen back over the bank.

Millen's face was grey, the eyes open, staring. A small stain darkened his khaki parka over the heart. The body had already begun to freeze. They checked Millen's rifle. "Look at this!"

Riddell said. A missing screw had caused it to jam.

Night was falling. They huddled around the corpse beneath the bank in the gathering dusk and heard the killer coughing only a few yards away. They debated what to do. It was no longer an adventure. Death with its terrible finality had sobered them. It was incredible that Millen was dead.

They could see no way of capturing Johnson. They tied spruce branches over Millen's face to keep the ravens from pecking his eyes and hoisted the body up on the bank where weasels would be less likely to find it. Gardlund and Verville agreed to watch Johnson while Riddell went back to tell Eames. Millen's murder, broadcast over UZK, brought angry trappers from all over the delta to Aklavik. On February 4, Inspector Eames and a posse of ten picked men surrounded the scene of Millen's death. They were met by Gardlund who told them ruefully that Johnson had slipped away in the night. "We haven't a clue which way he went. The only place he left tracks is where he looked at Millen's body."

For three days Johnson eluded them, backtracking cleverly, sometimes reversing his snowshoes. Eames was once more low on supplies when he heard a distant drone and a ski-equipped monoplane came swooping low over the camp, wagged its wings and made a perilous landing a few miles west high on a mountainside.

The pilot was Captain W. R. May, better known as Wop, a superb bush pilot, the World War I ace who duelled till his guns jammed with the German ace von Richthofen, whom May then decoyed to his death by a fellow Canadian, Roy Brown. Now, summoned by Eames from Edmonton, thirteen hundred miles south, May became history's first pilot to give direct aid in a manhunt.

At great risk, for winds were swirling snow a thousand feet in the air, May solved the problem of supply that plagues all Arctic police work. On February 11 the sky cleared for an hour and May, scouting far ahead, saw where Johnson had climbed a high spur, studied the cloud-wreathed peaks, then had struck out unerringly for Bell Pass. He had made his break. He was heading for Alaska, traveling fast and straight at last.

The Indian trackers in Eames' posse were certain that no man could cross the Divide alone on foot in a storm — certainly, no man ever had. Johnson was fighting the wind-swept eastern face of the continent's least-known mountains. He had no dogs; he was backpacking a kit heavy with guns and ammunition. He had no food and no way to warm himself, for above the treeline there was neither game nor wood. They would find him dead, the Indians said.

At nightfall, Constable W. S. May (no relation to Wop May), from the lonely RCMP detachment at Old Crow, near Alaska, mushed in with an Indian guide. He handed Eames a letter from the trader at La Pierre House on the other side of the mountains. Indians hunting moose had seen strange tracks made by big snowshoes with a queer twist to one frame — short-spaced tracks, as if the man who made them was tired. They led down Bell River and they were fresh.

Johnson had crossed the Divide. Next day, February 13, Wop May landed Inspector Eames, Sergeant Riddell and trapper Karl Gardlund on the deep snow of Bell River in front of La Pierre House. The following afternoon May managed, in spite of fog, to get aloft for an hour's reconnaissance.

On these windless western slopes the snow lay deep and soft; Johnson's



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tracks were in plain sight along the Bell. At the mouth of the Eagle River they disappeared. He had taken his snowshoes off and stepped along in the maze of tracks left by a great herd of migrating caribou.

By February 15, when Constable May and his posse of eight reached La Pierre House, Johnson had a four-day start. A huge white-haired trapper, an old-timer named Frank Jackson, showed them portages that took them fifteen miles down the Eagle by evening of February 16. Here they picked up Johnson's trail where it left the caribou herd. It was no more than thirty-six hours old.

At twelve o'clock on the following day, with snow clouds thick overhead, they were strung out along the Eagle, between high willow-fringed banks. Signalman Hepa Hersey, Olympic boxer and Fredericton track star, urged his lead team round a bend and saw a man walking toward him. It was Johnson, backtracking.

Both men stopped, astonished. Johnson drew on snowshoes and ran to one side out of sight. Hersey snatched his rifle from his toboggan and rushed forward for a clear view. Johnson was trying to climb the steep south bank, trying to make the shelter of the brush.

Hersey dropped to one knee and fired. Verville fired from behind him. Johnson whirled and snapped a shot. Hersey toppled over.

Verville ran to Hersey's side. The others were coming up now, spreading out along both banks, passing back the word to Eames and Riddell far in the rear, "It's Johnson! Johnson's up ahead!"

Johnson, unable to climb the south bank, was running back up his trail toward an easier slope on the north bank, stopping to fire, reloading as he ran. He was drawing away from the posse who were shooting and calling, "Surrender!" when he stumbled as if hit in the leg. He wriggled out of his pack, flattened out in the snow behind it and opened rapid fire.

All around him now was the posse working into position. They stared through their gun sights at him from the deep snow of mid-river, from the thick brush of the banks alongside and above him.

"Johnson!" Eames called. "This is your last chance to give up!"

Eames' voice rolled emptily out across the frozen white stream. A trapper shifted position and Johnson fired. Grimly the posse poured out a volley.

Johnson squirmed as the bullets struck. At ten past twelve he was still, one spot of black in a white waste of snow.

Constable May approached warily. "He's dead!" he called to the others. A bullet had severed Johnson's spine as he was reloading his rifle. Five other bullets had hit him but he had uttered no cry. From beginning to end the renegade of Rat River had kept his silence.

The plane had appeared in the sky as Johnson died. It taxied to within a few yards of where Hersey lay writhing, cursing a shattered elbow. Johnson's bullet had ripped across his left knee, entered his elbow, had come out his upper arm, smashed two ribs and pierced his lungs. He had not realized yet that he was shot in the chest and was hemorrhaging steadily.

Wop May gave Hersey a sedative and they lifted him into the plane. Riddell and Jack Bowen, the plane's mechanic, held him still. May took off into clouds like grey syrup. At treetop height he roared at full speed down the twisting river, his fingers like feathers on the controls.

The plane sliced through the buffeting winds of Bell Pass and rocketed

down the canyons, wing tips almost shaving the rock walls. In less than two hours following the shooting, Dr. Urquhart in Aklavik was tying off Hersey's broken arteries.

"You got here just in time," he told May. "He'll live."

Back on the river, the posse gathered round the corpse in the snow, the husk of the man called Albert Johnson. For weeks their life had centred in this elusive figure. He had loomed in epic stature in their minds, a man whose fierce unyielding self-destructive tenacity would pass into folk tale and folk song.

Lying limp in the snow, he was far from heroic. The seven-week chase had drawn all surplus fat from his body, never large. His head already resembled a skull, its contours shaped by the wispy sweat-soaked hair. His pale eyes stared from dark fatigue-swollen caverns. The fury that had sustained his will had remained with him to the end, stretching back his lips from his teeth in a wolfish smile of hate.

Eames and Constable May laid out the contents of his pack: razor, comb, mirror, needle, thread, oily rag, fishhooks, wax, matches, nails, axe, pocket compass, 119 shells, a knife made from an old trap spring—all in neatly sewn moosehide cases; five freshwater pearls, some gold dust, \$2,410 in bills, and two pieces of gold bridgework, not his own.

"I wonder whose mouth they came out of," a trapper mused darkly.

On the Trail of a Dead Man

The question was never answered, though several hundred people in Europe, the United States and Canada wrote the RCMP that they knew who Johnson was: an escaped criminal called The Blueberry Kid, a murderer from Michigan, a World War I sniper, an ex-provincial policeman. Women claimed him as husband, father, brother, son.

The RCMP investigated each claim. They sent the dead killer's fingerprints and photograph to the central bureaus of federal police in Washington, Stockholm and London. They traced his weapons and bank notes; the leads came to a dead end—all except one:

In British Columbia in 1925, a man who called himself Arthur Nelson was trapping along the Nelson River. He moved northward into the Yukon. Here he vanishes. The man called Albert Johnson appears. His description, skills and temperament tally with Nelson's. Indians see him with another white man around Peel River headwaters. Then, a hundred miles downriver, they see him alone. The Indians dub him Albert Johnson, after a man who once trapped on the Peel. No more is known except that Arthur Nelson once described himself as a Swedish-American farm boy from North Dakota.

The forces of romance moved into the vacuum. It was said that Johnson had knowledge of a secret mine that kept his pockets filled with gold. It was said that he was a big-city gangster who had cached his loot in the Arctic, and in 1934 a band of treasure hunters searched the Rat River region without luck. It was said that the death of an Eskimo girl had driven him wild with grief.

A less fanciful supposition is that the man called Albert Johnson killed his Yukon partner—the owner of the gold teeth—and feared that the Mounties suspected him. But no one will ever know for sure what dark and guilty knowledge set him apart from his fellow men and impelled him to write in blood on the snows of the northland the legend of the Mad Trapper of Rat River. ★

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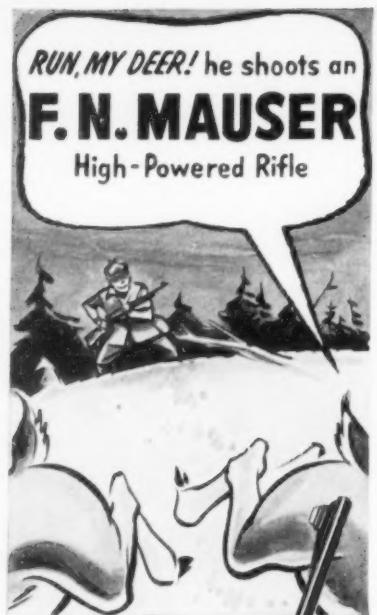
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Will a Machine Ever Take Your Job?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

atomic installation from a single central control room. It was linked to ten miles or so of control panels requiring, on the average, only twenty human operators to the mile.

Or take a modern oil refinery, which comes within a hair's breadth of the automation ideal. The raw material—crude oil—arrives by automated pipeline. Its passage through the plant is regulated by pre-set controls, which can be adjusted to determine what the end products will be, and which maintain the right operating conditions at each stage in refining. Finally, the finished gasoline and other products are drawn off automatically to tank storage, to tank cars—or to another automated pipeline that will take them hundreds of miles without human help to a distribution point.

All this is accomplished with surprisingly few men in relation to the amount of complex machinery controlled. At the Winnipeg refinery of Imperial Oil, for instance, only one hundred and seventy employees can be counted in an area of four hundred acres. They process twelve thousand barrels of crude oil a day.

McKinnon Industries, of St. Catharines, Ont., moved this year into the forefront of automation with a new assembly line to turn out V-8 engines for General Motors of Canada in Oshawa. All of the basic work on the engine blocks—more than eight hundred separate operations—is accomplished with only twenty-seven men. In a few months, when further automatic controls are installed, the number will be cut to twenty-one.

These few workers are spread out along one thousand and twenty feet of massive and complex machinery which broaches, mills, grinds, hones, reams, taps, turns the blocks in any desired direction (including upside down) and positions them with pinpoint accuracy. Much of the human work consists merely of replacing tool bits when the machines signal they are wearing out. Most of the inspection, too, is purely electronic.

Even a breakdown doesn't stir up much human activity. Special circuits in each control panel report trouble instantly to a central unit, and the whole line is electronically stopped until the bottleneck is cleared. Then the same impersonal switches and relays speed things back up to normal again. The line will turn out seventy fully machined blocks an hour—with the expenditure of less than a third of a man-hour of human labor on each.

But what about the men who tend the machines of automation—what's their reaction to this revolution they're shepherding? Like the theorists, some see it as a boon, others as a curse. "It's a completely different job, and a lot better," says Robert Handley, a well-muscled twenty-seven-year-old St. Catharines man who, after six and a half years as a machinist, is now a toolsetter, electronic style. "For one thing, you're not just running one machine all the time, doing the same thing over and over." To run machines that utterly dwarf him, Handley had to absorb training in electricity and what he calls "efficient operations"—in effect, the theory of mass production. Today he has more responsibility and makes more money (the average operator's bi-monthly basic pay envelope is

five to ten dollars heavier than those of conventional machinists).

To Handley, the future seems bright: "I guess I'll stay here for good."

But Gordon Lambert, a husky heavyweight worker in the foundry where the blocks are originally cast, isn't so sure. "Now," he says, "all I do is push a button on an automatic machine and take out the finished product. They've taken most of the skill right out of the job."

The machine has also knocked Lambert's salary down. Formerly, a skilled coremaker like Lambert, working under a system of incentive bonuses, could average \$2.02 an hour. Now, mainly because the machine is independent of human skill—but partly because the union, as a matter of policy, demanded abolition of the incentive system—the job pays a flat \$1.85.

Lambert, in his capacity as an official of Local 199 of the United Automobile Workers, says the union is dubious about other aspects of automation as well. There's a general feeling that without production planning the machines will turn out a year's requirements faster, resulting in longer layoffs. And such hard-won union demands as seniority rules appear to offer less protection to long-service employees than formerly.

Blacksmith, Make Me a Sword

The United States has traveled further and faster in automation than has Canada, though we're not far behind. This Second Industrial Revolution was probably born in the U. S. even before the Industrial Revolution we all learned about in school. The man most frequently nominated as its father is Oliver Evans, a Philadelphia miller. He decided in 1784 to assemble three types of power conveyors into a single line, and the result was the world's first continuous-process flour mill. The Jacquard loom, another early example, was invented in France in 1801. Pattern control was achieved by means of punched cards not too unlike the ones that shuffle through modern business machines by the thousand.

By and large, though, it remained for the twentieth century, and particularly for World War II, to advance automation to its present status as a revolution, an intellectual fad, a bogey man and/or a ticket to unlimited prosperity.

It has been made possible by such things as the invention first of the radio tube, and later a gimmick known as a transistor. It was powerfully spurred by the need for gun-aiming devices that could keep up with fighters streaking across the sky at four hundred miles an hour. Most of all, though, its present shape is due to a new mathematical theory of communications and control, largely worked out by Norbert Wiener and his associates at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

This, while it goes far beyond anything you could handle with high-school algebra, is simply a look at the way information is received and used. It applies to machines as well as men.

Let's consider an old-fashioned blacksmith. Let's say he's told to make a sword. He heats his steel and hammers it into shape. Now, it obviously wouldn't be very hard for a good mechanic to put together a gadget that would dunk a piece of steel in a furnace for a while, withdraw it, lay it on an anvil, and in so doing trip a steam hammer or die to do the shaping. There would be only one thing wrong with such a machine—a lot of the time it wouldn't work because it could not receive, or use, vital information. If the furnace went out, the gadget

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would blunder precisely on, banging away at cold metal. If someone left a door open in midwinter, reducing the efficiency of the forge, the dies would fall on metal not hot enough.

The human blacksmith, on the other hand, sees or hears or feels evidence of trouble and corrects it. The rapidly growing vocabulary of automation long ago found a word for this process, which is the heart of the new system. The engineers call it "feedback."

To bring automation to his sword making, the blacksmith could install an electric furnace as his forge and it could be fitted with a thermostat that would "know" if the furnace wasn't hot enough and "tell" another control to feed it more power. (This, incidentally, is one of the commonest forms of automation. The odds are that you have a thermostat in your own home, controlling the oil burner in your basement. If you look around an oil furnace, you'll find at least three other feedback controls designed to prevent various forms of trouble.)

Other instruments in the blacksmith's shop could read the temperature of the metal precisely, and tell the machine exactly when to withdraw it. Electric eyes could position it on the anvil and a connected circuit would trip the shaping die only when the metal was perfectly centred.

It all sounds expensive—and it is. But there are large benefits for the manufacturer in it. If he wanted to make swords in quantity, the blacksmith who had installed automation could far outpace his unconverted colleagues. His machine would assure uniformity of quality. His power die would not get tired; it would take exactly the same time to shape each sword. His machine would never come in on the morning after pay day with a hangover, nor would it waste time mooning over the cute little robot in the front office.

Let's leave our blacksmith's shop and consider a more complicated manufacturing process—the sort of thing you'd find in the automated factory of today. What, for instance, happens when a machine can't use feedback to actually correct an error? Automation engineers get around that problem by arranging to have the ailing machine turn itself off and yell (electronically, of course) for human help. Nowadays, these occasions are rare.

Since the automated assembly line must handle not one but many operations, controls for the whole process have to receive many kinds of information from a variety of locations. They must be able to take any one of several different corrective actions, depending on how they add up the information received. And that's just what they do—add up. That's because most complex controls involve, in larger or smaller form, the device known technically as a digital computer and popularly as an "electronic brain."

The brain, which is variously regarded as a sort of Frankenstein monster that could eventually enslave mankind, and as a fool gadget that can't even predict an election, is in essence nothing more than a glorified adding machine.

That doesn't mean it's to be despised. The glorification process has gone a long way and has equipped the brain with some abilities that are more than human. The larger ones have "memories" capable of storing thousands of single facts; unlike human beings, they recall any one of them instantly and infallibly. They can be coupled to more-than-human senses (X-ray vision, for instance), and will compare new information from these with a wide range of stored information at many times the speed of the human brain. They

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The bigger computers can solve mathematical problems that are literally beyond human capacity. One such, in atomic physics, was handled recently by International Business Machines. It, and others like it, involve seventy-two million separate operations. A man working with pencil and paper might finish one in about eight hundred years. The new IBM 701 calculator can come up with the answer in two hours flat.

These brains obviously give real promise of fulfilling the dream of the completely automatic factory. But they can replace clerks as well as laborers, and they are already outshining routine human effort in offices as well as in factories all over North America. General Electric uses a giant Univac calculator to make up the weekly payroll for the twelve thousand employees in its plant at Louisville, Ky. The brain does the entire job. It adds bonuses earned, makes income and medical-plan deductions, figures overtime—all the things a payroll clerk has to do to a pay cheque in mid-twentieth century. It distributes all totals among the cost accounts of the company's various departments. Then it writes out a cheque for everyone concerned, prints a payroll register, and reports ready for the next job. The whole complex process takes less than six hours.

You'll find evidence of a similar set of operations in the neatly punched holes that decorate one corner of Canadian Family Allowance cheques. But that's only one type of electronic brainwork. Suppose a big company decides to double its production. As any executive can tell you, the effect on inventory is a lot more complicated than simply ordering twice as much of everything and arranging to have it delivered twice as fast. Working out a new purchasing schedule can take a trained staff weeks—but a computer will do it in hours. The U. S. Navy, in fact, is now using the IBM 701 to procure about two hundred thousand different aircraft parts, and schedule orderly delivery to sixty-five shore-based operations at home, plus four battle fleets operating throughout the world. The number of desk-borne sailors needed to equal the machine would run to several hundred.

On the civilian side, the Prudential Life Insurance Company has a computer that will bill policy holders for premiums, figure agents' commissions, calculate dividends, and work out all the statistics on which premium rates are based. Officials estimate that the brain will take over the work of two hundred human employees in one department alone.

Several firms make electronic systems that displace not only elevator operators, but also the starters who used to control traffic. Computers have replaced clerks to register and allot train and plane reservations. One company recently demonstrated a robot toll collector for bridges. It will make change, count the number of cars going through and balance the cash at the end of the day. If any mere human being thinks he can drive past this electronic watchdog without paying, the machine slyly takes a photograph of his rear license plate and passes it along to the local constabulary.

From these examples, it's evident

that automation may turn up almost anywhere. In most cases, the only possible limiting factor is economic: the employer or manufacturer must determine whether a routine operation can be repeated often enough to cover the original cost of the machine.

In spite of such things as automatic corn huskers and cotton pickers, farming is generally considered immune from complete labor displacement because of the relatively short season and the widely varied tasks that must be done. Complete automation is unlikely, too, in several small service occupations and in the manufacture of specialty products in limited quantities.

Inherent in successful automation is the absolute necessity for long production runs, plus an assured and preferably expanding market, if the enormously higher costs of the new machines are to be spread thinly enough to give us real benefits in lower prices. Conversely, any firm that misjudges the market, or whose sales staff can't drum up business in sufficient volume, can easily face bankruptcy as a result of a decision to go automatic.

With huge amounts of capital tied up in machines, the fact that a breakdown anywhere along the line will tie up the whole line makes stoppages much more costly. In fact, automation demands a new way of thinking about manufacturing. It works best in continuous-process operations; it is with maintaining the whole process or "flow" that even specialized departments must now concern themselves. (This, incidentally, is a major reason why the oil industry is further into automation than any other. When you deal with actual liquids, a "flow" concept of manufacture is a natural.)

Everything May Be "Free"

It may not be enough to automate only the factory. For some industries, this would be something like putting an Orenda jet engine into the Wright Brothers' original airplane. The rest of the business—planning, distribution and marketing—may have to be largely automated, too. Certainly, these functions will at least have to be thought of, and treated as, extensions of the continuous process going on in the factory.

One suggested consequence of all this is that North Americans may have to be unsold on the rapid style changes we have learned to love in our gadgets. A five-year freeze in design of, say, washing machines would make automation really pay off in lower prices. Some companies are already casting about for new methods—and among them, believe it or not, is the idea that the way to an assured market might be to give appliances away free.

Well, not exactly free. What the consumer would buy would be a long-term "service contract," probably calling for monthly payments. The "service" might be almost nonexistent, but his contract would call for automatic "free" replacement of his washing machine every three or four years with a later model. This would allow maximum use of automation for three- to four-year production runs and maximum careful planning to cut costs.

The mere thought of introducing total automation into industry without thorough planning first being done, has drawn cries of alarm from North

American labor leaders. CIO president Walter Reuther, testifying before a congressional committee this year, demanded that the United States government do some planning immediately before the country drifted "aimlessly into dislocations and disruptions, mass unemployment and catastrophic depression."

In Canada, a similar demand was made last June in the House of Commons by Colin Cameron, the CCF member for Nanaimo. Citing the example of a new seventeen-million-dollar pulp-and-paper mill in his own riding which employed only one hundred men, he called on the Department of Labor to make a full-scale survey of automation's growth and impact. Social Crediters agreed with him that the new system held disturbing possibilities.

The debate, which was inconclusive, also brought out the other side of the argument—that automation can only lead to a higher standard of living. William Hamilton, a Montreal Conservative, even had a brush with Mr. Speaker when he described critics of the new age as "barnacles on the back-side of progress."

Outside the House, the optimistic view was summed up in the same month by J. R. White, president of Imperial Oil. "Automation," he claimed, "does not destroy jobs. Instead, it creates them."

Both sides in the running controversy can buttress their arguments with figures. Labor leaders point to the U. S. steel industry, which is turning out as much steel this year as it did in 1953—and doing it with seventy thousand fewer men. In the auto industry, though cars are being turned out at a record rate, the American membership of the UAW has not risen appreciably in five years.

The unions also point out that many skilled craftsmen are being replaced by machines. In the packing industry, the removal of hides from slaughtered animals used to demand high manual dexterity. Now an automated system largely developed in Canada does the whole job after a semi-skilled worker makes a single incision. Where it formerly took ninety-eight top-rated hide strippers to skin 110 steers per hour, the latest figure at Canada Packers in Toronto is forty-seven men to maintain the same rate.

In manufacturing, highly trained die cutters are losing jobs because of machines that will make as many perfect copies as you want from a single master die. Even the master die may not be cut by a human being much longer. There's a million-dollar machine being installed at the Convair plant in California which is capable of eighteen different machining operations. All that's needed is a blueprint of a newly designed part, which no one has ever made or even seen. Engineers can punch out instructions on a tape which will tell an electronic brain what tool strokes are required to make it. Unlike most other automated equipment, which is single-purpose, this machine can switch from one kind of part making to another as fast as instruction tapes can be changed.

Electronic brains have also moved in on the baking industry, with taped formulas for turning out bread, cake, or pretzels—including bending them. In addition, thousands of housewives are using ready-mix baking products which are blended and packaged by automated equipment. The whole development is tolling a louder and louder knell for the old-fashioned baker.

Multiply cases like these by scores, and the alarm expressed by union leaders over the dangers of advancing into an automated age without adequate industrial planning is under-

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standable. Some big businessmen, on the other hand, quote figures that tell a different story.

E. H. Walker, president of McKinnon Industries, points out that his company increased its employee roster from 710 in 1929 to 5,416 last spring—and that over the same period, more and more machinery, some of it automated, has been used. R. M. Robinson, general manager of Canadian General Electric's electronics division, says that in spite of such developments as printed circuits and automatic soldering, staffs in CGE's electronics plants have doubled over the past five years. And in office accounting, where machines have made their most dramatic advance, U. S. figures show seventy-one percent more people at work in 1950 than there were in 1940.

How can these apparently contradictory figures be reconciled? There are three main factors which tend to explain them, though their meaning is hotly disputed. And always it is to be remembered that they apply only temporarily—to the twilight period between non-automation and full automation.

First, and simplest, is the breakneck rate at which North Americans reproduce themselves. The birth rate, plus immigration, creates a steadily expanding market. During recent years, while machines more than doubled the output of our meat-packing plants, the population of Canada grew by two million. Automation merely kept pace with new demand; there were no major layoffs. "Eventually, though," warns S. S. Hughes, assistant director of the United Packinghouse Workers, "you reach a saturation point in this kind of thing." Machine productivity is still growing—and there's a limit to the amount of beef a person can eat.

A second factor is invention. Thousands of people are hard at work today making things nobody wanted—or had even heard of—ten years ago. Businessmen also point to the fact that every new product tends to generate new subsidiary jobs. Two favorite examples are television, with its hosts of servicemen, and the automobile, which has put thousands of people to work doing everything from road building to running gas stations and designing voluptuous radiator caps.

The third factor is automation itself. While it replaces unskilled workers and some manual craftsmen, it demands specialists. Right now automation faces a shortage of engineers in particular. It will need them by thousands over the coming decade. At the University of B. C. last spring, it was reported that ten jobs were available for every man graduating in applied science.

All the experts agree that this is one of the major shifts caused by automation. There may be a shrinking demand for unskilled workers but there are new—and more highly paid—opportunities for men with a technical and scientific education. This immediately suggests that our high schools may have to abandon their current de-emphasis on "hard" subjects like algebra and physics if graduates are to have enough background for later job training. And if the Second Industrial Revolution speeds up (which it gives every sign of doing), we may need large-scale retraining programs for people already at work. To this end some companies are already conducting courses for their present employees.

But there remain unanswered questions. Why, for instance, should we bother with automation at all if we end up with just as many people working, though at different jobs, as there were in the first place? The answer to that is that even if we

re-employed all our present working force, the new machines would still turn out goods so much faster and with such uniformly better quality that we'd have a vastly higher standard of living.

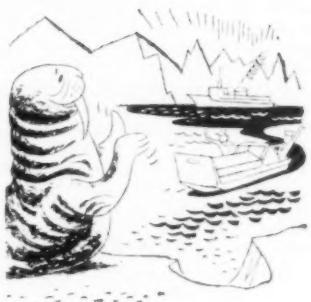
Well then, what about this question of re-employment: Will the new demand for technicians and draftsmen balance the shrinkage in unskilled labor? In any one industry, the answer seems to be "No." Will the growth of small subsidiary service organizations that don't need automation mop up the people displaced? To that one you'll find as many opinions as there are experts.

The biggest question remains: Will we re-employ all our present working force and future additions made to that force via the birthrate? The experts part company sharply in hot dispute. They agree only that automation is going to cause dislocation—jobs disappearing in one place and opening up in another.

A U. S. analyst of statistics, Peter Drucker, after studying the effects of population growth, predicts an actual scarcity of labor over the next twenty years. J. A. Calder, past president of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, sees a "period of readjustment," after which everyone will be "resettled in gainful employment." On the other hand, a massive new study of the American economy forecasts a fifty-percent rise in unemployment in the United States by 1960.

Much of the unemployment—if it comes—will be what critics of automation call "hidden." It's hard to find many cases where automation has resulted directly in a layoff. The machines move in one by one and, since there's always some turnover in the labor force, people who retire or girls who leave an office to get married are

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simply not replaced. An unskilled worker quits one job and finds it difficult to get another because machines have moved in on his field. Or a young high-school graduate finds that none of his education has fitted him for the skilled jobs which seem to be the only ones available. Even where a completely new automated factory—an addition to the nation's previous capacity—is opened, fewer new job opportunities are created than was formerly the case. As one critic says: "It's not the people who are laid off. It's the ones who just aren't hired."

Some prognosticators have gone so far as to paint a future in which there is ever-increasing productivity and prosperity for those with jobs, while the new machines squeeze a few more people out of the golden circle every year. Every worker displaced, they point out, is also a consumer removed from the market automation needs.

On this point, M. M. MacLean, acting Deputy Minister of Labor in Ottawa, says: "Our statistics . . . do not distinguish between technological unemployment and unemployment due to other causes. The statistics for recent years, however, do seem to show that the most persistent single cause of

unemployment in Canada has been the seasonal reduction in activity in many industries each winter, and that such seasonal unemployment is much greater than any technological unemployment which is likely to have existed recently."

MacLean says that the Labor Department is constantly studying employment levels and has recently given some thought to automation.

"At present," he points out, "we do not know how rapidly automation will be introduced into the various industries, or what the effect will be on employment, or whether [it] will be serious enough to call for special measures, such as re-training programs. Since the problem still lies chiefly in the future (although perhaps not very far in the future), we have no statistics at present which throw much light on it."

The department concedes that the effects of automation may be different in some ways from those of earlier mechanization, and that they may come more rapidly and thus create greater problems. "We have so far," MacLean concludes, "very little to go on."

Labor unions, on the other hand, have already made up their minds: they welcome anything that makes labor less laborious but, they insist, there must be the most careful planning in introducing the new technology to industry so that dislocations are kept to the minimum. Ted Silvey, educational director of the CIO, told a conference this summer that his organization "has definitely taken the position that automation is a blessing." He added: "We must plan to use it so that it blesses mankind." The unions see no reason why industry should not continue along the same road it has followed ever since machines first began to extend human output. Union plans are to take their slice of the new productivity in the form of better pay and security (the guaranteed annual wage is a current example) and in more leisure through shorter hours.

This was clearly indicated in minature this year at the Holmes Foundry in Sarnia, where engine blocks are turned out for Ford of Canada. Automation raised output from 600 engines a day to nearly 1,000—and simultaneously, according to union figures, the labor force was cut from 467 to 260. The UAW promptly demanded a cut in the work week from 48 to 40 hours. After a three-month strike, it got it, with pay equivalent to 44 hours at the old rates.

For the future, George Burt, Canadian director of the United Auto Workers, says, "The thirty-six—or thirty—hour week will be one of our next objectives."

How soon it will come, Burt isn't prepared at the moment to guess. It will all depend on the effect of automation and how fast it makes itself felt. Like other major changes in UAW policy, Burt says, this one will probably start in the United States "and we'll be right behind our American brothers." The other unions in the CIO-CCL "big three"—the Steelworkers and the Packinghouse Workers—are also agreed on shorter hours.

The central dilemma of automation can be summed up in a single anecdote, possibly apocryphal. Walter Reuther, the story goes, was touring one of Ford's new automated plants with a company executive. Looking at the machines, the executive remarked, "You're going to have quite a time getting them to join your union."

"Yes," Reuther is supposed to have replied, "and you're going to have quite a time trying to sell them cars." ★

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The cluttered counter, narrow aisle.
Now spread across uncounted acres
The wares of butchers, canners, bakers
Still leave between them ample space
For almost all the human race
Who swarm to gather monster parcels
And stomp each other's metatarsals.

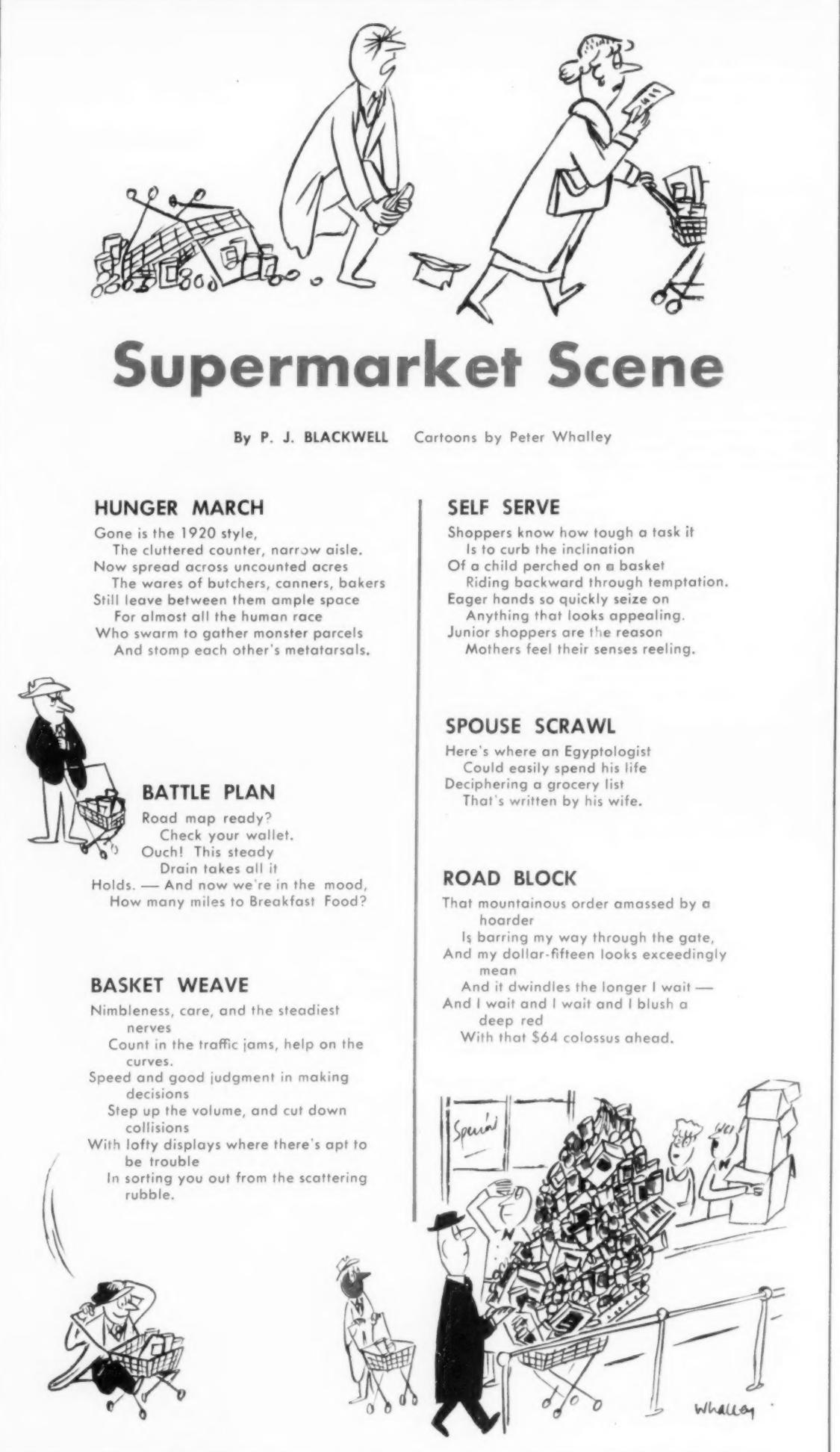


BATTLE PLAN

Road map ready?
Check your wallet.
Ouch! This steady
Drain takes all it
Holds. — And now we're in the mood,
How many miles to Breakfast Food?

BASKET WEAVE

Nimbleness, care, and the steadiest
nerves
Count in the traffic jams, help on the
curves.
Speed and good judgment in making
decisions
Step up the volume, and cut down
collisions
With lofty displays where there's apt to
be trouble
In sorting you out from the scattering
rubble.



By P. J. BLACKWELL Cartoons by Peter Whalley

SELF SERVE

Shoppers know how tough a task it
Is to curb the inclination
Of a child perched on a basket
Riding backward through temptation.
Eager hands so quickly seize on
Anything that looks appealing.
Junior shoppers are the reason
Mothers feel their senses reeling.

SPOUSE SCRrawl

Here's where an Egyptologist
Could easily spend his life
Deciphering a grocery list
That's written by his wife.

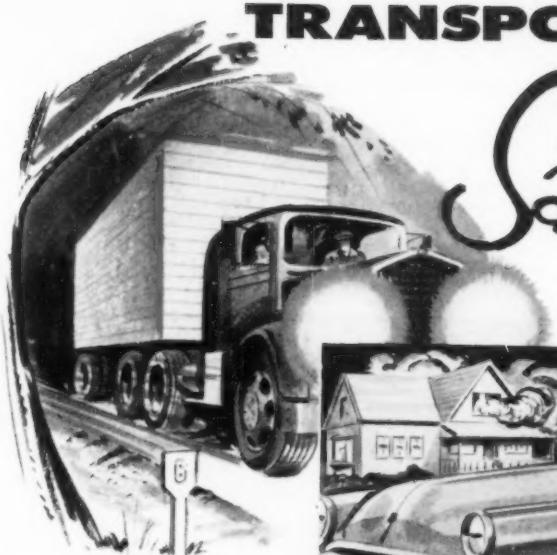
ROAD BLOCK

That mountainous order amassed by a
hoarder
Is barring my way through the gate,
And my dollar-fifteen looks exceedingly
mean
And it dwindles the longer I wait —
And I wait and I wait and I blush a
deep red
With that \$64 colossus ahead.



TRANSPORT DRIVER

Saves Children from blazing farmhouse



MARTIN BINKLE was driving his heavy transport on Ontario Highway No. 6, one wintry November night, when he saw flames shooting out of a farm home near Rockton. On former trips he had noticed that the family living there had several small children.



He stopped, flagged down a motorist and sent him for help. He broke off the screen door, pounding and shouting to waken the family. The 10 children of the family were fast asleep. Their grandfather, also sleeping, had been left in charge.



Martin Binkle forced an entry and guided by the children's screams, made his way through the smoke to a rear bedroom. Here he took three of the younger children in his arms and carried them out, followed by the oldest girl with the baby.



The other five children, wakened by the brave trucker, managed to make their way to safety. But when Binkle learned that the grandfather was still inside, he rushed back into the blazing house.



He groped his way up the smoke-filled stairs to find the old man attempting to make his way down. Binkle assisted him to safety, and then helped the Rockton fire brigade battle the flames.



Martin Binkle not only rescued the family but helped to save much of their furniture as well, suffering burns and cuts to his hands while doing so. The children expressed their thanks by throwing their arms around him. When the parents arrived home from a wedding party, their gratitude knew no bounds.



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**DUNLOP
TIRES**



MR. MARTIN BINKLE is a resident of Kitchener and a driver for the Cope Transport Company. His Company did not know of his act of bravery until they read the reports in the newspapers the following day. Both the Royal Humane Society and the Automotive Transport Association recognized Binkle's heroism with special awards.

WIN a \$100 WATCH

for reporting a similar experience — Dunlop-Canada will award a \$100 wrist watch for any account involving heroism by a trucker, which, upon verification, is published in this series. If the same incident is reported more than once, the report bearing the earliest postmark will receive the award. Mail reports to Dunlop Canada Limited, 468 Queen St. E., Toronto 2, Ontario.

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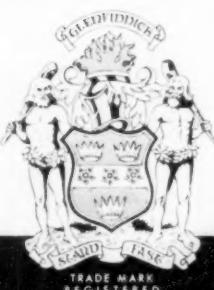


SCOTLAND'S LOST ART

For more than a thousand years, Scottish craftsmen devoted their talents to glorifying metal with colourful enamels fired into the carved surfaces so permanently as to challenge all time. This bronze patera is an example of this obviously masculine art which flourished in the late Celtic period in Scotland but was later lost.

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Grant's Scotch Whisky is the International Label of the house of Grant's, a worthy partner of our Best Procurable, for generations a most respected name in Canada.



TIME WILL TELL

How I Made My Killing

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

was approached by a middle-aged man whose bearing exuded knowledgness. A very large cigar was jammed in the corner of his mouth and he had a Martini in each hand and I immediately began wondering how he managed to shake off the cigar ashes without having them land in either Martini.

"Hear you're in pretty deep," he said.

"Oh," I said blushing, "you heard about that girl. Well, I can easily explain the whole thing . . ."

"I mean the market," he said, his teeth clenching the cigar. "Lissen, I'll give you a tip. Put everything ya got into New Mackensack Mines."

The next morning I phoned a friend in a brokerage office.

"I'd like to buy some New Mackensack," I told him.

"New Whichensack?"

"New Mackensack."

"Well," he said reluctantly, "there

CANADIAN ECDOLE



Mackenzie King and the Purloined Lamb

BEING a bachelor prime minister brought some embarrassing moments to William Lyon Mackenzie King during his long reign. He regretted that he couldn't entertain guests at Laurier House socially as it could have been done with the wife of the prime minister as a gracious hostess. He once told me of an amusing instance of this lack.

Although he lived in a lovely summer home at Kingsmere, Que., he employed only one manservant and no women in the house. He lived very simply. At Meach Lake, a few miles away, the A. J. Freimans spent summer months in a spacious mansion. They entertained bountifully.

On one occasion the former Governor of Judea, Sir Ronald Storrs, and Lady Storrs came to visit them. At an afternoon tea party given by the Freimans, Mackenzie King found Sir Ronald so interesting that he expressed a desire to have further conversation with him next day, at the Prime Minister's office in Ottawa. Sir Ronald said that unfortunately he and Lady Storrs were due to leave that night for Toronto, where he had a speaking engagement.

King thereupon invited the Storrs to come over to Kingsmere to have dinner at the cottage after the tea party before returning to Ottawa. They accepted—and Mackenzie King sud-

denly realized he had better get back to Kingsmere to make sure a proper dinner would be prepared. Excusing himself for having to leave ahead, and assured by Archie Freiman that the Storrs would be duly motored over, he scurried along the dusty road from Meach Lake to Kingsmere.

At the cottage he enquired what had been prepared for dinner. The solitary servant in the house, much surprised, replied that he had expected to serve only the usual supper: corn on the cob, cottage-fried potatoes, sausages and melon from the garden. The larder contained nothing that could be roasted, even if there was time.

King had an inspiration. He remembered that old neighbors across the field, the Pattisons, usually dined more sumptuously. He raced across to the Patteson house. There they were, just sitting down to dinner, with a savory leg of lamb before them. King dashed in unceremoniously, grabbed the platter, invited Mr. and Mrs. Patteson to come over to have dinner with him, and started back with the roast lamb. The Pattisons followed, with the gravy bowl and mint sauce.

Places were hastily laid for five . . . with only minutes to spare before Sir Ronald and Lady Storrs arrived to partake of the Canadian Prime Minister's hospitality.

—Charles A. Bowman

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past, Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdoles, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

Is such a thing, that I have to admit."

"I want it."

"The whole thing? Or just a shaft or two?"

"Some shares. Just some shares."

"How many?"

"Well," I said, "make it an even hundred."

"Sure. Would you like them gift-wrapped?"

"No, no—they're all for me."

The next few days I spent in a state of mild delirium. I haunted brokerage boardrooms. I spent my lunch hours in the spectators' gallery at the Stock Exchange, staring fixedly at the ticker-tape projection, a fantastic parade of numbers that streamed past about twenty-five feet beyond the distance at which I could read without squinting. Every evening I bought the late editions; I would always ask the paper boy to be sure my paper had the "final markets" and I noted with satisfaction that he now seemed to eye me with new respect.

I had decided to sell my New Mackensack at the end of the week when it had doubled. Only it didn't double. I called my broker.

"Sell," I said grimly. "Sell it all."

"All hundred shares?"

"Every last one."

The man with the cigar had misled me but I plunged in again with fanatic energy. Every day I bought or sold something. My stock selections were founded on three lines of reasoning: If a stock had been going up for several days, it would probably continue to rise; if a stock had been standing still for a time, it was due to make a spurt; if a stock had been going down, then this was a good time to buy in cheaply before it went up again. And I would have long conferences with my broker. He would unroll maps to point out the suspected locations of ore bodies, lecture me on capitalizations and stock underwritings and quote me excerpts from The Financial Post and the Northern Miner.

"But do you think it will go up?" I would ask.

He would look at me helplessly, then reply, "Me? How do I know?"

I lived in a world of stop-losses, buy orders, day-sell orders and open-buy orders. My appetite went and I found myself suffering a form of mental disorder. For instance, I was walking through a large chain-store grocery one day when I spotted some canned spaghetti being featured at two cents off the regular price. The thought flashed—I could buy the whole lot of spaghetti, sit tight for a while until the price went up, then sell at a profit. That sort of thing.

One day in May I totaled my assets and decided to sell. I dumped, but there was scarcely a ripple on the market. And I had come out ahead—by \$2.75.

Today I read about the Little Man's activities on the stock market. I see a man walking down Bay Street, his eyes glazed and a muscle in his cheek working furiously. I recognize him immediately—a Little Man investing in the future of his country . . .

Me, I put my money in the bank. There's not much profit but there's not much raffenspat, either. ★

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"...without Me, YOU Can Do Nothing"

It would be hard to convince some people that these words of Our Lord apply to them.

Like the Pharisees of Christ's time, they attribute their successes to their own merits. They may concede that they "got the breaks" now and then, but in the main they vainly think they have succeeded because of their own superior qualities. "Oh, sure," they may say, "God has been good to me" . . . but most of the credit they take unto themselves.

In this age of self-glorification . . . when so many seem convinced of the necessity of "tooting their own horn" . . . the Catholic Church may seem out of step in preaching its 2,000-year-old message of humility. And likewise unpopular with some people will be the Church's reminder that the sin of Pride still ranks first among the seven capital sins condemned by Christ.

Our hope here, however, is not so much to convince the wilfully arrogant of the error of their ways. Our purpose, rather, is to point out that the capital sin Pride covers a multitude of other sins which are subtle and not easy to recognize. The Catholic teaching in this respect may not appeal to those afflicted by Pride, but we think it will be received with a spirit of good-will and approval by humble people of all faiths.

Pride, for example, can be a worse sin than murder under certain circumstances. It was the Original Sin. It is often the besetting sin of the individual who demands to see the divine credentials and assumes to judge God. And there are sins prompted by Pride which violate no civil law, yet are deeply offensive to God.

The Catholic Church constantly reminds its people to acknowledge their weaknesses and confess their sins . . . to realize that human merits are from God and are not due to the worthiness of



the individual. This confession of unworthiness is among the very first prayers uttered by the priest and the people at Mass, when they proclaim to God and to "all the saints" in heaven that they have sinned . . . "through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous fault."

Catholics, of course, are exposed to the same occasions for sinning as other people. And like others, they have the God-given free will to choose between sinning and not sinning. On the other hand, they have the guidance and help of the Church . . . and the Sacraments . . . in the struggle against temptation. How this help works with respect to the Seven Capital Sins . . . Pride, Anger, Sloth, Envy, Covetousness, Gluttony and Lust . . . is shown in a helpful pamphlet which we will send you free on request. It will be mailed in a plain wrapper; nobody will call on you. Ask for Pamphlet No. MM-34.

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To Live on an Island

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

or reading a newspaper. In consequence, they sometimes lose track of time. When Jack Frost, a Vancouver surgeon, was on holiday with his family in the Gulf Islands last June he was asked twice one Sunday morning what day it was. Yet, if they wish, for about twelve dollars by air or five dollars by surface, most Gulf Islanders can have a day's shopping in Vancouver or Victoria and be home in time for the customary early bed.

Unearned income is the lifeblood of the Gulf Islands. The rich men who own whole big islands have their dividends and most of the aged hermits who occupy tiny shacks receive military pensions for wounds or expired terms of service. The overwhelming majority of Gulf Islanders are retired bank clerks, civil servants, school teachers, minor executives, small businessmen and the like, living on annuities, pensions or the interest from accumulated savings. On Galiano one person in six receives the old-age pension and the same ratio applies roughly to the other islands.

Some pensioners supplement their income by market gardening, running water taxis, odd jobs of carpentry or plumbing, occasional labor on the roads and tasks that amount to taking in each other's washing. But as a rule their life consists of leisurely strolls down to meet the Vancouver or Victoria Island ferry, organizing picnics for visiting grandchildren and other relatives, engaging in handicrafts for the church bazaar, and indulging in friendly gossip at the general store—usually situated by the dock. Margaret Busteed, a lighthearted elderly spinster who has lived for many years on North Pender, says: "I'm only two minutes from the store but when I go shopping I am involved in so many conversations around the counter that I simply cannot get home again in less than two hours."

The only people who toil hard are the storekeepers, small loggers, resort owners, a few professional writers, the clerk in the liquor store on Saltspring and the chicken, cattle and sheep farmers. Sheep fare well and Gulf Island lamb is the one export of note.

The bounty of nature contributes to the leisured economy. So plentiful is the game that venison, pheasant and wild duck are part of everybody's diet in season and sometimes out of season too. Recently one well-known Gulf Islander shot a buck outside a hall where a dance was in progress. If a fisherman returns without a salmon he is greeted with astonishment rather than condolences. Anybody can scramble about a beach for an hour and collect enough oysters and clams to make an ambrosial chowder for twelve.

Vegetables grow big, and apples, pears, plums, cherries, raspberries and strawberries ripen profusely in almost everybody's back yard. Some islanders, taking a hint from the wild cactus, have produced such semi-tropical fruits as figs and lemons.

Freed from the constraints of convention, some Gulf Islanders permit long-subdued personality quirks to rise to the surface. One bizarre pinchpenny is still wearing out the clothes left by his late wife. A few years ago another islander spent weeks hauling dynamite to a cave where he eventually sealed himself in and blew himself up.

The most notorious island crackpot however was Edward Arthur Wilson, of

the De Courcy group, who called himself Brother Twelve. Between 1927 and 1932 he dabbled in black magic, collected about him hundreds of moneyed disciples and encouraged them to observe his doctrine of free love. When he'd robbed them of a total of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars he bought himself a costly tugboat, sailed away, one jump ahead of the law, with a beautiful victim he called the Goddess Isis, and was never seen again. Brother Twelve left such a curse on the De Courcy that to speak of them to a Gulf Islander is a *faux pas* that produces a stony stare. It was Brother Twelve who saddled all Gulf Islanders with the unwarranted nickname of the Goofy Islanders.

When Jean Howarth, a columnist on the Vancouver Province, bought herself a summer home on Saturna some years ago she was asked: "What on earth made you choose that place? It's full of wild goats and screwballs." Saturna, twelve miles by six, is the most remote of the populated islands. It is still without public electric power, resorts, a bank, a gas station or paved roads.

And it is true about the goats. A couple of domesticated animals deserted by a settler some fifty years ago have multiplied into a wild flock several hundred strong.

An Embrace for the General

Among the screwballs, consider Adam Fosness, who during the Twenties and Thirties lived in a shack on top of a mountain. People said he was crazy because all he did was collect cedar, alder and arbutus boughs and fashion them into organ pipes, for every note in the chromatic scale. Some of the bass jobs were twelve feet long. He stacked them by the hundred all round his cabin. And then about the time the theatres turned over to talkies and began installing Wurlitzer organs Fosness disappeared for several months. Soon after he came back a ship called and took all his pipes away. He left for Norway with a small fortune.

Saturna is also the home of Eddie Reid, a droll middle-aged raconteur who makes his living as an assistant in the general store. During the last war Eddie joined a Saturna home defense force which was inspected one day by General George R. Pearkes VC. It was agreed that the general would not be reminded of the Department of Defense's failure, in spite of repeated pleas and embittered entreaties, to send the local force some bullets. But Pte. Reid could not keep his mouth shut. He stepped out of the ranks, threw his arms around Pearkes' neck and cried: "For God's sake, general, pass the ammunition."

Old Tom Durow, who lives alone on a pension from England's Brigade of Guards on top of a nine-hundred-foot hill, is famous for his penetrating tenor renderings of Italian opera while fishing. But music has not undermined his military bearing. He stands to attention the moment he's spoken to. Every morning he gives himself forty-five minutes of arms drill and occasionally follows up with ten rounds rapid fire at a target.

Many elderly bachelors and widowers like Tom have to make the best of the pittance to which nearly all imperial army pensions have been reduced by devaluation of sterling. There is George Elgie, for example, who took over a rotting shack with tree branches covering holes in the floor. He not only made it habitable but began expanding his tiny domain. Recently he bought ten acres of rocky crown land for eighty dollars and he was given three years to pay.

Bill Maclean, who is getting on for ninety and tiddies every day round the same seven miles of scenic walk, has such a soft heart that he lavishes on machinery the sort of kindness that others reserve for animals. For years he has been buying rusting old trucks, trailers, pumps, marine engines and other mechanical equipment and littering them around his cabin. When asked what he intends to do with them he says: "Nothing. They've done their job. Let them rest in peace."

Healthy old age is a phenomenon common to all the islands and especially to Saturna. Some years ago, the story goes, a Saturna man died at eighty. "He was always a sickly boy," his mother remarked. Saturna's George Copeland, at ninety-three, still rides bareback on his black pony Prince, raises fruit trees, including one grafted trunk that produces three different kinds of apple and a pear, and recently dug for the new cemetery ninety-three post holes, one for each year of his life, saying phlegmatically: "I'll probably be first in."

Ernie Crossingham has lived alone on Saturna for years. People who drop in for a chat and a cup of tea with Ernie are disconcerted by the sight of a chamber pot full of fresh water in a corner. "I always keep that handy in case of fire," he says.

Baldy Satterthwaite, who does a bit of fishing, was overturned in his boat one night as he was transferring some household goods, including china, from one home to another. When he was pulled out, he said: "I always knew the fish would get me one day but I never thought I'd be served to them on my own dishes."

One of the few true natives of Saturna is Joan Ralph, wife of Arthur Ralph, the storekeeper. She was a Georgeson, one of a family now scattered throughout the islands. She remembers how her father and uncle would row thirty miles to New Westminster for provisions and a case of Scotch. One night when they were rowing home they encountered a floating dead whale. Her father asserted salvage rights by climbing onto the whale with a bottle of Scotch and an oil lamp. He sat blissfully on its upturned belly all night while her uncle rowed back to New Westminster to fetch a tug.

But youth is coming into its own on Saturna. Jim and Lorraine Campbell, both graduates in agriculture from the University of British Columbia, went through some old records after the war and discovered that the late Warburton Pike, one of Saturna's settlers and a famous explorer and big-game hunter, was highly successful at wintering hundreds of pack mules used for the summer exploration of B. C. They bought Pike's old estate and today herd a hundred head of beef cattle so economically that they can compete with mainland prices, in spite of sea-freight rates across the gulf.

Recently, in the space of two hours, Lorraine Campbell drove four guests on a tractor up a three-mile trail from Saturna Beach to her farmhouse; prepared a chicken supper for six on a wood stove; churned twenty pounds of butter; put three children to bed; fixed the stalled gas engine that generates the electric light; rounded up the milk cow; changed into a party dress; and then downed a couple of cocktails with all the aplomb of a Westmount, Rosedale or Shaughnessy matron.

The *seigneurs* of Saturna are Jim and Lou Money, an energetic couple in their middle forties. Although he's never had to try a case, Jim is recognized as the leading citizen by virtue of his magistrate's rank. A former miner, he raises sheep, superintends

dirt road repairs, delivers milk and serves as Saturna's low-pressure promoter. Anxious to increase the island's population, he builds homes at bargain prices to attract new residents. He will sell you on mortgage a brand-new four-roomed house with indoor plumbing and half an acre of land for three thousand dollars.

Ed Gilbert is one of the typical new residents lured by Jim Money. He had an office job in Saskatoon until just after the war. "My wife and I wrote to places all over the west coast," he says, "looking for somewhere to retire. We got a lead to Jim Money. Jim's friendly letter was irresistible and we visited him. We never went back. We stayed in a cabin at Jim's farm while he built us the house."

Ed's only problem is a haircut. His wife died soon after he retired and he has to beg a cut off somebody else's wife. Recently he heard there was a barber traveling aboard the ferry. He dashed down to the dock and, while the ferry was unloading, Ed got a haircut in front of a hundred cheering passengers.

One young man on Saturna is making a Herculean effort to live there without private means. He is Dave Jack, a former merchant seaman still in his thirties who lost an eye during the war in a German bombing raid on Glasgow docks. Down on a lonely Saturna beach he built a wooden fishing vessel forty-two feet long from logs he cut and seasoned himself. He fashioned every rib, bulkhead and spar and built in everything from the engine to the galley sink.

He borrowed eight thousand dollars before he was through but he sold the fishing boat for ten thousand dollars. Today he's building a seine netter, and expects a bigger profit.

By Seaplane for Lamb

All the Saturna folk co-operate once a year to run the annual Lamb Barbecue. It started seven years ago as a local Dominion Day picnic and last July attracted more than a thousand outsiders. They came by ferry, row-boat, sailboat and motorboat. More than a hundred rakish craft from the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club were standing off Saturna beach. The navy came in two landing craft. Twenty-four people even arrived by chartered seaplane. The barbecue was originated by Jim Cruickshank, a Scot who once tried and failed to sheep-farm on Saturna. Now he travels from Vancouver especially for the event. Tickets this year were only a dollar each and most people got more lamb than they could eat. The holder of a lucky ticket won a case of Scotch.

She was Mrs. Beatrice Freeman, a greyling vivacious South Pender Island matron who passes the time making silver filigree jewelry and owes her English accent to ancestors who first settled on the rocky six-by-two-mile knoll two generations ago. She is one of the old-timers who deplore the trend toward tourism. "In ten years," she says, "the islands will be abominable, simply abominable, if they keep bringing these weekly boarders in."

Her husband, John Freeman, is the South Pender postmaster. Officially, the thirty residents are supposed to collect their mail from the Freeman home on a wild lonely shore looking across the gulf to the San Juan Islands. But Freeman delivers as much as he can by motorboat, leaving letters and parcels in rocky crevices at the foot of the recipients' property. He's familiar with the killer whales which slide up the gulf like squadrons of destroyers. They have been known to bite the bow off a sixty-foot yacht. "It's danger-



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ous," says Freeman, "to be in a boat without power when the killer whales are around."

The Pender Islands, now linked by a bridge and within easy ferry reach of Vancouver Island, are fast becoming independent of pensions. Sheep farmers are adding to their flocks every year. North Pender, in seeming protest against the Gulf Islands reputation for primitive conditions, has developed tourist resorts that can compete with mainland hotels. Mrs. W. W. Lynd, a bustling black-haired matron, the wife of a successful Alberta lawyer, took over an old mansion, painted it in dazzling colors, stuffed it with plush furnishings, and installed in the formal gardens a swimming pool and patio with little tables and bright parasols. Everybody's room is equipped with drinking glasses wrapped in wax paper and a printed injunction to draw the shades when leaving to protect the wallpaper and rugs from fading. She calls it Beautyrest.

Jack Bridge, an Englishman and former bank clerk, who keeps the general store on North Pender, has one of the best Why I Came To The Islands stories. After World War I he was on his way to New Zealand but while waiting for the ship in Vancouver he met an old army pal who said: "You don't have to go so far to find a bit of peace. There's a little store out in the Gulf Islands . . ." Jack bought it and has been there ever since.

Island kindness was seen at its best in North Pender four years ago when old John Newman, a Royal Navy pensioner, lost his cabin by fire. Members of the Canadian Legion built him a new one free. Even so, John has impressed all the islanders by his independence. Out of a pension hardly big enough to keep a cat alive he's developed three acres and become self-supporting. "He sings in his garden from morning till night," says Mrs. W. L. Shirley, a neighbor, "and it's a tonic to listen to him." Recently Mrs. Shirley sold John an old washstand with a mirror. He said in his chirpy Cockney: "Cor blimey, that's the first time I've seen myself in years, and damn me if I'm not the best-looking old geezer on this 'ere gull perch."

While the Penders become more progressive, Mayne Island, about five miles in diameter, jogs along at the old tempo. The pace was set by Lady Constance Fawkes who died a couple of years ago. She lived in a sixty-room mansion that is now a tourist home. Once she had been a lady-in-waiting to Queen Mary and until her recent death she affected the same sort of old-fashioned toques, high necks and parasols as her former royal mistress.

There is time for anything on Mayne, even for training dogs as deck hands. When Mayne's Derril Georgeson motorboats up to a dock newcomers are astonished to hear him cry: "Bowline!" or "Sternline!" and to see his big black dog Punk jump ashore, grab the line indicated, and hold the craft alongside until Derril can make fast. As casually as if he were talking to a human Derril says: "Go and get your victuals." Punk then trots up to the general store and grabs himself a can of dog food while the clerk nonchalantly puts it down to Derril's account.

Punk does most of his shopping on Galiano Island, the twenty-five-mile-long three-mile-wide finger that lies just to the north of Mayne. Here Fred and Margaret Robson run a modern resort named Galiano Lodge and recently Lt.-Col. Max Hillary, a cousin of Sir Edmund Hillary, the conqueror of Everest, came out from the Eastern Townships of Quebec to give them

some hot competition with housekeeping cabins.

Another go-ahead Galiano type is Capt. Ivan G. Denroche, formerly of Dublin, who has such faith in the future that he loses several hundreds of dollars a year keeping a golf course going.

Even a few retired people on Galiano have been caught up in the recent surge of effort. John and Margaret Robinson, a Scots couple who made a fat bank balance in a candied-peel business in Vancouver, settled on Galiano swearing never to do another stroke of work. But now they're baking eighteen pounds of Gulf Islands Shortbread every day on their kitchen stove, packing it professionally in tins and exporting it as far as England, the Channel Islands, France, Sweden and Australia. "We got bored doing nothing," says John.

Each year Galiano runs a festival in imitation of Saturna's barbecue. But the only original idea so far is that of Olly Garner who built a model bronco out of oil drums, burlap, an eccentric axle and a motor. This works so vigorously it has been known to toss an Alberta cowboy.

"I Needle Them a Bit"

The most disconcerting man on Galiano is seventy-year-old Dr. Morton Hall who, until five years ago, was a professor of pathology at the University of Alberta. Wearing one of those conical straw hats you see in hillbilly cartoons, and tattered pants held up by galluses, he drives down to the dock every day in a ramshackle car full of eggs. When I met him he said fiercely: "Don't be fooled by the condition of this car. I've got four thousand chickens back there and they're eating twelve tons of feed a month and that means eggsports, boy—exports! Do you get it?"

He looked at the crew of the ferry and shouted: "If you men feel up to the strain there's a dozen crates of eggs here for Vancouver. But if this is one of your off days I'll heave them aboard myself." As the grinning crew loaded the eggs he said: "You can laugh but remember, this is the only stuff going off the island today. You've brought ten tons in but mine's the only cargo you're taking out." Then he swung around on me again and said in a voice loud enough for everybody on the dock to hear: "There are too many people sitting around on their fannies in these islands. Fancy an old man like me having to come in and show them how to get a move on."

Then he winked and whispered: "I have to needle them a bit. It's good for their circulation."

Another unorthodox denizen of Galiano is Don New, the postmaster. He's a nudist. When he takes his annual holidays he always goes to a nudist convention. Mind you, he doesn't function in his official capacity in the buff. He wears a pair of shorts. And when he goes out to dinner or loads the mail aboard the ferry he even covers his usually naked torso with a jacket. Though most Galiano residents disapprove of his doctrines they are indulgent toward his sincerity, even to the point of letting him preach in the Anglican church when the dean cannot get over from Vancouver.

The dean is the Very Reverend Northcote Burke, of Vancouver's Christ Church Cathedral, who intends to retire to Galiano and meantime occupies a week end and summer cabin there. On Galiano the dean uses unconventional language for one of his cloth. Referring recently to a well-known Biblical story he said: "And the boy David was pitted against this

enormous chap put forward by the Philistines. Golly, this gigantic chap was around twelve feet high. He must have been an American import."

One of Galiano's several beach-combers is Tom Carolan, who lives on the east shore facing Vancouver in a tent equipped with a telephone. At night Tom can see the city lights turning the sky into a kaleidoscope but he says: "Vancouver is only beautiful from here." He scratches a living going around the islands by boat and showing movies, often to no more than twelve people. For several years he's been building himself a bungalow out of washed-up lumber. It's almost finished now. "You can beachcomb anything here," says Tom.

His neighbor, Doug Moore, recently picked up on the beach a crate of fresh eggs. "All we need now," said Mrs. Moore, "is some bacon." Next morning Doug found a ten-pound can of bacon deposited on his front doorstep by the tide. Four other Galiano residents confirm the story.

They are a generous lot on Galiano. When Lady Tweedsmuir visited the community as wife of the then governor-general she said she'd simply love to own a whole island. The people of Galiano bought her one and the Tweedsmuir family has paid taxes on it ever since.

The biggest wholly owned island is Moresby, four miles long by two wide. In the Nineties it belonged to a man named Robertson who built a castle there. It took the shape of two separate towers joined by a passageway. Legend has it that old Robertson lived in one tower and his wife in the other and that they met in the middle once a year. Capt. Owen Robertson, his grandson, has been heard to say he considers the story "a trifle exaggerated."

Most of the wholly owned islands support a beautiful lodge in which a Croesus lives. Samuel Island once belonged to Garfield Weston, the Canadian biscuit millionaire, and now is the property of Harry Worth, a Texas oilman. Tumbo, Wallace, Jack-screw, Coal and Knap Islands belong to wealthy Americans who fly in for the summer from homes as far apart as Virginia and California and are rarely seen by the Canadian island residents.

In Ganges Harbour, Saltspring Island, there is a small island on which the first owner built a miniature castle complete with turrets and battlements. It's now owned by George Cran, a retired vice-president of the Vancouver Sun, who has modernized the interior but left the outside alone. It suggests a picture out of a Grimm's fairy tale.

Ganges is the biggest of three townships on Saltspring Island which, in turn, is the biggest island in the group. Because it has a drugstore, a florist, a dress shop, several groceries, two service stations, a bank, a liquor store, a hotel, a beer parlor and twelve miles of paved highway linking it with the ferry dock at Fulford Harbour, Ganges rates as the capital of the Gulf Islands.

In an office in Ganges sits plump businesslike Gavin Mouat, a member of one of the oldest families and a mixture of merchant prince and historian. Mouat money is in almost everything on the island from farms to stores and from logging to ferry-boats. Most people buying property do so through the agency of a Mouat real-estate company.

Mouat sums up the past, present and future of the islands succinctly: "First the Indians were top dogs. Then they were dominated by pioneer farmers and loggers. Next, retired wealthy families held the strings for fifty years. Lately, retired families of modest means have

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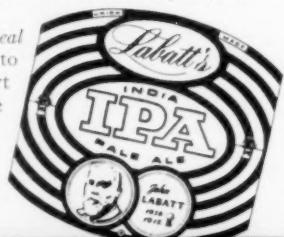
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THE SWING IS DEFINITELY TO
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outnumbered all the others. There is a struggle going on between a few big landholders who want to keep the islands as they are today and businessmen who want to divide them up and develop them into well-populated residential and holiday resorts. The latter are bound to win. The converging pressures of Vancouver and Victoria are irresistible."

But up to now there's plenty of the old flavor left on Saltspring. There is a colony of Negroes, for example, whose ancestors arrived in the Sixties. They had traveled to California with their masters as slaves and, on finding themselves unshackled, simply fled. To make doubly sure of their freedom some crossed the Canadian border.

The Negroes were among the first arrivals on Saltspring. The Indians gave them a rough time at first but they carved out homes for themselves. Among the children of the runaway slaves was Matilda Stark, who died only a few years ago at the reputed age of a hundred and twelve. Ernie Harrison, who is in his nineties, and coal black, claims he was the first "white man" born on Saltspring. By this he means the first non-Indian. There is little racial discrimination. Negro and white youngsters dance together at local shindigs. The Negro community has even attracted to Saltspring wealthy outsiders of its own color. One Saltspring Negro girl married Bob Holloman, the former president of a big Negro insurance company in the States. Now he's retired and lives on his wife's native heath in a gracious commodious home.

One of the oldest white families is the Ruckles, now running into the fourth generation, and prospering as farmers. On their estates is a house with a sad romance. It was built by a grandson of the original Henry Ruckles for the girl he intended to marry. A few days before the wedding date he was jilted. No one has ever lived in that house.

Old people abound on Saltspring and there is one woman there who's done so much for them that the National

Film Board is making a movie about her. She is Winnie Lautmann, a tough, talkative, bespectacled little citizen in her sixties, who charges around in an old truck wearing a scarlet baseball cap and occasionally tossing back a double gin. After a hard early life as a waitress and jail matron she came to Saltspring, made half a million dollars out of a timber stand, and earned the newspaper title of The Lady Logger.

Since the war she's spent much of her money on social welfare. Among other things, she's built twenty-five cabins which she rents to old-age pensioners for as little as six dollars a month. Visitors usually find Winnie on top of one of the cabins with a paint brush or a hammer. "Sure I lose money on them," she says, "but what the hell? I can't take it with me."

The Great Jetty Mystery

Although many people on Saltspring live in homes that are up to city standards the life occasionally calls for pioneer ingenuity. Earl Hardie, a retired merchant seaman, has a show-piece. It's a jetty built of rocks between five and ten tons in weight. "Now how do you think," he says, "that one man, with no mechanical lifting equipment, could place those rocks in position?" It's a poser that never fails to stump Earl's many visitors.

Well, Earl would spot a rock lying away down the beach at low tide and covet it for his jetty. So he would go out, dig a hole under it, and pass a chain around it. Then when the tide rose high enough to just cover the rock he'd go out in his powerboat towing a log forty feet long and five feet thick. He'd hitch the chain around the rock to the log. As the water rose the log would lift the rock and Earl would simply tow the whole shebang back to his jetty. There he'd release the chain and let the rock sink just where he wanted it.

The spirit of democracy prevailing on Saltspring is purely distilled. At

"You can't take it
with you,"
says islander
Winnie Lautmann.



After making a killing in lumber Winnie builds low-rental houses.



Tenants Mr. and Mrs. A. King serve tea to their benefactor.



Norm Preston hands Winnie a saw. Some homes rent for six dollars.

the Harbour House Hotel, Desmond Crofton, who was the commander of an infantry battalion during the last war, frequently waits in the beer parlor on men who were privates in his own ranks. The hotel, painted with shamrocks and hung with shillelaghs on green ribbons, has the atmosphere of an old Irish country inn, though it also has an excellent swimming pool and tennis court. Its profits are divided by a group of Crofton brothers and sisters known as the Seven Dees—Desmond, Denise, Diana, Dermot, Doreen, Dulcie and Donovan. The alliteration is disliked so intensely by Donovan that now, after many years of pleading, he's succeeded in persuading the whole of Saltspring to call him Patrick.

Through a marriage the Croftons were all related in childhood to one of the most fabulous residents the islands have ever known. He was a three-hundred-pound Yorkshireman named Henry W. Bullock, who arrived during the reign of Edward VII in a silk hat, high collar, stovepipe pants and spats, with bags bulging with the proceeds of a highly profitable woolen business. He built himself a big red house near Ganges and started to live like Lucullus.

Quarters of beef, haunches of venison, whole lambs and suckling pigs sizzled every night on spits round an open fire. The flesh disappeared by the ton into the mouths of scores of guests. Sometimes he invited so many that his twenty-four-place table was too small and the guests had to eat at two sittings. On these occasions Bullock, occupying a specially reinforced chair at the head, invariably dined twice.

There were certain penalties attached to accepting Bullock's hospitality. All guests had to wear full evening dress and any woman who turned up without long gloves and earrings was not asked again. "A beautiful woman," bachelor Bullock used to say, "has many duties to society and not the least of these is having her ears pierced."

He would walk through Ganges dangling a pair of expensive earrings and when he met a woman who was not wearing them he'd take hold of her ear and inspect it. Then he'd say: "Madam, if you will have your ears pierced these rings shall be yours." Before his death during World War I he'd fitted out almost every woman on Saltspring with a pair.

Saltspring is served by ferries from both the mainland and Vancouver Island. The first of these is the Lady Rose which puts out from Steveston, near Vancouver, every morning, calls at all the major islands on her way to Saltspring, and returns to Steveston late at night. The Lady Rose is only about eighty feet long, and passengers find it hard to believe that she sailed out from the Glasgow shipyards under her own steam in 1937. She is owned by O. H. (Sparky) New, a brother of Galiano's postmaster. New built up a coastal tug business from scratch and only entered the passenger trade a couple of years ago when the CPR withdrew its Gulf Island ferry because it didn't pay, leaving the inhabitants cut off from Vancouver. Though the Lady Rose is a bit shabby and New has a tough time breaking even, the islanders are grateful for her.

The other ferry is the Cy Peck, which carries sixteen cars and passengers from Swartz Bay, near Sidney on Vancouver Island, to Saltspring's Fulford Harbour at two-hour intervals. One of her two shift skippers is George Maude. His father, the late Commander Eustace B. Maude RN, was in command of the royal yacht Victoria and Albert one night when she

had the misfortune to be involved in a collision. Queen Victoria, who happened to be on board, was not amused, so Eustace Maude left sadly for Canada and settled on Mayne Island.

In 1925, when he was seventy-seven, Eustace Maude decided to show his home in England once more and he set off in a twenty-five-foot sailboat named the Half Moon. He intended to take the Panama Canal but when he was off the California coast the boom swung unexpectedly and knocked him unconscious for five days.

When he woke up Maude fixed his

position at six hundred miles off San Francisco. He refused assistance from a passing freighter and sailed home again. He never did get back to England but enriched the history of the Gulf Islands.

Before I left Saltspring I called on Jack Scott, whose daily column is one of the best-read features in the Vancouver Sun. We sat on his beach around a campfire and watched a hot day depart. The sun went down in a glory of regret and the full moon soared to take its place. Somewhere in the bush a wild animal shrieked

seven times as it was done to death by an enemy and then we were lulled into forgetfulness again by the utter peace of an island night.

I've lived in London, Paris, Rome, Athens and Vienna; I've worked in Brussels, Berlin, Marseilles, Geneva and Barcelona; I've ridden a rickshaw in Durban, climbed the pyramids in Cairo, danced with a Circassian siren in Damascus and eaten sheep's eyes with a sheik near Aleppo. But few of these experiences are etched deeper into my memory than the trip to the Gulf Islands which produced this article. ★

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Point of Order

BY PAUL STEINER

Illustrated by Ken Zealley

A sign at an Ontario political convention proclaimed: "Press Photographers — Do not photograph speakers while they are addressing audience. Shoot them before they reach the platform."

A four-year-old boy in an Ontario orphanage went on a spree, flooded bathrooms, broke windows, screens, bicycles and threw away all the shoes of his playmates. The orphanage board thought long and hard about the case, then decided on one immediate step: they sent the superintendent on a restful vacation.

The city of Medicine Hat, Alta., wished to name its new bridge "Ogopogo." But, in deference to the prior claim made to the name by the Kelowna district of British Columbia, Medicine Hat will spell the name backwards, rendering Ogopogo as—Ogopogo.



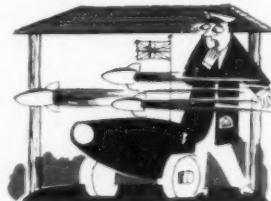
A law still on the books in Hamilton, Ont., requires males on the streets after midnight to be clothed in full-dressed suits.

Windsor, Ont., authorities announced that driving schools will be permitted to instruct women between the hours of 8 a.m. and 9 p.m. only.

When Alberni, B.C., aldermen entered a discussion of street names in a new subdivision, one man deplored the fact that there was nothing in the town to remind residents of the first mayor, the late Charles Frederick Bishop. "How about me?" asked Alderman Fred Bishop, grandson of the 1913 mayor.

The mayor of Kentville, N.S., did more than lay the cornerstone for a new elementary school in town. He had previously donated the stone and personally cut the inscription on it.

Annoyed by a nightly salute from an antique cannon fired by the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, a millionaire neighbor began firing salvos of rockets at the same time. The town council then went to court contending the club was violating a local bylaw forbidding the use of firearms within municipal limits. The judge sided with the club, ruling "a gun must be loaded with bullets to be a lethal firearm."



In Victoria, J. W. Wilson, executive director of the Lower Mainland Regional Planning Board, asked a planning conference for suggestions about what to do with a Vancouver lot that is sixty feet wide and a quarter of a mile long. His own suggestion: "Grow spaghetti on it."

After a New Brunswick town council asked the RCMP to crack down on illegal fishing in the community's reservoir, the Mounties picked up the chairman of the town's police committee.



Montreal police had trouble locking up a 408-pound thief, who couldn't get through a cell door.

The mayor of Lethbridge, Alta., entered a pancake-eating contest and finished in a tie for top honors, after polishing off forty flapjacks.

Complaining of overwork, a Mountjoy, Ont., official resigned from his job as police chief, dogcatcher, tax collector, poundkeeper, liquor inspector, building inspector, cemetery inspector, weight inspector, sanitary inspector and school attendance officer.

Edmonton officials looked with pride at a petition sent by residents who earlier had asked for and received new sidewalks and widened streets. The petition didn't ask for anything—it simply said, "Thank you."

MAILBAG

Scouts and War

Does David MacDonald think that an organization of teen-agers should be used to poison men drafted into an army by their governments, in most cases much against their will and inclination, and among them, probably, many a former Boy Scout? (Why Have the Boy Scouts Survived?, Aug. 20). Is this incident which, according to MacDonald, occurred in Norway during World War II, something to boast about? How many Canadian parents would agree to have their youngsters used the same way or inspired in that direction? Wouldn't that mean to adopt the practices of the Hitler Youth?

In an article on Boy Scouts there should be no mention of war at all. We should finally decide if we want our Boy Scouts to be good patriots or good world citizens.—G. P. Valstyn, Winnipeg.

• You have done your good turn for the day!—Jackson Dodds, Boy Scouts Association, Montreal.

What Guthrie Wore

It would not only be unseemly but unseasonable for Dr. Tyrone Guthrie (Aug. 6) to appear during a midsummer thundershower clad only in a mackinaw. Author Barbara Moon probably meant a mackintosh.—A. J. Robbins, Don Mills, Ont.

She did.

Whisky and the Liver

Your correspondent, Charles Mosler, from Paramus, N.J. (Mailbag, Aug. 6) can quote scientists but is he scientific? Take one example of his wild statements: "Blaming whisky for cirrhosis of the liver is as out-of-date as accusing frogs of causing warts." Actually, Dr. E. M. Jellinek, specialist on alcoholism for the World Health Organization, still finds the death rate from cirrhosis the most reliable index.

Using the Jellinek formula, the Alcoholism Research Foundation of Ontario came within one percent of the actual count made by a team carrying out an intensive survey of a certain county . . . English physicians have made estimates that average around seventy percent for the number of cases that can be traced to alcohol. Dr. M. J. Aubenque, of the National Bureau of Statistics, Paris, estimates that in France 80-85 percent of the men and 90 percent of the women dying of cirrhosis can blame alcohol . . . —Robert G. Thompson, Edmonton.

New Name for an Old Day

Your editorial, Let's Call It Confederation Day (July 9), may well be one of your most lasting contributions to Canadian tradition.

The name is so ideally suited for this country's national holiday that its repeated appearance in print should bring about public acceptance and usage regardless of official adoption in Ottawa.—Lester Halpin, Kelowna, B.C.

Tories in the West

In your excellent special western issue (June 25), Blair Fraser makes the following statement: "Considering that Kohaly was the first Conservative to be elected to the Saskatchewan Legislature since 1934, the party had good reason to feel encouraged by its progress." This was in reference to the Saskatchewan Conservative Party, and the member named is Robert Kohaly, Souris Estevan.

Mr. Fraser, who has the reputation for factual correctness, evidently was not aware that, in 1948, A. H. Mc-

Donald, the new leader of the Saskatchewan Liberal Party, was elected as a Progressive Conservative for the Moosomin constituency. In writing of Mr. Kohaly's election, Mr. Fraser stated: "Actually it was a saw-off between the two old parties to beat the CCF." The same was the case in the election of Mr. McDonald. —Mrs. Austin Bothwell, Regina.

Do Women Sometimes Peep?

I was very interested in your article, The Parents Strike Back at Sex Crimi-

nals (July 23). I could not help but notice the lack of some important facts in it, though.

Carelessness on the part of the one peeped at is usually the cause of a Peeping Tom and, in this, men alone are not guilty.

Similarly, I felt that not sufficient emphasis was placed on the frequent guilt of the victim in a sex offense. A man can be guilty of rape if the girl is under age even when she instigates the act.

Also, there was no mention whatever of the female sex deviates. If you

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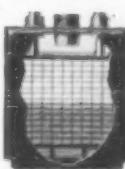
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don't believe they exist, call in Dr. Kinsey.—J. C. Powell, Edmonton.

It's No Secret Any More

Dr. Norman Berrill's article, Have We Gone Too Far With the Atom Tests? (July 9), must appeal to anyone who gives any thought to the matter. Surely also the time is long past for claiming that any one nation or group of physicists has, or ever had, "the secret" of atomic chain reaction and of the bomb . . . —E. W. Bowness, Calgary.

King James vs. The Rest

A hearty "thank you" for the splendid editorial, Do We Need A Simpler Bible? (July 23). My grand-daughters were staying with me when the magazine came so I asked them to read it and they both said they preferred the King James Version, adding that it was very beautiful. Their ages, 10 and 13. —Mrs. Frank Gray, Moose Jaw, Sask.

• Your wonderful editorial has so stirred me that I feel I must write and thank you. Never before have I written

to any paper about anything and I am quite sure I never will again but the thought of hundreds of children being deprived of the beauty of those two perfect poems, the 23rd Psalm and the chapter on charity, has driven me to my pen.—M. Pense, Kingston, Ont.

• We do not build up our physical strength on canned strained baby foods, neither can we reduce our intellectual faculties to the limited intelligence of young children. They must be trained, as we were, to appreciate the beauty of the English language that is given to us

in the King James Version.—Fanny K. Huntley, Vancouver.

• The Bible itself fails to support your editorial. In 1 Cor. 14:19, Paul writes: "In the church I had rather speak five words with my understanding, that by my voice I might teach others also, than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue." —Rev. E. Arthur Betts, Glen Margaret, N.S.

• Why, oh why, does a magazine usually so progressive and logical suddenly become so unprogressive and illogical? Your editorial looks like a sudden and, let's hope, brief lapse into sentimental nostalgia for old terms and old words. Unfortunately, many of the old terms and the old words have lost their meaning for our generation. In addition, some of them are inaccurate . . . —Rev. Arthur G. MacPherson, Hagersville, Ont.

The Quartered Caribou

The little Ottawa lad (Parade, July 23) who counts his money in beavers, schooners and moose, should be informed (or at least his father should) that the animal with large horns on the



Canadian quarter is a caribou, not a moose.—Mrs. J. Attridge, Calgary.

• Tch Tch! . . . —P. Sarjeant, Valleyfield, Que.

Should Southpaws Spin?

When I finally got my eyes off the beautiful fish portrayed on your cover of Aug. 6, I discovered that all three of what appear to be casting reels are lefthanded.—Dave Miller, Sioux Lookout, Ont.

A remarkable coincidence, says artist Oscar Cahen.

We're Glamorous in England

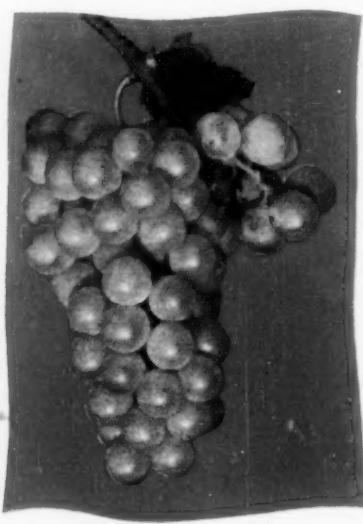
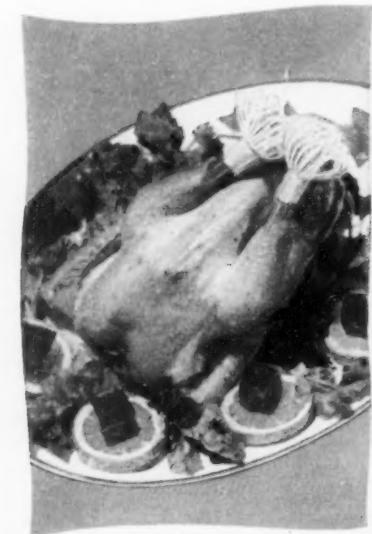
Regularly, I send my Maclean's to a friend in Romford, Essex, England. Recently she and her husband had company in to watch television for the evening. My parcel had arrived that afternoon. Instead of watching television, each took a Maclean's and spent the evening reading it, the TV forgotten. When you can take the glamour from TV, well that is something.—Mrs. J. W. Bullough, Calgary. ★

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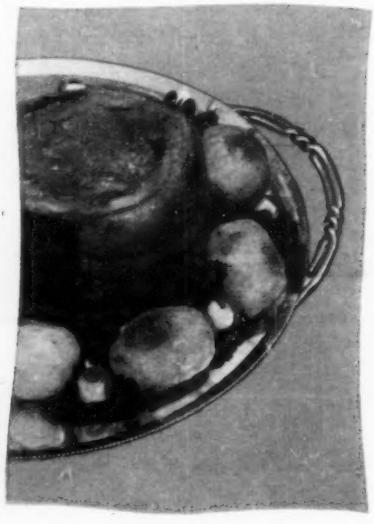
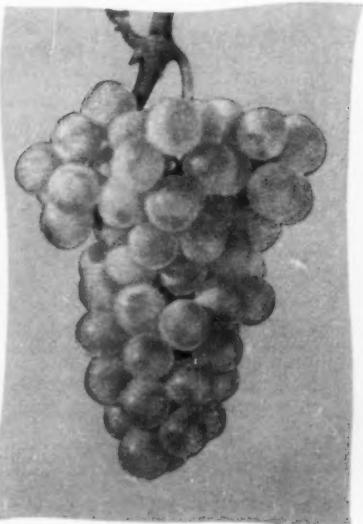
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10

Ways to get the Kids to Bed
(WHEN THEY'D PREFER TO WATCH TV)

1 Attach one end of a stout piece of string to the television set cord which is plugged into the electrical outlet. Run the string under the carpet to your chair. When you wish the children to go to bed, pull the string. This will disconnect the set and disconcert the children. Tell them, "There is something wrong with the set." This will render them manageable and it will be an easy matter to get them to bed.



2 Approach the television set carrying a horse whip. Turn the set off with one hand while keeping the children at bay with the whip. Next whip the children out of the room and into bed.

3 Run in shouting, "Children, unless you're in bed in five minutes you won't be allowed to stay up till 9.30!" This will often confuse them, making it easy to get them into their room.

4 Ask the children, "How'd you kids like to go to a drive-in movie tonight?" In most cases they will say "yes." When they leave the set to get ready, turn it off and lock the door of the room. Explain to the children that you were merely asking a question, not proposing an outing.

5 Dash through the room where the television and children are, crying, "Fire! Fire! Fire!" In most instances the children will run after you. Rush into the children's bedroom and when they follow you in, nip out and lock their door.



6 Disguise yourself as a truck driver. When you wish them to go to bed walk in, disconnect the television set and carry it away, remarking as you do so, "Overhaul and repairs," or, "Four payments due."

7 When the children are watching television step up to them and tell them they are wanted on the telephone. Explain that you could not hear clearly enough to tell which child was wanted. When they go to the phone disconnect the television. They will return complaining there was nobody on the line. Tell them the party calling must have hung up and that, as the television set is out of order, they might as well go to bed.

8 Offer the children fifty cents each if they will go right to bed. They are pretty sure to accept. Give them the money when they are in bed. They will put it under their pillows. You can get it back when they are asleep. Next morning when they tell you the money has disappeared, punish them for their carelessness in losing it by saying, "No television tonight."

9 Put the television set in the children's bedroom.



10 Or bring the children's beds into the television room.

BY BARRY MATHER ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE FEYER

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Sani-Flush

What Virtue Has Done to Montreal

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

when the city police recently brought charges against several shopkeepers who were operating pinball machines the cases had to be held over until the courts could hear the dozens of other police charges. In one day John G. Ahern QC, one of the city's leading criminal lawyers, spent all morning and afternoon pleading for his clients in court, and then spent his evening trying to get others released on bail. It was an average day for him.

When this article was written cases were pending against at least half a dozen major underworld characters, including Frank Pretula, a former lieutenant of Harry Davis who was the underworld's pay-off man until he was shot to death in 1946. The underworld itself was torn with strife over the collapse of its protection system. Police toleration of crime and vice in Montreal had ended in the Caron probe and the city election last November.

Les filles, the so-called bar girls, vice girls or just plain prostitutes, around whom Montreal's night life whirled gaily and amorously ever since the end of the war, have been chased relentlessly by the police. Where once there were established red-light districts and madams even distributed advertising cards in public, the city's brothels now are few and well hidden. Many girls have moved to mining areas or other industrial cities in Quebec. One night-club operator recently got a telephone call from Las Vegas, where a muddled feminine voice asked tearfully, "Is it safe to come home?" He replied that it wasn't. Last May police arrested a woman who was suspected of running a bawdy house. In the place they found a list of names and addresses of three hundred "call girls," many of them stenographers and shopgirls who accepted night-time assignations by telephone. They were all warned by the police to stick to their daytime jobs.

Until the present cleanup gamblers operated more or less openly in Montreal. Almost anyone could walk into large bookmaking establishments and place a bet or check the results of horse races at major tracks all over the continent. Barbotte, a fast-rolling dice game, was a city legend, played in dozens of gambling joints. All this was illegal, of course, under section 176 of the federal Criminal Code, which prohibits any game of chance with money as a reward unless it's for charity. But the police didn't often bother such places.

Now, however, gamblers have been driven into private clubs, which operate with either a city or a provincial charter, and even there they can't be sure of privacy. When the city police suspect that a club operator is taking more than the legal rake-off (ten cents an hour or fifty cents a day for each player at cards) they often send a uniformed policeman into the club. With a cop peeking over their shoulders, the big gamblers usually leave. When one renowned bookmaker tried to beat the city shutdown by moving his establishment to nearby Ville St. Laurent, the city police called on the Ville St. Laurent police and persuaded them to raid the place and close it. One hapless barbotte operator was chased by police from one location to another until he finally gave up in disgust and bought a taxicab. Soon after, the police caught him rolling dice with a few other men on the back seat of his cab and arrested him.

But the shrillest cries of pain have

come from the eighty-three night clubs and bars, two hundred and ninety-eight taverns, twenty hotels, seven inns and forty restaurants that come under the Quebec Liquor Act in Montreal. The law says taverns can serve beer from eight in the morning until eleven at night; cafés, clubs, restaurants and cabarets with licenses can serve liquor from eight in the morning until two the next morning. But they're not supposed to sell any liquor after midnight on the day before a holiday or an election day, which means that the city's supposed to lock up at midnight Saturday—traditionally the biggest day in the week for the bars.

As this was written the city had refused to renew the licenses of twenty-four night clubs and was preparing to start court action against them under bylaw 926. But the clubs were still operating, since the city can't lock them up until and unless they're convicted of breaking the law. Six of the clubs—the Eldorado Club, La Madeleine, Bacardi Café, the Press (not newspaper) Club, Vic Café and Casa Loma—had applied for writs of mandamus, which would require the city to show cause why they shouldn't get licenses.

It Costs Cabbies Money

This legal rigmarole—and the cleanup—is slowly changing the character of the city, throttling down its once tempestuous night life. But it's nothing you can see at first glance. On week nights St. Catherine Street, the main stem from which Montreal's night life flows, still glitters with neon lights, as bright after midnight as before. There are just as many people jostling on the narrow sidewalks as there were a year ago. If the average person who lives in Montreal is aware of the change he probably doesn't consider it important that you can't buy a drink legally after 2 a.m. There are still the Alouettes to cheer for in football and the exploits of Rocket Richard to discuss in hockey. As far as the average citizen can see, the city is probably getting

better, not worse: streets filled with potholes are being resurfaced, a hundred and twenty-seven miles of them. Black-and-yellow signs everywhere proclaim: "This street to be resurfaced soon."

But for the city's thousands of professional and semi-professional night-hawks it's a different matter. There are six thousand waiters and busboys, ten thousand taxicab drivers and uncounted hundreds of musicians and entertainers in Montreal. More than half of them work at night. The cleanup has cost most of them money in tips and wages, and it has cost some their jobs.

"The racket boys used to come into a club and spend five hundred dollars in a night," one waiter told me. "You might get a fifty-dollar tip. Now, with the rackets being cleaned up, they haven't got that kind of money, or they're staying out of sight. So you get a ladies' bridge club where everybody has one drink and leaves you a dime."

At a parking lot on Stanley Street in the middle of the night club district, an attendant told me, "The girls used to attract big spenders. They'd come up from New York or Toronto, expecting to pick up a girl and spend a few nights on the town. Now the girls have been chased out of the clubs, or out of the city, so the spenders aren't around any more."

For the most part, the seamy side of Montreal is the side being changed. The city's three strong men, Drapeau, DesMarais and Plante, have gone about it with a crusading zeal that has impressed many of their constituents and shocked some. They haven't hesitated to do the unpopular thing. They have made many enemies even while winning supporters. And they have come in more or less open conflict with Quebec's most formidable strong man, Maurice Duplessis.

Two years ago in the Quebec legislature Duplessis referred to the provincial liquor laws and said, "Strict observance of the law leads to the



The reformers clean up Montreal's streets, too

The Drapeau regime launched a six-million-dollar road construction program. One hundred and twenty-seven miles of streets are being resurfaced.

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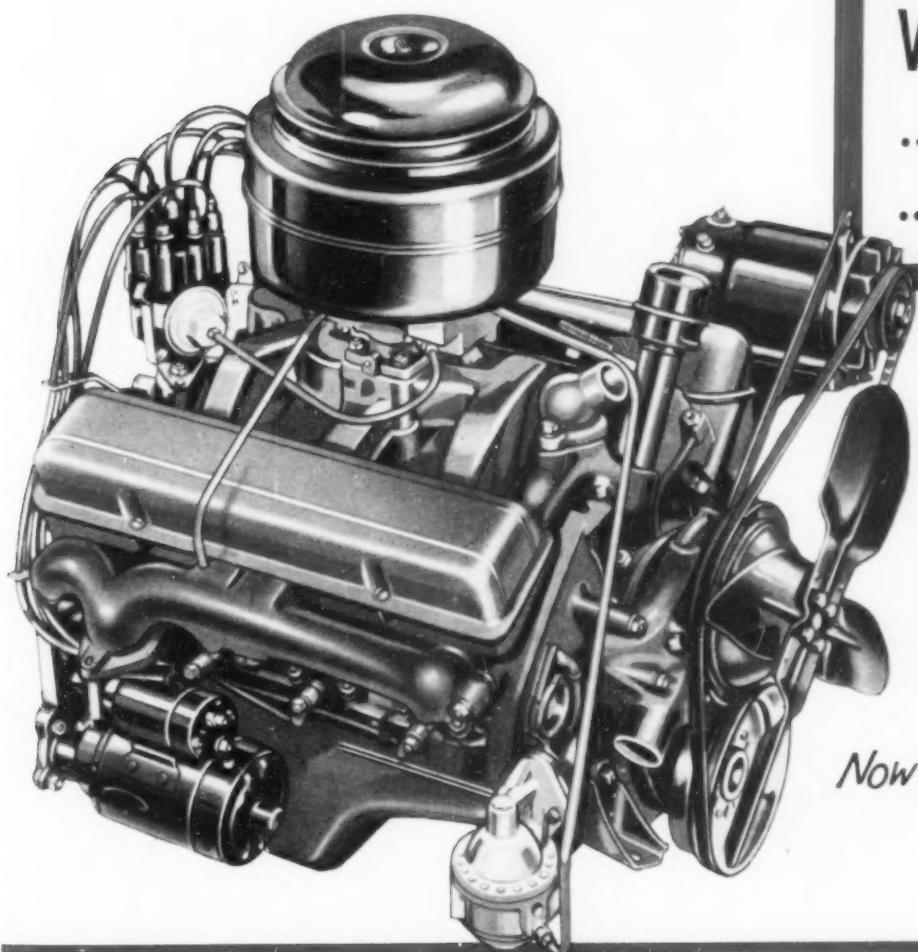
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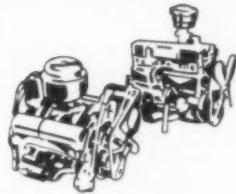
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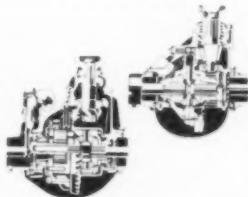


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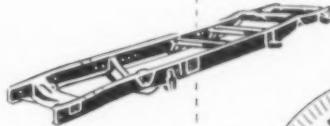
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"It's a scandal," the judge said, "that children can obtain liquor"

opening of blind pigs. We must avoid a worse evil by not employing excessive severity." And, regarding the Saturday midnight closing, he said, "It is impossible. No human authority can apply such a law." Yet in Montreal it is being applied and the new administration has not hesitated to remind the citizens that if the law is unpopular it is after all a provincial law. "I would prefer a 3 a.m. closing," DesMarais said recently.

Plante and Drapeau have not been afraid to step on toes, big or little. Last spring Drapeau attended a meeting with several prominent Montreal businessmen who wanted to see the new mayor at close range. "We'll be glad to tell you if you're on the right track as far as business is concerned," one of them told him bluntly. "You mean you'll tell me if you think I'm on the right track," Drapeau replied sharply. When the city's leading charities appeared in a body a few months ago to discuss their annual four-hundred-thousand-dollar grant from the city, Drapeau said he could give them no assurance they'd get it. He wanted their whole expenditures reviewed. It appears now, however, that they'll actually get most or all of the grant.

Plante, long aware of what happens to policemen who accept favors, is conscientious to the point of brusqueness in rejecting even the slightest kindness from anyone connected with the city's night life. A few months ago he appeared unexpectedly in the Bellevue Casino to see one of the club's celebrated stage shows. The management, flattered at the presence of the assistant director of police, neglected to give him a bill for his refreshments. Plante insisted. The management demurred.

"All right then," said Plante, "give everybody in the place a free drink, and I'll accept mine for nothing." There were six hundred people in the Casino. The management changed its mind and let him pay his bill.

It was with this general attitude of "no favors for anyone—just obey the law and do your job" that DesMarais, Drapeau and Plante went to work after becoming the three top men in City Hall.

"We will not be overzealous," said Plante, as he prepared his plans for the city's cleanup, but DesMarais gave some indication of the administration's impatience to get on with the job when he said, "If we make mistakes we'll make them fast."

Public works had lagged for years, and there was a mountainous backlog of street resurfacing and reconstruction. Montreal's traffic problem was even worse than Toronto's. The city's tax rolls were obsolete; some properties now worth thirty thousand dollars were assessed at three hundred. And the city needed money as always.

The new men in City Hall spent two months tackling these problems. In New York DesMarais borrowed thirty-five million dollars—just for a start; next year he intends to borrow forty millions and the year after that, sixty millions—all for city improvements, slum clearance and other projects. Drapeau launched a two-year, six-million-dollar program of thruways and street repair. A traffic director was appointed to act independently of the city police. And DesMarais started work on what he called "the dynamite-loaded job" of revising the tax rolls. Previous city regimes had carefully

avoided this task as being too unpopular with business interests. DesMarais, a successful businessman himself, decided it was the only realistic approach to sound city financing and ordered the job started.

Then, last March 1, the shady half world that operates after dark in Montreal got its first clear glimpse of the vice- and liquor-law cleanup to come. Plante's police raided and padlocked a blind pig in the city's St. Henry district. The place had no liquor license but it had been running day and night. Plante used bylaw 926 to have the spot declared illegal and then asked Municipal Court Judge Emmett J. McManamy for a padlock and got one.

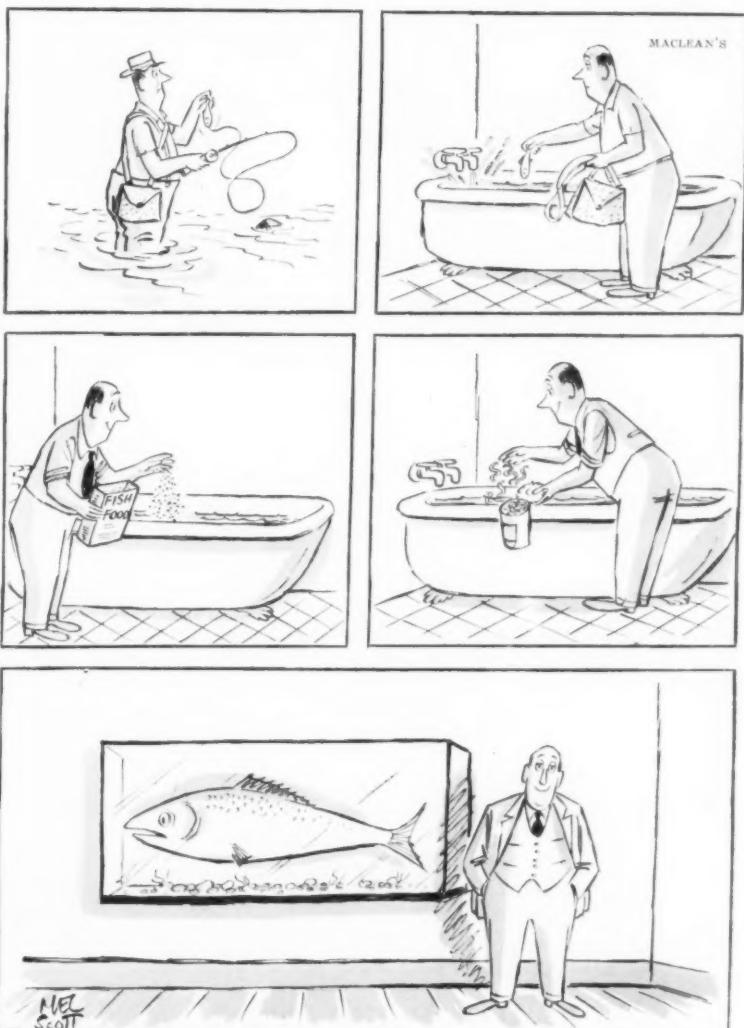
A Fortune in Pinballs

The judge said, "It is a scandal to fathers and mothers of adolescents in the neighborhood to know that there was such a place where their children could obtain liquor." Plante reminded newspapermen that it was the job of the provincial police to enforce the liquor laws, but in cases where the provincials weren't doing their job the city would do it for them, he said, by means of city bylaws. "They (blind pigs) may think they're safe because Montreal police can't interfere," he said, "but this shows we can and will."

Three weeks later the city's gambling elements also got their warning. When Plante was head of the police morality squad in 1947, before he was dismissed by Langlois, he had smashed the slot-machine racket with a series of raids. Soon they were replaced with pinball machines, which involved some skill as well as luck; not being wholly a game of chance, they got out from under the federal Criminal Code. There were a thousand pinball machines in Montreal, each taking in up to a hundred dollars a week. This was split between the owners of the machines and the places where they were installed. But, by the simple expedient of passing a new bylaw, the city made pinball machines illegal in Montreal and handed Plante a weapon with which to run them out of business.

As soon as the bylaw was passed the police raided thirteen shops or clubs, seized one hundred thousand dollars worth of pinball equipment and charged twelve people with violating the bylaw. The owners promptly sued for the return of their machines and two hundred thousand dollars damages and asked the superior court for an injunction, claiming that a bylaw banning pinball play was outside the city's powers. Mr. Justice André Demers rejected the petition, but in municipal court Judge Pascal Lachapelle dismissed charges against two operators. By this time the bylaw had succeeded anyway. Rather than risk going to court and possibly having their businesses padlocked, most owners of shops or clubs got rid of their pinball machines.

The next move was against night clubs and cabarets that had never had





Why the pinball machines disappeared from the city

Montreal tried to get rid of its thousand pinball machines with a bylaw. It failed, but stores tossed them out anyway, fearing city padlock powers.

much trouble with the provincial police over the legal hours of liquor sale and did not suspect that the city would try to enforce them. But Mayor Drapeau got up in City Council one day and announced that the city intended to take a close look at all premises licensed by the city when these licenses came up for renewal. In Montreal there are 75,376 places of business that operate with a city license, including 7,643 restaurants, 3,448 rooming houses and 298 taverns. Some come under the health department and several thousand are under police supervision. Plante gave lists of these to his twenty-one precinct captains. He instructed them to tell the owners of clubs, restaurants, dance halls and rooming houses that they must obey all laws—federal, provincial or city—or lose their licenses.

"There is No Protection"

A few days later Drapeau told newspapermen that the licenses of forty-six hundred places were being held up for infractions of various laws or bylaws. The police were investigating sixteen hundred of these. Now the cleanup began in earnest. Brothels, which had been running for years with police protection or tolerance, were suddenly caught in a series of police raids. Twelve people were arrested in one place and eighteen in another. Provincial police said they had received complaints from smaller centres in Quebec that prostitutes were moving there from Montreal.

Most night clubs co-operated with the police by cutting off liquor sales at 2 a.m. weekdays and midnight Saturday and getting rid of the bar girls. But some defiantly decided that the liquor laws were a provincial matter and they would pay no attention to the city police. In a statement to newspapers Plante warned this latter group, "This is a fight to the finish. To those who say, 'We have protection and to the devil with this new program,' I repeat: 'There is no protection, and we shall see how far they will go.'"

At a meeting called to discuss the city's new moves, one group of night-club, restaurant and cabaret owners issued a statement calling the Drapeau regime "a police state." They said that the strict enforcement of liquor laws would result in unemployment among the twenty-five thousand people working in Montreal's drinking places, a drop in tourist revenue throughout the

city and an increase in vice in underground drinking spots or blind pigs.

These views on the effects of the cleanup were supported in other quarters as well. Gaston Ramat, organizer of Local 382, Hotel and Restaurant Employees and Bartenders International Union, announced that four thousand of the union's six thousand members in Montreal were out of work; he later amended this to two thousand. Burly cab driver Raoul Houle, the vice-president of the Taxi Owners of Montreal, complained to one reporter that the earnings of a driver cruising around the night spots had been cut in half, from sixteen to eight dollars a night. The Montreal section of the Quebec Licensed Café and Restaurant Owners Association proposed to Drapeau that police give up enforcing the liquor laws to the letter "unless the civic authorities want to ruin us." And Charles Smith, head of the Montreal Tourist and Convention Bureau, asked the city for fifty thousand dollars instead of the five thousand his bureau usually receives, "to counteract the bad effect of headlines" on the city's summer tourist trade.

In the midst of this widespread dismay there were a few wry touches of humor. Even after Plante had warned, "There is no protection," one minor underworld character was arrested for representing himself to night-club owners as the collection man for police officials. For several days a rumor flew around the night clubs that some smart lawyer had found a way to get around the liquor-sale hours. This was bylaw 79. Hundreds of drinks were bought over this happy discovery and many warm handclasps exchanged, until it was discovered that bylaw 79 provided for the repaving of St. Suzanne Street. At the Mansfield Café the customers one night refused to obey the 2 a.m. curfew, so waiters turned out the lights. The customers turned them on again. Finally, after this had gone on for an hour, the manager telephoned the Montreal Hydro and asked to have his service discontinued.

As Premier Duplessis had predicted, dozens of blind pigs opened in many sections of the city and flourished. One on Mansfield Street was so busy after 2 a.m. that two doormen were hired to regulate traffic and park cars. When city police got a conviction against the operator under bylaw 926 and padlocked the place, one doorman stayed behind to direct customers to a new location. When the provincial liquor police unexpectedly raided another

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CHANEL



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blind pig on St. Lawrence Boulevard, Mayor Drapeau, acting surprised, congratulated them for getting in on the act.

One by one, the night clubs fell in line with the police cleanup and strict liquor hours. But by July twenty-four remained in business without city permits. Councilor Lucien Croteau criticized the new regime for trying to enforce provincial laws while people were breaking the city's own laws by operating without licenses. Plante replied that he would soon start prosecutions against the twenty-four clubs. Hoping to stall this, six of the clubs asked the superior court for writs of mandamus compelling the city to show why they couldn't get licenses.

This move was led by Vincenzo Catroni, the owner of Vic Café and a well-known night-life figure. It was the first real show of resistance to the city's new regime since the cleanup began. As if by signal, the underworld, deprived of many of its sources of

revenue by the campaign against vice and gambling, suddenly broke out in a wave of violence.

Nobody could state precisely the reason for this violence except that it appeared to be tied in with the police war against all lawbreaking. With no police protection to be "arranged," there was no reason for any illicit enterprise to share profits with underworld pay-off men. And so battles broke out between those resisting pay-offs and those trying to enforce them, with hired hoodlums acting for both sides.

Frank Pretula, the former aide of slain Harry Davis, got in a mixup with a private-club operator named Ned Roberts, first at the El Morocco and then at the Down Beat, two downtown night clubs. Pretula vanished for five days, then surrendered to the police and was charged with threatening Roberts with a gun. At the same time a former friend of Pretula's, Louis Greco, now a wealthy contractor, was

charged with illegally possessing firearms after city police visited his home and found several guns.

In a series of night club incidents, hoodlums carrying guns—and shooting them—broke bottles and furniture in the All American Bar and Grill on Dorchester Street and the Montmartre Café on St. Lawrence Boulevard where, in the Thirties, Texas Guinan held sway. The police arrested half a dozen men, including Canadian middleweight boxing champion Charlie Chase. Then the warring in the clubs ended as suddenly as it had started.

The cleanup of vice, gambling and drinking habits in Montreal is only one part of the civic-improvement program sponsored by Jean Drapeau, Pierre DesMarais and Pax Plante. Drapeau makes it clear that he considers traffic control, housing, street paving and tax revision far more important. But in its effect on the city's character and its reputation as the Paris of America the vice cleanup is important, too, and

much more widely publicized. Recently the mayors of several other Quebec communities have come to Plante for advice.

So far Plante's campaign has been successful but hardly popular. Business is down about thirty percent from last year in most of the night clubs. Raoul Houle, of the Cab Owners Association, says, "Tourists used to stay around a week or two for some fun and then move on. This summer they got fed up with the early closing after a couple of days and left."

There has been some unemployment in the clubs, too, as a result of the Saturday midnight shutdown. At the Bellevue Casino, which usually packs in six hundred people at a sitting for the club's bouncy stage shows, only three quarters of the regular staff of forty-five waiters and busboys are working full time. The Casino handled twenty-five thousand fewer customers up to the end of July this year than last. When business slumped, owner Harry Holmok went to the club's talented show producer, Madame Natalie Komarova, and the musical director, her husband Georgi Komaroff—they're both from the Folies Bergère in Paris—and asked them to cut the price of their contract. They refused and resigned. Holmok threw them a lavish farewell champagne party.

The Astor on St. Catherine Street, once patronized by night-life big shots—club owners and entertainers—suffered more than most clubs. In the upstairs bar the Astor had a four-piece band, three dancers, a pianist and a singer, while seven waiters and a busboy looked after customers. Now it has a piano player and one waiter.

A Meal of Ripe Olives

Strict enforcement of liquor laws on Sunday has also cut down the revenues of eating places. Cafés and restaurants are permitted to serve beer or wine "with meals" between 1 p.m. and 9 p.m. Before the cleanup nobody quibbled with a customer if he didn't want to eat. He was simply served beer or wine, or liquor if he wanted it. But Plante insists on what the law says—"with meals."

At Belmont Park in the city's west end five hundred sandwiches were thrown away one Sunday after customers had paid for them but neglected to eat them. At the Café de l'Est the chef, desolate at seeing his handiwork ignored, telephoned a parish priest and offered hundreds of sandwiches to the poor. Finally, most restaurants stumbled on a happy solution: they simply served olives on a plate, since the law does not stipulate what constitutes a meal.

"If the people don't eat 'em we just put 'em back in the bottle," said one restaurant manager happily.

Opinion is divided on how much the cleanup in the cafés and cabarets has affected the tourist business—worth seventy-five million dollars a year to Montreal. In spite of American publicity that sometimes suggests the city has gone dry, Charles Smith of the Tourist and Convention Bureau says that border crossings at Blackpool, south of Montreal, are ahead of last

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year. In July alone four thousand more cars came across from New York. There is no way of proving, however, that they stopped in Montreal.

Smaller gift shops report that their business has slumped since the cleanup began. Walter Selton, manager of Park Lane Gifts on Peel Street, says, "They know about the cleanup in New York. Whether you want a clean city is a matter of opinion but the Americans apparently don't like it. They tell me so." And Paul Saks, the manager of Saks Limited, antique dealers, says, "Business is definitely off, but there are a lot of reasons—people are going to Europe; Quebec is getting too Americanized."

But larger retail shops are not so perturbed. Jack Clifford, the advertising manager of Eaton's and president of the Tourist and Convention Bureau, insists, "We hear no complaints about the city from people who come here," and Alex Duff, general manager of Henry Morgan and Company, agrees with him. "More Americans are simply going to Europe now," he says.

This may be a fact but more Americans also are going to the Laurentian resorts north of Montreal and to Quebec City. The Laurentians and Quebec City had their biggest summer in history. At the mountain chalets, hosteries and inns business was up thirty percent over last year. Every Saturday night six and seven hundred people sat down to dinner and drinks on the lawns at little Mont Gabriel near Ste. Adele. At many other resorts the liquor-closing law was frankly and conveniently forgotten. Slot machines whirled and clanked in the bars.

In this lush summer of prosperity in the Laurentians—it was the hottest summer in fifty years in Montreal—about seventy-five percent of the guests at the various resorts were

Americans. In Montreal, parking lot operators were complaining that only about one car in eight was American.

However, in spite of any indications that tourists are being driven to bed early and don't like it, major business interests in the city are behind Des-Maraîches, Drapeau and Plante—and the cleanup.

Both the English Board of Trade and the French Chambre de Commerce have endorsed the administration in an arresting way. When Drapeau was trying to get money for his various city projects last spring he had a meeting with several leading members of the Board of Trade and asked them if they would agree to an increase in the city business tax.

"Imagine going back to our presidents," said one man, "and telling them we had agreed to raise the taxes on their businesses! But we did it."

But there have been brickbats as well as bouquets. Pax Plante has received a succession of threatening letters—he calls them his fan mail—and his telephone rings at all hours, often with nameless voices promising him no good end. At night his sister, Mrs. Marie-Jane Champoux, usually answers these calls, so that Plante can get some sleep.

The letters and phone calls are a reminder to Plante that Montreal's underworld, although severely punished by the vice cleanup, has not been knocked out. Recently a friend invited him out for an evening and suggested they visit a night club to see the floor show. It was just after hoodlums had wrecked three night clubs. Plante refused the invitation.

"What if someone should make a scene?" he said. "An incident involving anyone of the Civic Action League now could wreck the whole administration." ★



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Miracle Factory That Began in a Stable

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

of Rhodes' work—Salk had confirmed that polio virus could be grown on monkey tissue but in his experiments he was using horse serum which was unsuitable in vaccine.

Salk received his shipment from Connaught labs in 1953. Quickly he found that he could kill the polio virus by the use of formaldehyde in Medium 199, and injected the resultant vaccine into his wife, their three sons and two hundred school children in the Pittsburgh area. "The use of 199 in the vaccine," Salk said recently, "is an example of the international aspect of science—it advanced the problem substantially."

The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis in the U. S. moved decisively in the wake of Salk's brave demonstration. Labs all over North America were assigned roles in the preparation of enough vaccine for a three-nation field trial of half a million children, to be conducted the following spring. It requested the Labs to grow all the virus that would be needed and spent \$556,000 for this purpose.

Two major pharmaceutical houses in the United States had been assigned by the foundation to manufacture polio vaccine. Each week station wagons left Connaught with a cargo of live polio virus, hustled through customs by uncomfortable inspectors. In the event of an accident on the highway, the drivers of the station wagons were equipped with cans of gasoline with which to set afire the car and contents. Every lethal load, however, arrived safely.

The field trial was pronounced a success in April this year. While the vaccine was not perfect, it proved to be about eighty percent effective, and many authorities believe it assures that the other twenty percent will have only mild cases of polio.

When the inoculations began this spring in the U. S. and Canada, more than fifty children in the U. S., injected with American-made vaccine, contracted severe and, in many cases, fatal polio from the vaccine itself. There were no cases of infection from the Canadian-made product. In the United States, because of halts in the program and insufficient preparation, only two and a half million of the six and a half million children inoculated received second shots; in Canada, all of the eight hundred and eighty thousand children inoculated received two shots. There was another, less important, difference. A double dose of Salk vaccine cost Canadians about one dollar; it cost Americans between three and four dollars.

There were several reasons for the smoothness of the Canadian program: Canadian vaccine is double-checked, once by Connaught and once by the federal health department's laboratory in Ottawa. (The Ottawa laboratory rejected enough vaccine to have inoculated four hundred thousand children.) American vaccine doesn't receive this extra check; because of the quantity that must be produced to fill U. S. needs, it is reckoned that there would be a two-year delay in distribution if a second check were made.

Another important difference was that Canada's federal Health Minister Paul Martin and the provincial departments of health had anticipated the success of the vaccine and the program of distribution had been established six

months before the April announcement. Washington, critics say, was unprepared.

The difference in price has been explained by the fact that Connaught has very low operating costs and no selling expense. U. S. commercial houses, with a heavy investment in new equipment, are anxious to recover their outlay. Then, too, the U. S. firms provide a large budget for sales promotion.

The Institute of Microbiology and Hygiene at the University of Montreal, patterned after Connaught to supply the health requirements of Quebec, begins to produce polio vaccine this winter to assist in the project next spring to immunize three million school children. The cost of the vaccine, split by provincial and federal departments of health, is expected to drop still lower. Meanwhile, Raymond Parker continues to develop new media of the





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Pondering on the importance of Connaught's contribution to the evolution of polio vaccine, a young researcher leaned across the lunch table a few weeks ago and addressed Dr. Robert D. Defries, who retires this month after serving fifteen years as director of the Connaught Labs. "Isn't it possible," he said, "that Connaught might have developed polio vaccine all by itself and given it to the world?"

"Certainly not," replied Defries. "We could have developed a vaccine all right, but I wonder who among us would have had the courage to inject it into our sons." He looked around the table. No one spoke. "Exactly," he said.

Some of the scientists who came to Connaught in their youth, as Defries did forty-one years ago, have wondered if the founder of the labs, J. G. Fitzgerald, would not have been such a man.

Fitzgerald, called Gerry by his friends, died a legend in 1940. He had graduated from the University of Toronto Medical School, an intense, restless red-head, at twenty. He practiced for only a year and then, shocked by the misery of disease, went back to school to study psychiatry at Harvard. He began, decades before his time, to think of prevention rather than treatment. He switched to bacteriology, married and took his wife to Europe where he could study about vaccines and antitoxins.

In 1906, at twenty-three, he was assistant professor of bacteriology at the University of California, pouring out a stream of reports to medical journals. One of them was titled, Preventive Medicine in Relation to Psychiatry and pleaded, "Let us switch the emphasis from curative to preventative." In 1912 the University of Toronto's Faculty of Medicine opened a new department and named it Hygiene and Preventive Medicine. Dr. John A. Amyot was the first professor and Gerry Fitzgerald, at thirty, came home to be his assistant.

Fitzgerald had been burning for many years with a crusade that had no shape or name. He wanted vaccines and antitoxins to be distributed free. He wanted governments to hire doctors whose main preoccupation would be the prevention of illness. "I'm married to an idea, not a man," his wife used to complain.

Fitzgerald found that the killer diphtheria was virtually unchecked in

Canada. In the years between 1911 and 1915, it averaged twenty-five hundred cases a year, four hundred of them fatal. Only the well-to-do could afford treatment with diphtheria antitoxin, which had to be imported from the United States and cost from twenty to eighty dollars to treat a single case.

"I'll make diphtheria antitoxin right here," Fitzgerald announced a few months after his arrival. "If I make it cheaply enough the provincial government can buy it and distribute it where needed free of charge."

There was no precedent in the world for a university opening a branch pharmaceutical house and Fitzgerald's decision, in spite of his passionate Irish rhetoric, met a hesitant response. Fitzgerald had been waiting, through three branches of medicine—general practice, psychiatry and bacteriology—to find direction for his daydreams; he could wait no longer. He borrowed a few hundred dollars from his wife's inheritance and built a stable on Barton Avenue, a frame structure covered with sheets of corrugated metal and big enough for five horses and a small operating room. He bought five aged horses, the first of which was named Crestfallen and cost three dollars complete with halter, and prepared to make diphtheria antitoxin.

Why a Horse in the Lab?

Diphtheria is caused by bacteria that settle in the throat and pour out poison, or toxin. To produce diphtheria antitoxin, this poison is injected in minute quantity into the bloodstream of a horse, causing the horse's body to form substances—known as antibodies—to fight off the invading poison. The next injection contains more toxin, which produces more antibodies in the horse's blood. Eventually, after about four months of injections, the horse can tolerate without discomfort an injection strong enough to kill a thousand horses; its blood is hyperimmunized. This blood, drawn off in small quantities at regular intervals, is treated to become diphtheria antitoxin. When it is injected into a human suffering from diphtheria it bolsters the victim's feebly developing antibodies and results in a cure. Antitoxin is used in the treatment of diphtheria; diphtheria toxoid, developed in 1924, is used to prevent the disease.

Fitzgerald had his five horses hyperimmunized when a member of the Board of Governors of the university, Sir Edmund Osler, became interested in the project and offered to meet any deficit out of his personal funds. This endorsement led to the university's voting approval of Fitzgerald's work and in 1914 he was given lab space in the sub-basement of the Medical



Building. A few months later Canada was involved in World War I. FitzGerald volunteered and was attached for duty in Toronto, to continue teaching preventive medicine.

The Canadian Red Cross at that time needed tetanus antitoxin to prevent lockjaw which was striking the wounded of the Canadian Expeditionary Force. The antitoxin wasn't made in Canada and a single dose imported from the U.S. cost \$1.35.

Col. Sir Albert E. Gooderham, chairman of the Ontario Division of the Canadian Red Cross Society, heard of FitzGerald's antitoxin laboratory. "Where will I find Dr. J. G. FitzGerald?" he enquired grandly at the Medical Building. "In the basement, as usual," he was told.

FitzGerald agreed instantly to prepare tetanus antitoxin at cost, but he needed more space. Sir Albert, eyeing the small, damp and dark quarters where FitzGerald worked with the assistance of his wife, then pregnant, and his sister who had taken a quick course in bacteriology, agreed. Sir Albert bought fifty-seven acres twelve miles north of the university campus. There he built, in semi-Spanish style, two stucco buildings—one a laboratory and the other a superintendent's home. The gift, which cost him one hundred thousand dollars, was officially opened on Oct. 25, 1917, and named—at the request of Sir Albert—Connaught Laboratories in honor of the Duke of Connaught, who was governor-general when the buildings were begun. The name is pronounced with the emphasis on the first syllable.

Strolling proudly through the new grounds with FitzGerald one afternoon was his assistant, Dr. Robert D. Defries. Defries, then a lean, quiet twenty-five-year-old, came to help with the tetanus antitoxin program but he explained he wanted to be a medical missionary.

"Bobby," FitzGerald grinned, "you can do that later. Just now I need you badly."

It was a need that was to last a lifetime. The two were a fine balance, FitzGerald a reckless plunger and Defries a prudent administrator. When FitzGerald died, worn down by his ferocious energy, Defries became director.

By the end of World War I the new Connaught Labs had delivered a quarter of a million doses of tetanus antitoxin to the armed forces at a cost of thirty-four cents a dose. The labs, some of them located in coal bunkers in the basement of the Medical Building, also turned out a million doses of smallpox vaccine and a quantity of serum for the treatment of epidemic meningitis. The same preparations were also being sold, at cost, to provincial departments of health for free distribution.

In 1921 two young men, Fred Banting and Charles Best, succeeded in developing insulin in their University of Toronto laboratories. The following January, their discovery saved a boy dying of diabetes. With this proof of its effectiveness, a large-scale production of insulin was the next step and it seemed natural to use the nearest facilities, the university's own Connaught Labs. Production began in a small brick building, the former university YMCA. The need was so desperate that the insulin was rushed across the street to hospital patients as quickly as it was prepared.

Today Connaught supplies not only all of Canada's forty thousand diabetics with insulin but exports to the West Indies, South America and Japan. Canadians buy insulin at the world's lowest price (recently matched in Europe) because the packing houses in this

country take only a slight profit on the million pounds of beef and pork pancreas used every year in the manufacture of the drug and druggists accept a smaller markup on insulin than on most medical products. Connaught itself takes a profit insufficient to meet the needs of insulin research. Chemist Dr. D. A. Scott who discovered a method of preparing insulin crystals in 1928 has made the study of insulin his life's work.

The insulin plant is located in part of the School of Hygiene Building, known as the College Division of

Connaught. It occupies three floors, extending to a sub-basement, connected by narrow circular steel stairways. The process works downward: On the top floor is the machine grinding animal pancreas, which flows like molten cooked liver into glass-lined tanks of acid alcohol on the floor below. The murky material is filtered, centrifuged and dried, becoming lighter and lighter in color until the final product, a white flour-textured powder, is put into sterile solution and bottled for distribution to hospitals and druggists. Connaught obtains about three quarters of a pint

of insulin from three tons of pancreas. The waste is made into fertilizer and dog food. To test the potency of its insulin Connaught uses three thousand white mice every two weeks.

Since it regards the production of insulin as a trust, Connaught has taken elaborate precautions to ensure that no emergency will leave Canadian diabetics without their life line. A year's supply of pancreas is kept in deep freeze and a two years' supply of finished insulin is kept under refrigeration. Until Connaught decided refrigeration was advisable for insulin,

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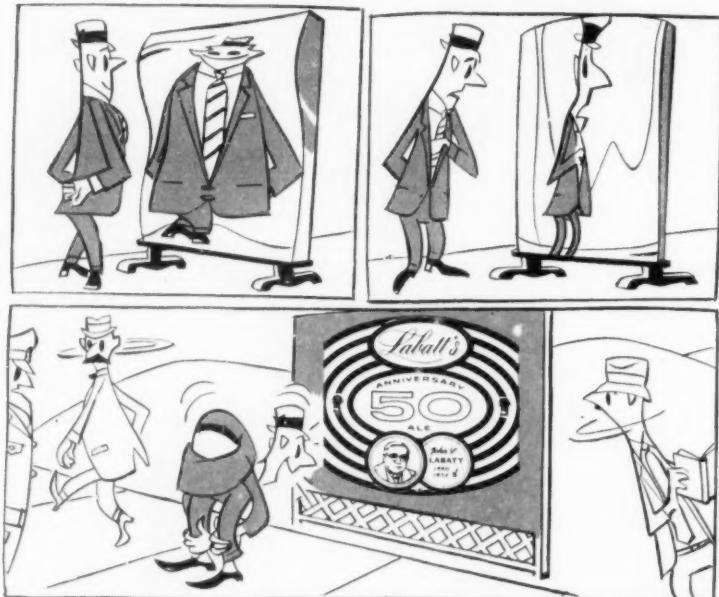
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THE SWING IS DEFINITELY TO
LABATT'S

Paris solved the riddle but Connaught was the first to make a diphtheria toxoid

the emergency supplies were stored in downtown Toronto bank vaults.

Connaught, in fact, has emergency supplies of most of its products. In time of threatened floods the lab ship as much as a million doses of typhoid and paratyphoid vaccine. In 1954, when an epidemic of hydrophobia was beginning in the Arctic and the Northwest Territories, thousands of doses of rabies vaccine were sent. If a case of smallpox ever turns up in Canada, as it did a few years ago in New York City, Connaught has a million doses of vaccine ready to prevent a plague.

A few years after Connaught had begun production of insulin, FitzGerald heard of a discovery by Ramon, a brilliant scientist in the Pasteur Institute in Paris. Ramon had converted deadly diphtheria toxin into a harmless preparation, which he called anatoxin, that gave humans protection against diphtheria. FitzGerald moved with jubilant speed and, under the supervision of a young chemist, Dr. P. J. Moloney, Connaught became the first lab in North America to make diphtheria toxoid.

Moloney needed a demonstration of the effectiveness of the toxoid. Dr. N. E. McKinnon and Dr. Mary A. Ross got him the proof by keeping records of the world's first documented field trial. Between 1927 and 1932, forty-six thousand Toronto school children received diphtheria toxoid and in 1933 it was reported that the incidence of diphtheria among the inoculated children was one tenth that of the non-inoculated. Shipments of toxoid were then made to every province. Moloney, honored a few years ago with an OBE, is still at Connaught and still works at diphtheria toxoid research.

In 1932 Dr. P. A. T. Sneath prepared Canada's first tetanus toxoid. By this time Connaught had handsome new quarters. The Rockefeller Foundation had launched in the late Twenties a world health program which included the establishment of schools to train doctors in public health. One was built and endowed in London, England, another in Calcutta, one in the Philippines, one at Johns Hopkins in Baltimore, and the fifth at the University of Toronto. The endowment and the building grants for Toronto's School of Hygiene amounted to one and a quarter million dollars. It was agreed that Connaught would provide the funds for an extension to the school building. These funds had been accumulated for the support of research. In turn, the Government of Ontario provided an annual grant equal to the amount of interest which these funds would have provided for research.

The six-story two-hundred-room school comfortably accommodates students and about thirty of Connaught's scientists, though in emergencies the wide brick-walled corridors have been used as labs. Every year about a thousand students study preventive medicine—some of them nurses, doctors, dentists, veterinarians, or engineers taking postgraduate training to fit them for appointments in public health.

In 1935 the University of British Columbia needed a professor of bacteriology. Connaught Labs created a Western Division at Vancouver, headed by Dr. C. E. Dolman who also headed the bacteriology department. The move helped UBC, which at the time was unable to afford a new professor's salary, and mended some political

fences for Connaught. A rebellious rumble in the western provinces against the University of Toronto's so-called monopoly of research and production was squelched. During the past twenty years the Western Division has been occupied almost entirely with the problems of food poisoning and other bacterial diseases.

In 1940 Connaught Labs added a new field to its program—veterinary medicine. Working with the Ontario Veterinary College, the labs now prepare forty-one veterinary products and have eleven research projects in progress under the direction of Dr. J. F. Crawley.

In that same year—1940—Connaught Labs suffered a severe loss. FitzGerald died at fifty-seven. "He suffered a mental breakdown the year before he died," says his widow, "and then a physical breakdown. He simply wore out."

Defries took over as director at a time when Connaught was beginning its greatest period of expansion. Through World War II the labs abandoned peacetime projects and concentrated on methods of mass-producing serums, vaccines, toxoids and anti-toxins for the armed forces. The number of employees rose from two hundred and fifty-two to about nine hundred.

A "D" Made the Difference

Under Dr. James Craigie, the labs developed and improved on known methods of growing typhus rickettsiae in order to produce ten million doses of typhus vaccine, unknown before 1942. The vaccine, coupled with delousing by DDT, wiped out the menace of typhus fever. To cut down the number of inoculations Connaught copied a French army innovation and combined typhoid vaccine, paratyphoid vaccine and tetanus toxoid in a single injection. The mixture, called TABT—and irreverently remembered by hundreds of thousands of Canadian servicemen—was for some years considered Connaught's most significant contribution to the war effort. Ten years after the war ended Connaught added diphtheria toxoid to the combination and called it TABTD. The original combined antigen was the first in North America.

Throughout the war Canadian citizens through the Canadian Red Cross made two and a quarter million donations of blood; Connaught processed two million of the total to make dried serum for the treatment of shock. The labs worked day and night and processed almost half a million bottles of dried serum.

A major drawback against the future use of dried blood serum is that it can contain undetectable infections of jaundice. About seven percent of the U. S. soldiers in Korea who received plasma became ill with jaundice; the percentage among Canadian troops was lower, for an unknown reason. To eliminate this danger a new science has come into being: blood fractionation. Blood donations received by the Canadian Red Cross Society that are not used within three weeks by Canadian hospitals are sent to Connaught to be broken into three components, the process called fractionation.

Connaught allows the blood to clot and throws away the clot. The remainder, a yellow to pink fluid, is broken into three parts: gamma globulin, which contains the blood's anti-

bodies; fibrinogen, which causes blood to clot and is used to stop hemorrhages; and albumen which is now used in the treatment of shock. Scientists are as positive as their inherent caution will permit that no jaundice infection can be transferred by albumen. In the next war, shock may be treated with albumen or with a sugar-derivative synthetic called dextran. Connaught is equipped to turn out huge quantities of either.

One of the most difficult contributions Connaught made to the World War II effort was its preparation of gas gangrene antitoxin. After showing no interest in gas gangrene, a bacterial infection that can be blown into a wound, the army suddenly jumped its requirements to three hundred thousand doses of antitoxin. Gas gangrene antitoxin, which luckily Dr. D. T. Fraser and Dr. Helen Plummer had studied for years, required hyper-immunized horses. In the interests of urgency, Connaught bought a thousand horses, quartered some of them in hastily erected stables at the Labs' Dufferin Division quarters just north of Toronto and some of them in stables rented from the Hamilton Jockey Club. The antitoxin order was filled ahead of time, at a price that was half of the going rate in other countries.

In addition to influenza vaccine—which required the processing of two thousand eggs a day—cholera vaccine and anti-dysentery serum, Connaught contributed heavily to the world's knowledge of penicillin production. In 1942 a penicillin pilot plant was built and the following year the federal government asked Connaught to make penicillin for the armed forces. A former theological school was bought for this project together with the dried blood serum project, and was renamed Spadina Division.

The Endless Puzzle

At first penicillin was grown in milk bottles placed on their sides and harvested by hand. In 1944 thirty thousand bottles were handled every day. By 1945 Connaught switched to growing the penicillin in a deep tank. This is still used. The lab now grows several hundred billion units of penicillin—about five hundred pounds—every month in six three-thousand-gallon tanks of villainous-smelling broth. In ten years the cost of penicillin has dropped from twenty dollars to less than twenty cents a dose.

In the years since the war Connaught's scientists have turned their attention back to peacetime needs. Polio research and blood fractionation have been major concerns. One team is trying to isolate the cause of infectious hepatitis, a form of jaundice, and serum jaundice—a work handicapped because no laboratory animal can be infected. Dr. Angus Graham is tagging cancer cells with radioactive tracers, discovering by the use of a Geiger counter fundamental information about metabolic changes that occur when a virus invades cancer. Research has resulted in better production methods that have brought the cost of liver extract for the treatment of anemia down from three dollars a weekly dose to forty cents.

The scientists joke about joining a Discovery a Month Club, but there is no easy way in research. "If you want to see something accomplished every day you don't go into research," observes Dr. Albert Fisher, assistant director of the labs. "Most research is patiently putting together pieces of a puzzle . . ."

Out of a graduating class in a medical school of one hundred and fifty, one

may go into research. "The research outlook," explains retiring director Defries, "is patience, curiosity, excitement over new knowledge, dismay at medicine's inability to cope with some ailments like cancer."

Defries will remain connected with Connaught as a consultant when the new director, Dr. J. K. W. Ferguson takes over. Ferguson, former professor of pharmacology on the university's faculty of medicine, is known as a blunt-spoken administrator. He takes over a giant that hasn't yet reached its full growth. From Fitz-

Gerald's frame stable worth about six hundred dollars, Connaught has grown to thirty-two buildings worth more than five million; from the original fifty-seven acres, the Dufferin Division alone has grown to one hundred and forty-five acres, on part of which a new million-dollar polio building is rising. The staff of one has grown to a staff of nearly six hundred. The livestock consisting of five horses has increased to about thirty thousand, including twenty-five hundred rhesus monkeys used in the polio program, ten thousand breeding white mice and

about three thousand breeding guinea pigs. Last year Connaught packaged more than five million containers.

FitzGerald, the founder, would marvel. Throughout his lifetime he was wracked by desperate headaches caused by the tension under which he worked.

"Slow down, Gerry," his wife used to say. "A hundred years from now, who'll care? It's not that important!"

His widow recently recalled her words. "I guess Gerry knew all along," she said slowly. "A hundred years from now, people *will* care. It really *was* that important." *



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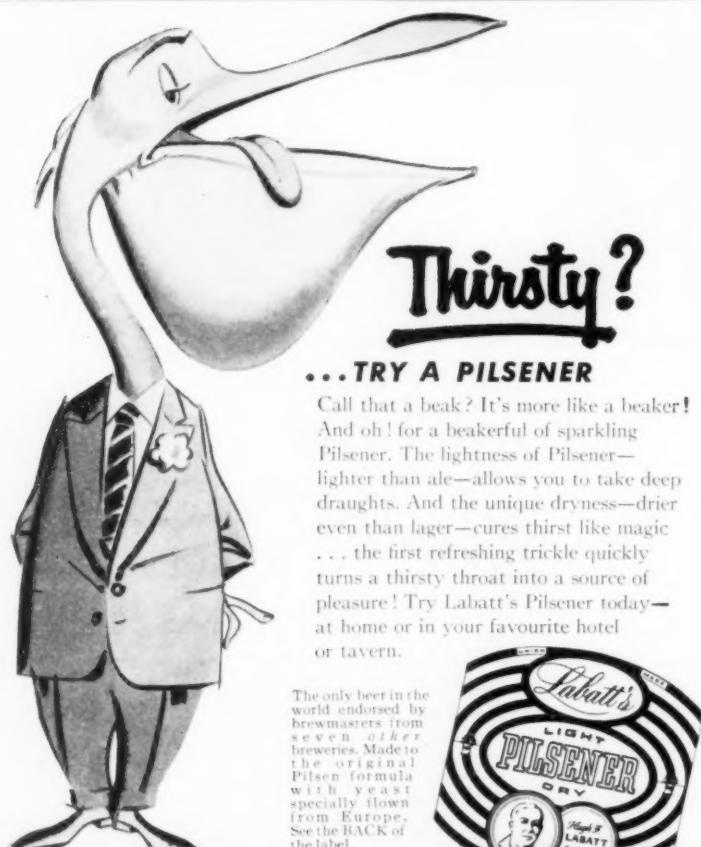
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THE SWING IS DEFINITELY TO
LABATT'S

London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

ahead of the times. Unfortunately, in war you cannot anticipate history.

With Germany's collapse and surrender, young Amery was captured and brought to London where he was tried for treason and sentenced to death.

There is nothing in Greek tragedy more overwhelming than the day of the execution. His father, his mother and his brother stood together in their home. Let us draw the curtain upon the scene, for such a grief is not for other eyes.

As if the gods were not yet satisfied, Leo Amery, who had been for so many years in the House of Commons, went down to defeat in the 1945 debacle which swept the socialists to power. He had held high office; he had given his whole life to politics and the Imperial cause; but no longer would his voice be heard in the House of Commons.

Prime Minister Attlee and the leader of the Opposition, Winston Churchill, were of one mind. Amery would be offered a high-ranking peerage. Thus would public tribute be paid to the great little Empire bantam of debate, and thereby parliament and the nation would show their gratitude for his public services and their sympathy for his private grief.

But Leo Amery refused. He was in his seventies and if he accepted a peerage it would mean that when he died his beloved son Julian, who had become an MP, would have to go to the Upper House. It would also mean that Julian could never rise to the effective high office, since the Commons insists upon being the political master.

"No," said Leo Amery. "I will do what I can for the Empire cause outside." Had he been more florid he might have added, "I must leave it to Julian to carry the torch."

Now let us pause for a moment in our narrative to say that Julian has proved a fearless and able MP whose conscience is the only master that he will recognize. His hour will come. He will atone for the tragedy of his bemused brother.

So once a year, as I have said, the Chamberlain Club dines, with Leo Amery in the chair. When we gathered in the Lords' dining room this year, there was no blush of downy youth on any of our cheeks. The only toast of the evening was to the immortal memory of that fiery, pugnacious Imperialist, Joseph Chamberlain, who believed that the British Empire was very nearly all that mattered in the world.

The logical mind will say that it is a mistake to look back. But is that always true? If you have lost your way, it is sometimes necessary not only to look back but to go back.

Joe Chamberlain realized that the Industrial Revolution had given Great Britain a wonderful start but that the rest of the world would catch up. Therefore, Britain would have to look to her Empire as a great protected market which would become the most powerful economic unit in the world.

Joe was intolerant. Undoubtedly his treatment of the Boers did much to bring on that unhappy war. He left the Liberal Party because it would not agree to tariff reform that would have protected British agriculture and bound the Empire behind a tariff wall.

His sons Austen and Nevile (they were half brothers) were almost completely dominated by him. To one young man—Leo Amery—he could do nothing wrong.

But the Liberals, and even some Tories, could not bring themselves to

tax imported foodstuffs. They were not concerned with encouraging British agriculture, because they could do better by importing cheap food, thus keeping down industrial wages and selling manufactured goods to the outer world at an attractive price.

Pugnaciously, Joe Chamberlain fought on, but he died a discouraged man. There was no one of his calibre to succeed him. But he did not lack disciples. The Canadian-born Bonar Law, Amery and the rumbustious Canadian-born Max Aitken were determined that there should be an Empire Customs Union. Otherwise, they maintained, the time would come when the whole Western world would have to bow in reverence at the shrine of the American dollar.

Unhappily, when Bonar Law became prime minister his strength was already failing. Behind his gentle manner and his quiet voice was a will power that might have altered the course of history if only his weakening body could have sustained his spirit.

Later in the 1920s, after Stanley Baldwin's mad war debt settlement with America had rocked British solvency to its foundation, Beaverbrook opened up his Empire Free Trade campaign. As the editor of the Daily Express, I fired its guns in full support every morning and we made a lot of noise. It was a brave campaign that Beaverbrook waged and it was winning support every day.

Then Lord Rothermere, the financially astute but politically adolescent proprietor of the Daily Mail, joined us. That was a mistake. The British public has a deep-rooted objection to being ruled by press lords.

A Bigger, Stronger Empire

Yet the Empire Free Trade campaign was not only a brave attempt to lift politics to a more realistic plane, but it reminded the British people that their very existence depended upon the brotherhood of British nations.

So we come down to the present day. We look at Canada with her deep loyalty to the British crown and her deep love of the American dollar. In our ignorance we wonder if Canada's road to expansion does not lie in the sterling area, but hurriedly we realize that it would be improper for an expatriate even to make such a suggestion. Better the vast ungarnered wheat harvest than a hoard of sterling.

Nevertheless, I must put on record that the candle lit by Joe Chamberlain is spluttering into life again. If only Anthony Eden would denounce the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade and choose freedom, the Empire development would astonish the world.

The bad nineteenth-century dream of a prosperous Britain and a slum colonial Empire has ended. Slums are no good to anyone, not even to landlords. The "cheap food" British Liberals, who believed that economically the nineteenth century would be followed by the eighteenth, have faded into impotence.

"Cultivate your garden!" wrote Voltaire. The British have at last learned the wisdom of those words.

• • •

Yes, we are a dwindling little group in the Chamberlain Club and perhaps when Leo Amery is called to his fathers it will come peacefully to an end.

Yet I have a feeling today that it is not only the evil that men do that lives after them. Joe Chamberlain dreamed a dream and it may be that in an altered form it will come true.

If it does, I promise to let you know in your dollar fortress of Canada. ★

Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

from time to time by various provinces, notably in the taxation of mining and logging companies.

But although Ottawa has thus prepared complete information on all these possible alternatives, Ottawa will not present the October conference with any set of proposals like the Green Book of 1945. Ottawa will await suggestions from the provinces, blandly agreeable to studying any that may be forthcoming. The fact that all the possibilities have been studied already will not be stressed.

Undoubtedly, the provinces will ask for more money but Ottawa observers strongly doubt that any province will ask for a basic change of system. They're expecting merely a barrage of requests for higher payments.

Why Ontario Loses

Unless higher payments are forthcoming, it will not be to Ontario's advantage to renew the tax agreement. Even on the old basis of a five percent deduction, Ontario could have got just about as much from a five percent income tax of her own as from the rental payment. The tax agreement saved Ontario the trouble, and the political penalties, of imposing a separate levy, but it didn't bring in any more money. Now that a ten percent deduction is allowed, Ontario is no longer breaking even but actually losing revenue by not exercising her right to collect her own taxes. To a smaller degree, B. C. is in the same position.

If Ottawa still wanted as many provinces as possible in the tax agreement, this would be a good reason for expecting another rise in tax rental payments. But since Ottawa's hope is now exactly the opposite, the chance of any substantial increase is just about nil.

ANOTHER SERIES of meetings will begin a bit later in the month, which may in the end have even more effect on the Canadian economy. On Oct. 17 in St. John's, Nfld., the Royal Commission on Canada's Economic Prospects will open public hearings that will go on until next February. It's a safe prediction that this commission's report will be readable, original, provocative, and that it will tell the Government things which the Government does not expect to hear.

Walter Gordon, the Toronto chartered accountant who chairs the commission, is a management consultant. He earns a good living by going into businesses of which he knows little or nothing, turning a quizzical, mildly sardonic gaze on their operating methods, and then telling men who have spent their lives on a particular trade how they can do it better. They usually find he is right.

The Poet Who Figures

Douglas Le Pan is secretary of the commission, and presumably will do the actual writing of the report. Le Pan was drafted for this job from the post of economic counsellor at the Canadian Embassy in Washington, but he is known to most Canadians not as an economist but as one of the country's leading poets. If it seems odd that an economist should be a poet at all, the explanation is simple—Le Pan became an economic expert purely by accident. One of his first assignments in the Department of External Affairs, which he joined when he got out of

the army, was to be *rapporteur* at a conference on postwar economic policy. Le Pan's memorandum was so lucid and so uniquely free from the customary jargon of economists, that it made a tremendous impression; from then on, willy-nilly, he was doomed to be an economic expert. He still feels a bit restive in the role but the original reason still operates which made him one—his ability to put abstruse economic problems into the Queen's English.

This vein of unorthodoxy continues in the personnel of the commission itself. One member, for example, is A. E. Grauer, of Vancouver, who used to be an economics professor of markedly liberal views, and who later (without altering those views substantially) became a public utilities tycoon.

Of the questions which the royal commission will try to answer, some are merely estimates of the future. How large is Canada's population likely to become? What will it need in the way of roads, houses, schools? What is the probable future demand for Canada's resources, and what exactly are these resources in kind and quantity?

Other questions, however, are factual and fundamental. The royal commission intends to find out, for example: what Canadian industries are controlled by foreign investors, and to what degree. This is not as simple a question as it may appear. There are of course some Canadian industries that are directly and wholly owned by parent companies in the U. S., though there is little precise information as to the number and magnitude of these. Then there are industries where the foreign investment is concealed but, in some cases, substantial enough to be controlling. Which cases? The commission will be endeavoring to find out.

Is Protection Really Needed?

Finally, there are the industries like newsprint, where the foreign ownership is a minority element but where all companies serve a single foreign market. The commission will try to estimate the degree of control thus exercised from abroad upon a basic Canadian industry. Are prices, for example, set primarily in the interest of the Canadian producer or of the non-Canadian consumer?

Another fundamental question, on which there is surprisingly little information available, is the degree of protection enjoyed and required by Canadian industries in general. Which industries, if any, could survive open competition with no help from either subsidy or tariff protection or some other form of state intervention? Some commission members feel that this question is the most important of all that they have to consider.

Canadian government policy, as officially stated to all international conferences and on all political platforms, is against restrictions on international trade and in favor of the greatest possible freedom. Industries which come to Ottawa seeking tariff or other protection get a cold hearing. It is part of the accepted dogma that such protection is a bad thing. But the obvious fact is that a great many Canadian industries would go bankrupt tomorrow if their tariff protection were suddenly removed. How many? And how many Canadians depend on them for a livelihood?

"I don't think we shall be making any policy recommendations on this," one commission spokesman said. "We're not trying to urge the Government to one course or another. But we do think Canadian policy ought to be based on facts instead of folklore." ★



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The Unlikeliest Couple in Show Business

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

domestic finances, too. When Shirley, whose income will probably top twenty thousand this year, wants a new dress, say, or a new hat, it's necessary for her to bribe, cajole, flatter, coax, wheedle, shout or whimper—like many another housewife—in order to convince him.

"She thinks money grows on trees," observes Murray, who once broke two fly rods over his knee in quick succession when one or more wily trout struck his line four straight times and each time escaped. Naturally, this necessitated immediate purchase of equipment better suited to match the master's piscatorial acumen, if not his temperament.

But even George now has a check-rein on spending sprees in the form of a six-foot-two-inch lawyer named Royce Frith, a longtime friend of Murray's who convinced him about a year ago that an entertainer's grasp on security is a tenuous one. So Murray opened a trust account with Frith's law firm to which all of his and Shirley's cheques are paid, and Frith has the Murrays on an allowance. With their approval he invests their capital. Thus, Shirley needs the approval of both George and Frith when she wants that new Easter bonnet.

Faced with such formidable opposition, she was overjoyed one day last winter when a cheque for fifty dollars for a guest appearance on a radio quiz show arrived in the mail at their apartment, instead of being mailed directly to their trust account at the lawyer's. She sped across the courtyard for a consultation with her bosom friend and neighbor, singer Marilyn Kent who is married to the television comedian Frank Peppiatt.

"She wanted me to open a bank account in my name with her fifty bucks that she could poke away at without having to practically seduce those two creeps, Murray and Frith," Marilyn recalls. "I took her to the bank and opened an account of her own. She's naive in a lot of ways."

Almost everyone's parental instinct emerges after five minutes with Shirley. For example, on Showtime's closing program last spring as Shirley, with impressive warmth, was saying good-bye to a couple of million viewers, the head of the stage crew, Joe Kosh, suddenly burst into camera range carrying a beat-up bouquet of paper flowers.

"This is all I could find, Shirl," he said. "The whole gang thinks you're great."

Cynics might question the scene's veracity but the truth is that it was extemporaneous and when Don Hudson, the show's producer, first saw Kosh emerge on his monitor he almost

blew a coaxial cable. Later Hudson said Kosh's impulse had reflected the feeling of the whole Showtime group toward Shirley.

It's Hudson's notion that she is a true product of television. "She had done virtually nothing before TV except stand in front of a band and sing. Now she talks, moves and has the faculty of getting her personality, not just her song, into the living room. She has matured in television and she has the best grasp of the medium of any performer I know," he says.

Her sincerity and the quality of her voice are the two items that seem to emerge most from the television screen. She caresses a lyric as though it were a fragile flower and has the relaxed naturalness to make it sound as though it were for you alone. Paul Whiteman says he was struck by her "natural sweetness" from the very beginning, and this is something she has carried with her from Thornton's Corners, which is a village on the outskirts of Oshawa, some forty miles east of Toronto.

She was born March 25, 1932, the fourth in a family of six raised by Bill Harmer, who has worked for General Motors in Oshawa for thirty-two years. They are a tightly knit family and the happiest day for all of them, Shirley says, is the Christmas season when they can all be home together. Her mother plays the bass keys on the piano and her father, who lost his left hand when he was fourteen, plays the upper octaves and sings tenor. Shirley actually radiates when she relates that Bill Harmer once made Ripley's Believe - it - or - Not cartoon on the strength of a hole-in-one as a one-handed golfer.

Singing Paid the Bus Fare

Shirley went to the two-room schoolhouse at Thornton's Corners and when she was eleven she began singing at concerts put on by the local Methodist church to raise money for the Red Cross during the war. Then she got two dollars a night for singing at Friday and Saturday night dances in Oshawa.

When she was fifteen she was booked into Toronto's Palais Royale and began taking coaching from Art Hallman, a former vocalist with the Mart Kenney orchestra who later formed his own band and who arranged an audition for her with the CBC. This led to a job as vocalist on Cal Jackson's radio show. In spite of that, and her job at the Palais, she was still living at home, spending all the money she was earning—twenty-five dollars a week—on bus fare between Oshawa and Toronto. To fortify her income she applied for an audition when she learned that a program at CFRB called the George Murray Show was looking for a singer.

That was late in 1951, by which time George Murray had come a long way himself. He was the only boy in a family of four and he was raised by his sister

Those No-D Movies

I choose my seat at the movies with care
Because I like to be able to see.
So I consider it very unfair
That the space I plan for in front of me
Always gets filled (usher, give me a break!)
By someone who's tall and broad — and opaque.

JOAN WEATHERSEED

Connie after his mother died when he was eight. His dad James had emigrated from Scotland ten years earlier and had settled in Winnipeg where he was a house painter.

When he'd sing—Scots, Wha Hae and the like—he'd grab his neck and shake it gently to get the vibrato," George recalls. "I thought this was the way to do it and I did it for years. A Sunday-school teacher asked me one time why I was clutching my neck, and then I realized that my dad was a sort of freak."

Murray grew up on Henry Avenue in Winnipeg's north end in a rough neighborhood. "I knew what a bootlegger was before I knew where the high school was," he recalls, "but one thing about it, three times a Sunday the old man hustled us off to church and paddled our pants if we skipped."

George, the Scotsman, grew into an Irish tenor singing in the Knox Church choir and at Daniel McIntyre High School operettas. He began singing Irish songs with a Hawaiian trio, no less, on the old Western Broadcasting Bureau in Winnipeg "because my singing teacher Charlie Ross knew the guy who ran it." He sang at smokers: "I'd get two or three bucks for singing half the night at those joints on a Saturday night." When a friend, golfer Bobby Reith, was appointed professional at a golf club in Windsor he invited George and another friend, Bobby Morrison, an announcer at the Canadian Radio Broadcasting Commission, to drive east with him.

Murray and Morrison moved into the Ford Hotel in downtown Toronto after taking the bus from Windsor and walking across the street from the bus depot to the first hotel they spotted. George tried to get singing jobs at the independent radio stations without success while his money slowly ran out. One day he ran into a producer named George Temple at the CBC who had launched the successful Happy Gang show and was building another.

"Say," said Temple, "can you act?" "Act?" replied Murray, who had never acted until this very minute, "I'll say I can act."

He felt he had done well on the program, which was a re-creation of the first airplane flight in Canada, because after it another producer, Sid Brown, asked him if he wanted to audition for a series he was starting. George picked up the script and read it two or three times and won the audition. This was the beginning of The Craigs, which started May 1, 1939, and has been going five times a week, fifty weeks a year, ever since.

"The reason I picked you," Brown told him later, "is because we want new voices. You were terrible, but one thing about it, you're a new voice."

This show, which paid Murray twenty-five dollars a week, opened the door to other opportunities. He got onto a number of wartime radio programs as an actor—such as L for Lanky, Fighting Navy and the Carry On Canada series. He was able to move out of the Ford.

In 1941 he met Merren Kavaner, whom he married that fall. They had a son in 1945 whom George named Craig, after his radio serial. In 1949 they were legally separated. George kept Craig and sent him to private schools.

On one of his radio serials during the war there was a need for a singer. Producer Al Savage remembered that Murray had once sung on the Percy Faith program. He thrust George into the role, which led to his getting a program with pianist Don Gordon at CFRB. This developed into the George Murray Show which, by 1952, had expanded to the point where it had a full orchestra and needed a girl

vocalist. One of the applicants was a youngster named Shirley Harmer.

"She'd left a scratched old record at the CBC called Someone To Watch Over Me," Murray recalls. "Even with the scratches, she was tremendous. I'd heard fifty girl singers, and their voices never did anything to me, but this one was terrific. I couldn't wait to meet her."

When he did, he was amazed. She wore a brown sweater and a plain skirt, saddle shoes and no make-up. He figured it was a mistake but he had to give the child a hearing. "After eight

bars, all the guys in the band are going whoo," he recalls. Shirle was hired.

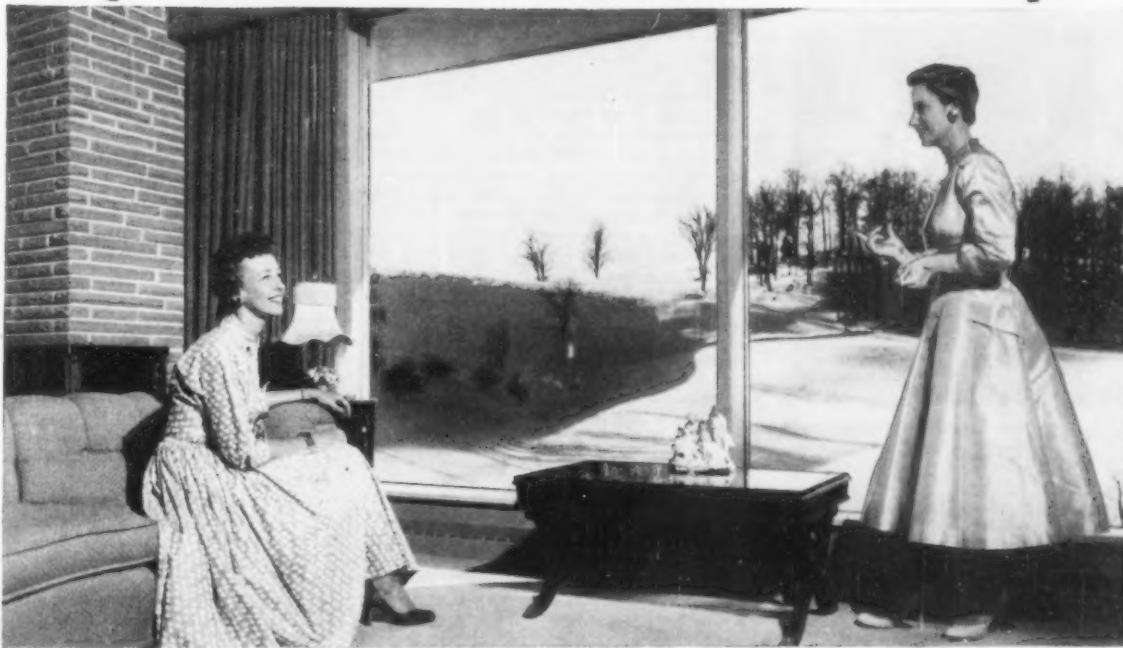
George dragged his friend, lawyer Royce Frith, to the Palais Royale to hear her and told him he wanted to be her manager. Frith pointed out that since she was under twenty-one, her parents would have to sign any such agreement. But Shirle demurred; she'd been warned about city slickers in Thornton's Corners. Frith and George showed up at the Harmer home one evening, anyway. When Bill Harmer allowed that George looked harmless enough, Shirle consented

and Frith drew up a contract for her.

George had Shirle tape a recording of a song called Mixed Emotions and he began an intensive campaign to promote her. One New York manager, Peter Dean, who fifteen years before had uncovered a girl singer named Dinah Shore, liked the recording but said he'd want to hear Shirle herself before he could make any promises. Even so, he wasn't too encouraging. "The town's full of girl singers," Dean remarked.

Back in Toronto, George was selected to sing on CBC's first television variety

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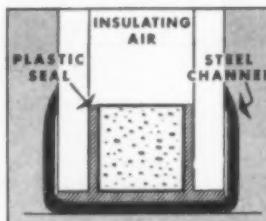
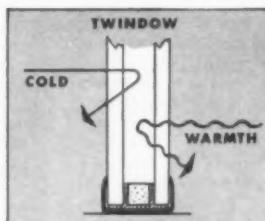
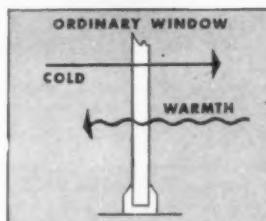
It's true! Twindow cuts fuel bills by insulating against cold. Annoying drafts or the moisture that runs down ordinary windows—can be forgotten.

Why? Twindow is an insulating window, made of two sheets of polished plate glass, separated by a hermetically-sealed blanket of insulating air. In summer it helps keep out sweltering heat, too!



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Twindow is sold coast to coast by:



Now, with Twindow built-in insulation, cold cannot get through. Similarly, inside warmth cannot get out. The result? Much lower heating bills and greater comfort for you and your family.

With Twindow, non-circulating insulating air is hermetically sealed between two sheets of polished plate glass. Twindow is framed with a protective stainless steel channel.

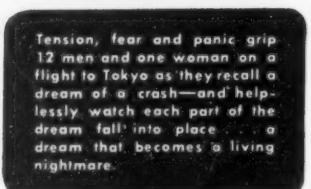
With ordinary windows and storms you have to clean FOUR surfaces of glass. But with Twindow, you have just TWO surfaces to clean . . . no troublesome Spring and Fall putting up and taking down, or storage problem.

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Twindow is sold in Canada by Canadian Pittsburgh Industries Limited, and is manufactured exclusively by Duplate Canada Limited.



show, the Big Revue, and then the producer of that program, Norm Campbell, hired George, Shirley, Libby Morris and Billy O'Connor to a popular confection called Four for the Show.

Murray took Shirley to New York, got an appointment with Dean and she sang several songs for him. Dean agreed to be Shirley's American manager and took her records to ABC and NBC. He took them to the MGM record company for whom she recorded six sides, one of which was If You Love Me. It sold one hundred and fifty thousand copies and looked as though it might be a big hit until the well-known Kay Starr recorded it. Her record swept the U. S.

Peter Dean then took Shirley to NBC where fifty girls were heard in an audition for the Dave Garroway Show, a Friday night half-hour network program. Of the fifty, six were deemed good enough to be given a camera audition. Shirley sang Can't Help Lovin' That Man. It appeared she'd lost the audition until the orchestra leader, Skitch Henderson, asked her if she knew any more songs. She had the arrangement for an old folk tune called Red Rosy Bush and after she'd sung it, Skitch and Garroway held a conference. Then it was announced that two girls, Jill Corey and Shirley Harmer, had been hired.

Shirley had a rough time on that show through the winter of 1953-54. Rehearsals were held in a bare room, with the production staff sitting silently around the room and staring. They didn't like Shirley's hair; she wore it back in a bun and they told her to take it down. It happened to be an artificial bun and she took out scores of hairpins, set the bun on the piano and tried to sing. She looked, she recalls, like a witch, with her hair hanging down fuzzily and her hands unconsciously gesturing as she sang. Then she'd be interrupted and told to stop gesturing.

Meanwhile, Peter Dean arranged an audition with Paul Whiteman for his two network radio programs, the American Music Hall on Sunday evenings and the Paul Whiteman Show on Thursdays. Shirley was picked for both of them. Because of these commitments, Dean had to decline an opportunity for Shirley to sing on the Tonight program, starring Steve Allen.

Shirley shared a room in a New York hotel with Jill Corey. She went out on a few dates with a young man who worked for MGM records, Dick Lyons, and she was completely taken aback one afternoon to read in Dorothy Kilgallen's syndicated gossip column that she had been holding hands with young Dick Lyons and that wedding bells were imminent. Almost in tears, she showed the item to Jill.

"Gee, Shirl, I guess I'll have to explain," said the Corey girl. "I know a boy who makes a little extra money by sending tips to Dorothy Kilgallen. He asked me who you've been going out with, and I told him you'd been out a couple of times with Dick. But honestly, I didn't mention anything about holding hands or wedding bells."

Shirley says she has never loved anyone but George Murray. "Lots of times after he became my manager I used to make up reasons for a bus trip to Toronto just so I could see him. Except for my voice, he didn't know I existed. I used to cry all the way home on the bus."

One night Mrs. Harmer put her arms around her tearful daughter. "Honey," she soothed, "you work hard and, if you get to be his equal, he'll have to take notice of you."

In New York she was lonely for George but, aware that he wasn't interested in her, she refused to write him or see him, insisting that Dean

JASPER

By Simpkins



"Who's this fellow? He seems awfully heavy."

carry out all business details with Murray.

George's side is that he was afraid of his own emotions. "My first marriage hadn't worked out and I was determined not to go through such an experience again," he says. "Besides, I was old enough to be her father, and my boy Craig was almost old enough to be her brother."

But when Shirley went to New York and refused to see him, he realized how much her companionship meant. Then he began finding excuses to go to New York to talk about her with Peter Dean. "I used to walk past her hotel, hoping I'd see her, and when I didn't I'd head for the nearest bar."

"Be a Sport—Marry Her"

One day Dean phoned him and said he wanted to see him in his New York office the next afternoon. When George arrived, Shirley was there. After a few embarrassed moments, they smiled at each other and everything was all right again. But George was still leery about marriage, and Shirley began an intensive campaign to break him down. She got young Craig to work on him. "Hey, dad," the boy would say, "why'n't you be a sport and marry Shirl?"

When Shirley's radio and television work was completed in New York in the late spring of 1954 she showed up at the door of his apartment.

"Well, George, here I am back in Toronto and I want to get married," she began.

"Nice to see you," said Murray, "I'll try to work you into my busy schedule next week."

"George, I'm serious."

Murray began to canvass his friends. Could a man marry a girl nearly twenty years younger? Especially a girl whose career was on the rise? The advice of his lawyer Royce Frith struck him as soundest.

"George, a guy who can find happiness anytime in his life is fortunate," Frith philosophized. "You better take it while you can, and not go worrying about ten years from now."

Murray's divorce became final in September last year. On Friday, Oct. 29, he and Shirley were married. Even then, it took a lot of doing. Shirley

had to enlist the help of their friend Phil Farley, a noted golfer, in getting George to buy a ring. Farley knew a man who could get one wholesale. He made three appointments with the man and twice George was busy. The third time Farley and Shirley went with him so that he couldn't get busy again.

For all his easygoing appearance, Murray has given great concern to the future. "In ten years Shirl might be—will be—a big star," he says. "Irish tenors don't go on forever. But I think that my years of experience in show business will be a guide that will help her. Right now, all we want is to be together."

To some extent, Murray already has begun a new career. After bringing Shirley to Peter Dean's attention he asked Dean, in one of his infrequent visits to Toronto, to listen to the Cal Jackson jazz group.

"George, I don't want to go to any night spots," Dean protested, "I just want to relax."

"You're gonna hear this guy—he's terrific," Murray insisted, handing Dean his hat.

Dean was impressed. He and Murray, working through the lawyer Royce Frith, signed to manage Jackson's group and booked it into the booming Basin Street Club in New York for two weeks last August.

Murray has thus become a sort of representative of Dean in Canada. Frith takes care of the legal end. "We have a great deal of respect for George's ability to visualize potential commercial talent," says Frith. "Peter hasn't the time to do it, and I'd be making a mistake to draw up a lot of complicated contracts that might lead to nothing. George is the man we're depending on."

For Shirley, there's no problem at all. Completely unaffected by concerts in Carnegie Hall and the Hollywood Bowl, excited when she steps into the spotlight in a nine-hundred-dollar dress just like a little girl is excited over a new doll, pleased but hardly impressed that she's the brightest star in Canadian television, and not the least pretentious about a screen test that may launch a new career, Shirley has her future clearly mapped.

"I just want to go where George will be happiest," she says. ★

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE



Herbert Manning... eighteen night clubs.



McKenzie Porter... to the far islands.

What Writers Go Through

FEW PEOPLE realize the strains and stresses of the journalistic life. Consider the case of assistant editor Herbert Manning, for instance. In Montreal to find out just how clean the new administration broom is sweeping (see page 11), he attended eighteen night clubs in one evening, from 10 p.m. till 2 a.m. At this latter time the bars of Montreal the Good obediently close and there's nothing left to do but go home.

With photographer Basil Zarov, Manning put in another tough evening shadowing cops who were shadowing the "business girls" still trying to earn a living by soliciting in the bars. *Les filles* have a new racket: they park their cars in handy parking lots, then they tell their customers the license number and arrange to meet them there.

Zarov, who normally has to face nothing but a debutante's tantrums in his elegant studio, tried to get us a picture of a certain underworld big shot who is fighting to hold his "edge" during the cleanup. The mobster told him "no." In fact, he added, if he saw Zarov moseying around his place he'd have "the boys" take care of him. Zarov was still full of zeal but, after thirty seconds' persuasive argument from Manning, regrettably abandoned the project.

Another assistant editor who's wearing himself thin is John McKenzie Porter, the gentleman from Oswaldtwistle who's now our resident editor in British Columbia. His story on page 26 tells how he trekked relentlessly

by launch and seaplane to the outermost fringes of the Gulf Islands, between Vancouver and the island of the same name. Porter had to type his copy with one finger—he usually uses two but burnt one seizing a morsel of smoking lamb at an island barbecue.

Our free lances don't get spared either. To prepare himself to write the story about Shirley Harmer and George Murray (page 18), Trent Frayne had to spend three evenings with the comely Shirley and, well, her husband. But Murray went shopping once and left them alone. Shirley then asked Frayne if he'd like a drink. He said "yes," and within minutes was holding a long frosty glass of iced tea. ★



Trent Frayne... iced tea in the suburbs.

MACLEAN'S



Far from the madding crowd

Driving down Toronto's Bay Street one July afternoon artist James Hill was struck by the serenity of St. Joseph's Convent over the wall from the hustling street scene. He said, "Now, if I have the leaves coming down, as in the fall, you'll have a swell cover." We're used to juggling the seasons so we said okay. Hill insists that the gent driving the rakish little sports car is not our assistant art director Desmond English.

'Viyella'

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For ultimate foot comfort, appearance and washability, nothing equals
'Viyella' Ankle Socks

Because 'Viyella' Socks are shrink resisting, they wear longer, with fewer holes and less darning. Men, and women who buy for men, know 'Viyella' Socks for their outstanding value, comfort and faultless fit.

Sock washing worries vanish when the men in the house wear 'Viyella' Socks, as each pair carries a foot rule for measuring before and after washing. In black, white, plain colours, light shades and heather mixtures in 6/3 rib.

Ankle Length 1.25

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'Viyella' is entirely British made—the yarn is spun by William Hollins & Company Ltd., manufacturers of Viyella since 1784, and the socks are knitted to perfection in Great Britain.



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S-33



Freak accident causes loss of eye

Receives \$5,000 Payment

While on vacation recently in northern Ontario, a young automobile salesman from Toronto suffered an unfortunate accident during a hiking trip with his wife. Making his way through a clump of trees, the young man ducked his head to avoid a low-hanging branch of a tree. He brushed into another concealed branch that severely

The Only Policy of Its Kind in Canada! Confederation's Accidental Death & Dismemberment Benefit on a \$10,000 Policy pays:
\$10,000 if you die from natural causes.
\$20,000 if you die by accident.
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damaged his left eye. As a result of the injury, he suffered complete loss of sight in that optic.

The \$10,000 Confederation Life Policy which he carries has an Accidental Death & Dismemberment Clause. As a result, the young salesman received \$5,000 for loss of sight of his eye. Write for Free Booklets, "Triple Indemnity", for further particulars.



S-20

**if you've
never quite
lost your
spirit of
adventure**



B. C. Indian carving
for wooden whistle

**THIS HISTORIC SCOTCH
IS FOR YOU . . .** because our Best Procurable is a genuine link with the lusty days of the 18th Century. Because of its rare flavour, Best Procurable remained the private stock of our company officers for more than a century. But you can enjoy this unusually fine Scotch today. Ask for Hudson's Bay Best Procurable . . . the spirit of adventure.

54BP-4

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

HUDSON'S BAY
Best Procurable
SCOTCH WHISKY

We've been waiting patiently till all the entries were in but we are about ready to present the stuffed gopher for the best prairie jubilee story to the Parade scout in a small town south of Prince Albert. The mayor was just about to whip up the ox team and drive the Red River cart down the main street at the head of the jubilee parade, when one of the worn old wheels suddenly broke.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



PARTING remarks of a wife to a husband on a street corner in Vancouver, though heaven knows it could have happened anywhere: "Try to get the kind I want. You know the kind I want—something like the kind I couldn't get last year when I wanted them."

• • •

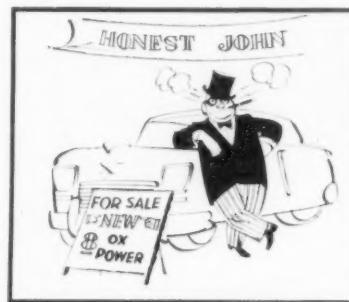
There's an apple tree in an Ottawa garden that produces some fine McIntoshes by this time of year, but we haven't heard whether there were any left to ripen this fall. The usual impatient small fry started making threatening gestures toward the crop while it was still bright green, back in the summer, so the lady of the house decided the thing to do was to make them realize the apples weren't fit to eat yet. "Go ahead, try one of the apples," she encouraged two little girls she spied sneaking into the yard.

"Oh, we wouldn't eat them!" exclaimed the bigger girl, producing a paper bag. "Mother sent us over to get some for apple sauce."

• • •

A little old woman on a slim budget edged her way into the melee at the blouse counter on a sale day in a Winnipeg department store and found one that was just the right shade and just the right price. Then an arm swooped down from above her white head and the blouse vanished, *whish*, like that. Stunned, she turned to see a short buxom woman bustling off at high speed through the crowd, the pink blouse over her arm. She also saw a bright new five-dollar bill floating floorward in the other shopper's wake. She called out as she pounced on it, but if the buxom matron heard the thin

There was no time to make repairs but an inspired committee member conceived the idea of hitching the team to the mayor's spanking-new sedan. The mayor never beamed more proudly than when he was drawn through the town, the great day capped by this chance to show off his new car—a shining symbol of



prairie progress since pioneer days. But when the parade was over and the team unhitched, darned if the ox-less carriage didn't break down and refuse to run on its own steam. So there sat the mayor behind the wheel, glowering instead of beaming as the oxen dragged him back down Main Street to a garage.

• • •

Lost-and-found ad clipped from the Star in Montreal, where the Gallic spirit makes men speak from the heart: "Lost on streetcar No. 83 on July 5 at 3.30 p.m., an old meat chopper, no value to anyone except to owner for sentimental reasons . . ."

The only memento we have of the night we cut up mother.

• • •

We're happy to report that the pall of gloom and suspicion has been banished from a north Toronto church, but things were pretty dark there for a while. The minister at first blamed only what he feared must be his own professional inadequacies when the series of midweek meetings held at his own home dwindled away to nothing after a rousing start. The more earnestly he studied and planned his little talks, the fewer people turned out until he all but despaired. Then one day when his wife was tidying the bedroom of their two small children she happened to open the pirate's chest kept stowed under their bed. And there before his wondering gaze lay a hoard of glittering treasure—two twenty-dollar bills, seven smaller bills, a dazzling collection of coins and an awesome assortment of pens, pencils and cosmetics. It took some untangling but the swag collected by the preschool pirates from the women's purses left in mummy's bedroom on Wednesday nights was finally all returned.



She ignored it as she paid for the blouse out of the purse that dangled open from her arm, and made off with her prize.

• • •

**SHARPEN
YOUR
SHOPPING!**

LOUISE MARTIN
Home Planner



Let's talk about Interior Decorating. And what does Interior Decorating have to do with "sharp shopping"? Just this: in Interior Decorating—whether you're hiring a decorator or doing it yourself—everything should be decided with pencil, crayon and sample swatches *before* you make one purchase. If you plan beforehand, your shopping will really be sharp for the materials you need.

One money-saving rule is: go *slowly*. If you're decorating a new home, don't rush right out and buy new furniture. You have to *live* in a home to get the "feel" of it. A little replacement, such as moving one article into another room, might change the entire atmosphere.

Or take colour. Did you know that *every* colour and *any* colour can be made to suit *any* style of house or choice of furnishing? The things to watch are tones and shades. Decide whether you want cold (blue-toned) or warm (yellow-toned) colours in a given room, and just make sure that you *do* not mix warm and cold colour tones.

Which leads us to a most important colour area—floors. The trend is definitely to linoleum throughout the house, because of its practicality and because of the beauty and decorative value of its colours—soft woody browns, subtle pastels, glorious reds, basic blacks and greys.

Care in the selection of *thickness* of flooring will save you money and possibly headaches. With Dominion Linoleum there are three different "home" gauges to choose from, each applicable to a different need or budget.

A-GAUGE: The thickest "home-use" linoleum and the one we recommend for "permanent" installation (such as when using linoleum throughout the house instead of "finished" wood). A-gauge is a *lifetime* flooring, tops in resilience. In tiles and by-the-yard.

STANDARD GAUGE: The second "home" thickness and also a long wearing product. Its composition is the same as "A" gauge. Available in tiles only.

DOMESTIC GAUGE: Domestic is an economy-gauge. Exactly the same composition as A-gauge and Standard. In tiles and by-the-yard.

A-gauge will give you the greatest guarantee of durability. "Standard" the second and "Domestic" the third. Write me for free booklets including colour chart, maintenance and installation rules.

Louise Martin

Home Planning Dept.,
Dominion Oilcloth & Linoleum Co. Ltd.,
2200 St. Catherine St. E.,
Montreal

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In Canada's loveliest homes, living room beauty is now based on a fascinating new decorating idea—flooring of Dominion Inlaid Linoleum. There's a two-fold reason for this delightful trend: linoleum's subtle, harmonious new shades look so right in the modern living room... and it's so clearly, eminently practical.

Beauty and superb serviceability have, in fact, made Dominion Inlaid Linoleum the popular flooring for every room of the modern Canadian home. You'll see its charming hues and clever designs in dining and bed rooms... marvel at the merry colour it brings to kitchens, bathrooms,

playrooms and halls. And you'll hear from happy homemakers how amazingly easy it is to clean; how it *ignores* even heavy wear; how its springiness comforts busy feet and quiets annoying household sounds. And it's the "last word" in economy because it's a permanent flooring that needs no covering, yet its cost (completely installed) is less than other similar-quality floorings—including wood.

Get booklets of bright ideas on linoleum, the *trend* flooring, by writing: Dominion Oilcloth & Linoleum Company Limited, Home Planning Dept., 2200 St. Catherine Street E., Montreal.

This lovely living room is floored in Dominion Jaspé Linoleum Tiles in Green and Black. Jaspé—or one of the other gorgeous Dominion Inlaid Linoleums—can bring similar beauty to your home, too.

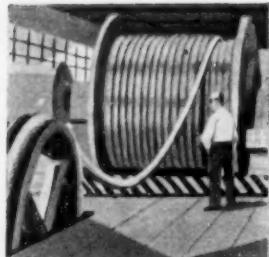
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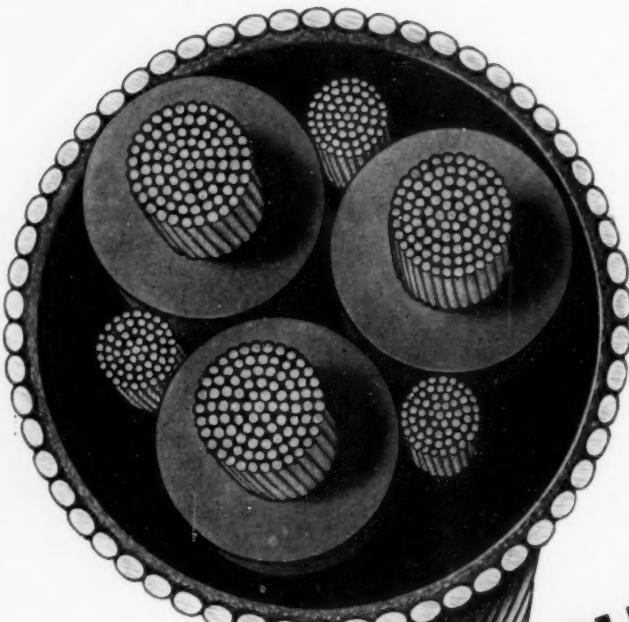
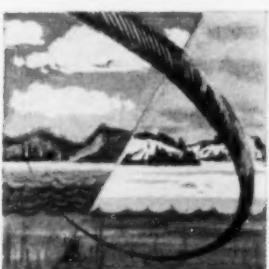
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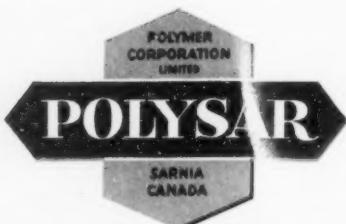
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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, OCTOBER 1, 1955

